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**Camelot
Contest
WINNERS**

**Christmas
Party
COOK BOOK**

*The koala watchers
See page 12*

**First pattern for new
HUGE knitting needles**

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DECEMBER 13, 1967

Vol. 35, No. 29

OUR COVER

● Baby koala hangs on tight while Mother has lunch. (See "Koala Watchers" story, page 12.) Our appealing cover picture is by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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Prince makes a sentimental visit

Son will attend his old school in Sydney

By ANNE OLSEN

"PLEASE call me Mahmood—everybody does," said the prince when we met him in the foyer of his hotel in Sydney.

"But how on earth did you find me? I am supposed to be here incognito."

I didn't tell the prince, Tunku Mahmood Iskander, eldest son of the Sultan of Johore, that hearing he was in town I had telephoned the first hotel I'd thought of and asked for him.

"We don't have anyone of that name listed, but we do have a Sultan—will he do?" asked the receptionist.

"Yes," I said, thinking maybe I had uncovered a secret conference of Eastern potentates.

Luckily the "Sultan" was standing near the desk, and it turned out, when I spoke to him, he was, in fact, the Malaysian prince I was seeking.

"Now, what in heaven's name could you want to interview me for—I am not a very interesting person at all," joked Prince Mahmood as we went to his suite.

It wasn't, as it turned out, to be a very private interview.

Also there were the prince's chauffeur-valet, his nine-year-old son, Ibrahim (whom the prince would playfully turn upside down), the guest left over from lunch, and the old-school pal who had popped in.

In between all this pleasant confusion ("remember old so-and-so") the drink waiters ("please do have an iced coffee"), air-conditioning engineers ("it's as hot here

as it is in my country"), and numerous telephone calls ("come up and say hello") I managed to squeeze in a few questions.

The 35-year-old prince is making a return "sentimental visit" to Sydney for many reasons, the most important being to enrol his son at his former school—Trinity Grammar at Summer Hill.

Plans are made already to send his six daughters to schools in Japan when the time comes, but the prince felt he would like Ibrahim to go to his own old school.

"Something along the lines of if-it-was-good-enough-for-me-it'll-do-him-kind-of thing," he laughed.

After looking round Sydney after a 15-year absence—"hasn't it all changed?"—Mahmood wasted no time in taking Ibrahim to meet his old headmaster, Mr. J. Wilson Hogg, who is still in charge of the school.

"It was wonderful to see and talk to him after all these years," Prince Mahmood said. "Do you know, I automatically called him 'Sir,' like in the old days."

Mahmood enjoyed his schooldays, although he wasn't a very good footballer or athlete.

"Every time someone looked like tackling me I'd pass the ball and run away."

Prince Mahmood is of medium height and wears well-tailored silk suits made for him in Malaysia. His jewellery was a large pearl tiepin, a heavy gold bracelet,



TUNKU MAHMOOD ISKANDER, eldest son of the Sultan of Johore, Malaysia, with his only son, Ibrahim, 9. Ibrahim's mother, former English student Josephine Trevorrow, and Mahmood divorced in 1961.

and a magnificent signet ring of diamonds presented to him by his grandfather, the late Sultan of Johore.

"The one in the centre is about half an inch by half an inch, and the round diamonds on either side would be at least two carats each, don't you think?" he asked.

Some years ago, during a stay in England, he met and later married English student Josephine Trevorrow.

They were married for six years and had four children (three girls and Ibrahim).

old") he also has the children of his first marriage living with him.

He "adores" his children and often takes them on outings to the beach or boating.

As well as receiving an annual Government grant for himself and each child, he is managing director of a timber firm, Mado's Enterprises.

He says he has only occasionally to undertake royal duties, such as visiting villages or perhaps doing public-relations-type appearances at functions.

Other favorite sports are motor-boats and scuba diving.

"I've given up racing now as nobody wants to race any more. I keep on beating them."

Recently the prince, through a call to Dorset, ordered a new off-shore racing-type cabin cruiser.

An expert water-skier, is anxious while in Sydney to buy a flying-skiing kite.

"Must be a marvellous experience to sail up the wind under the kite. I've got to try to get on."

He also hopes to buy a gun for shooting sharks. He likes hunting, so if he may as well take sharks, as they are "troublesome" in the areas used for scuba diving.

The prince is "mad about cars" and has "about 15" think, at the moment, which include some Cadillac, Chryslers, and Lincoln Convertibles.

"My chauffeur—who I call Odd Job—usually drives me, but my favorite is Mercedes 300 SL. I would let anyone else drive it."

"If I see something new buy it, use it for a while then go on to a new one. My wife usually drives discards."

The prince will also do a bit of business while in Sydney and Melbourne.

He isn't sure how long will stay in Australia.

"Who knows, maybe a week, or a month. I don't know. Does it matter?" asked.

HIS WIFE USUALLY DRIVES HIS DISCARD CARS (Cadillacs, Chryslers, Lincoln Convertibles)



PRINCE MAHMOOD greets former school friend Neil Buckland, of Turramurra, N.S.W., after a 15-year gap. They were together at Trinity Grammar, N.S.W.

After Mahmood's divorce in 1961 and his marriage to his childhood sweetheart Princess Zanariah, a former Miss Malaya, Mahmood's younger brother became Crown Prince.

Mahmood is now second in line and he bears the title Raja Muda (Young Ruler).

Although his father owns beautiful palaces in Johore Bahru, the capital of Johore, the prince prefers to live in a "modest" town house amid three acres of garden and his own private zoo, close to the city centre.

"I don't believe in ostentatious living," he said. His household staff of ten nearly all live out.

With three daughters by his second marriage ("the youngest is only five weeks

"You could say I am mainly a free agent, and I travel abroad quite a bit through my business," he said.

A keen polo player, he has a stable of 98 polo ponies from which to choose mounts for matches.

"I suppose I would play polo a minimum of three days a week," he said, "usually five days a week."

While in Australia the prince will try out a few new polo ponies for his father, who recently bought three new horses from Melbourne.

"I am anxious to get a few matches in. I know some of your players."

("I say, would you mind telephoning that country fellow and tell him I'm in town?")

LIGHTNING KNIT

● A fabulous first — the SUPER SONIC sweater — to knit in a twink on the biggest needles ($\frac{3}{4}$ in. diam.) we've ever seen. Stitches are huge, three of them measure 2 in. in width, and the glowing four-color, four-yarn combination is firm, warm, soft, and light of weight.

Materials: 6 (6) balls Patons Lambswool No. 8595, 7 (7) balls Patons Mohair No. 6442, 7 (7) balls Patons Pile No. 6443, 8 (8) balls Patons Skol No. 6414; 1 (1) each No. 000 and No. 75 knitting needles; 1 (1) cable needle.

Measurements: To fit 32 (32) in. bust. Actual measurement will be 34 (37) in. for easy fit. Length from top of shoulder, 23 (23½) in.; sleeve seam, 17 in.

Tension: 3 sts. to 2 in. in width over st-st.

Abbreviations: "Cable," slip next 3 sts. on to cable needle and leave at front of work, k 3, then k 3 sts. from cable needle; 0, no sts. worked in that size.

Note: Work garment throughout using one strand each Lambswool, Mohair, Pile, and Skol. Instructions are for 32 in. size; figures for 35 in. size are given in brackets. Where one set of figures is given this applies to both sizes.

5th Row: K 11 (12), p 2, "cable," p 2, k 11 (12).

6th Row: As 2nd. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

11th Row: As 5th. Rows 6 to 11 form patt.

Cont. in patt. until work measures 14½ in. from beg., ending on wrong side.

To Shape Armholes — 1st and 2nd Rows: Cast off 2 sts., patt. to end of row.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., patt. to last 2 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.

Keeping cont. of patt., dec. once at each end of needle in every alt. row until 18 sts. rem. **

1st Size Only:

Work 1 row without shaping. Shape raglan and neck as follows:

1st Row: K 2 tog., patt. 4, cast off 6 sts., patt. 4, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.

2nd Row: P 3, work 2 tog. **3rd Row:** K 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o. **4th Row:** P 2 tog. Fasten off.

2nd Size Only:

Shape raglan and neck as follows:

2nd Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

Both Sizes:

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once, then 1st row once.

6th Row: P 3 (4), (p 2 tog., p 2) three times, p 1 (2). 13 (15) sts.

Using No. 75 needles, proceed as follows:

1st Row: Knit. **2nd Row:** Purl. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

Cont. in st-st, inc. once at each end of needle in next and every foll. 6th row until 21 (23) sts. on needle. Cont. in plain smooth fabric without shaping until side edges measure 17 in. or length desired from beginning, ending with p row.

To Shape Raglan — 1st and 2nd Rows: Cast off 2 sts., work to end of row. Dec. once at each end of needle in every foll. 3rd row until 9 sts. rem.

1st Size Only: Work 2 rows.

Both Sizes: Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 000 needles, cast on 60 sts. (both sizes).

1st Row: P 1, * k 2, p 2,



FRONT

Using No. 000 needles, cast on 38 (40) sts.

1st Size:

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: * P 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

2nd Size:

1st Row: P 1, * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 1.

Both Sizes:

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once, then 1st row once.

13th Row: P 0 (1), (p 2 tog., p 2) 3 times, p 2, k 2, (p 2 tog., p 2) 3 times, p 0 (1). 32 (34) sts.

Using No. 75 needles, proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 11 (12), p 2, (p 2, k 1) 11 (12).

2nd Row: P 11 (12), k 2, (k 2, p 1) 11 (12). Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

1st Row: Patt. 6, cast off 6 sts., patt. 6.

Work 2 rows on last 6 sts., dec. once at each end of needle in each row. (2 sts.)

K 2 tog. Fasten off.

Both Sizes:

Join in yarns at neck-edge and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work as front to **.

Cont. dec. once at each end of needle in every alt. row until 14 (16) sts. rem. Dec. once each end of every row until 12 sts. rem. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 000 needles, cast on 16 (18) sts.

1st Size Only:

1st Row: P 1, * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 2, p 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 1, k 1.

2nd Size Only:

1st Row: * P 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2,

rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 2, p 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 2, k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows five times.

13th Row: P 1, * k 2, p 2 tog., rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 2, p 1 (46 sts.).

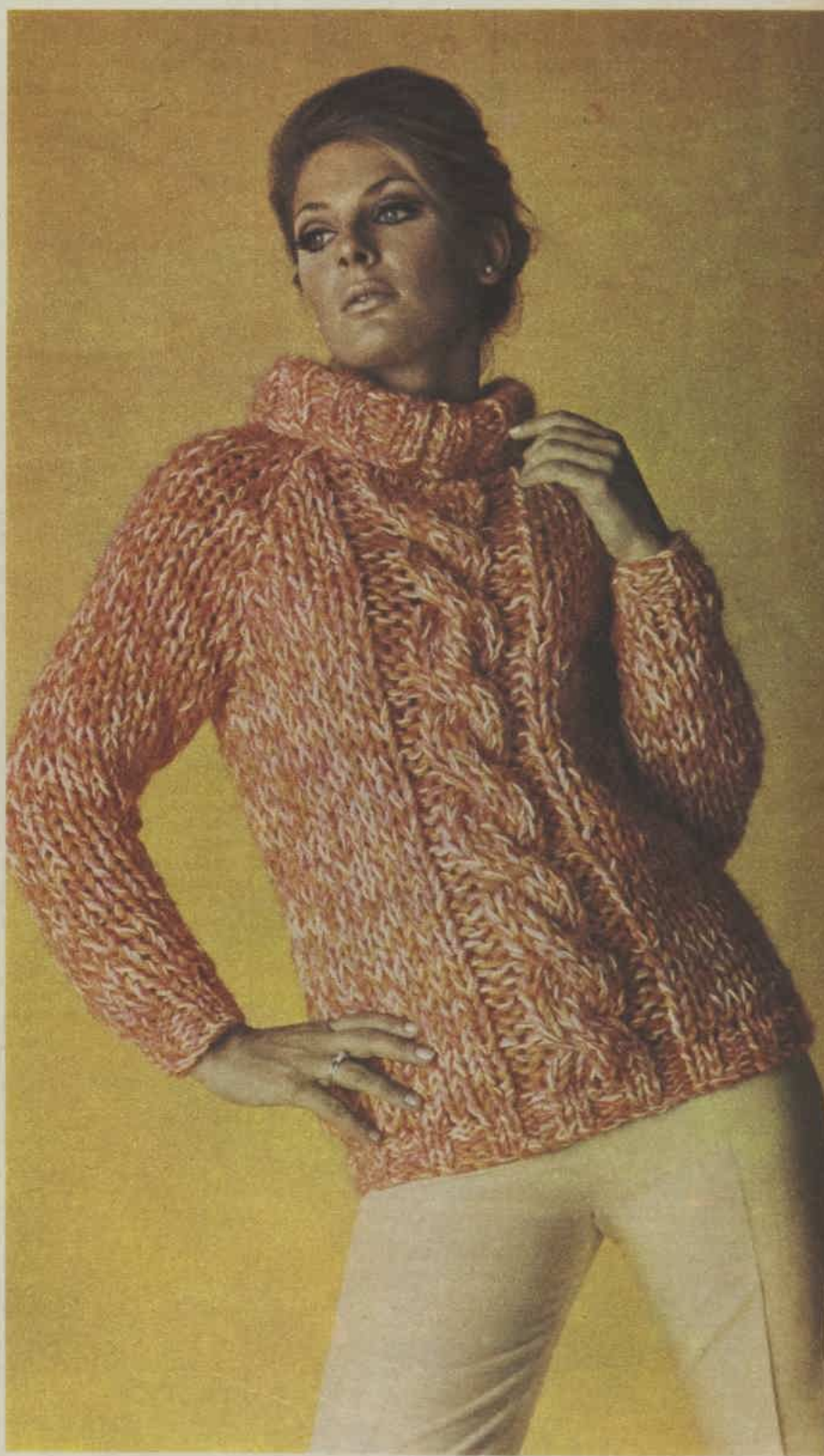
14th Row: K 1, * p 2, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

15th Row: P 1, * k 2, p 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows once. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using fine back-st. seam, and one strand of each yarn tog., sew sleeves to front and back, noting that tops of sleeves form part of neckline. Using fine back-st. seam, sew up side, collar, and sleeve seams. Using flat seam, sew collar in place, with seam to centre back and sewing "k 2, p 1" edge to neck-edge. Fold collar to right side.



THIS IS IT, the new knitting for impetuous, impulsive, impatient personalities who like to travel faster than the speed of sound, who like to do things WOW, and that includes making their own sweaters! Directions for the beauty above are at left. Picture by Don Cameron.

NOTE: Super Sonic needles will be in retail stores in a week's time.

NEXT WEEK

When the sun is smiling, it's fun to wander and go



FOSSICKING ALONG THE BEACHES

... there is fascinating information about the marine life found in rock pools or washed up on the sands. A special section warns about dangerous creatures, too — this book is a must for seaside holidays!

... and in our 16-page lift-out ...



and ...

OUR HOUSE OF THE WEEK BELONGS TO BOBBY AND DAWN LIMB



MARVELLOUS MOUSSES TO M-M-M-MAKE

FASHIONS TO MAKE — FROM CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS



AND ... THE NEW WHITE WAY IN SUMMER FASHIONS AS WELL

PREVIEWED ...

ROSALIND RUSSELL'S MAD NEW FILM



plus ...

★ THE WINNERS ★

in our win-a-car contest — with all the winning stories.

NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK

Not nightingales, but

● "Any relation to Berkeley Square?", quipped an American soldier in wartime London when, in exchanging names, a spritely middle-aged lady had given hers as Berkeley. She answered, "Yes, it was my husband's."

IT was the traditional "American heiress weds impoverished aristocrat" story in reverse when the eighth — and last — Earl of Berkeley married a 37-year-old artist named Molly Lloyd.

For it was the immensely rich, eccentric, and lonely peer (among his inheritances was Berkeley Square, the very heart of London's fashionable Mayfair), who pursued the volatile and gifted Molly.

"Ask your friends to stay with us. I haven't got any," he said when he proposed to her in Paris, where she was painting and leading a gay social life among the international, diplomatic, and artistic set of the early 1920s.

What it was like to be married to the Earl is told by Molly Berkeley in her memoirs, "Winking at the Brim" (Houghton Mifflin Company).

After an unhappy childhood and an early career in the Navy, this extraordinary man had become a scientist, and for his work on osmosis had been elected to the Royal Society, his country's highest scientific honor.

He had never touched a telephone, which, he said, were for the hands of servants.

Lord Berkeley's golf handicap was minus one. He had invented a club that would send a shot round a tree, and had written a book entitled "Sound Golf."

As a mark of respect, his chauffeur-valet would always walk behind the peer with

the palms of his hands turned backwards.

The wedding, in 1924, took place first in a London registry office (Lord Berkeley was an agnostic), and then in a church. During the church ceremony he whispered to his bride, "I'm getting out of here... We are married already. My knee hurts and I think an attack of gout is coming on." His Lordship was not used to being on his knees.

It was his habit, if bored, either to become deaf or to say an attack of gout was coming on. On this occasion he was persuaded to stay.

But on another occasion, dining with neighbors when royalty was present, he began to fidget, and in the middle of dinner said, "I'm going home. An attack of gout is coming on," and started to leave the table.

Royal "upstarts"

"Darling, you CAN'T," protested his spouse. To which the Saxon peer remarked, "Why should I be kept hanging round by a bunch of German upstarts?" And off he went.

At the Ritz, Madrid, during their honeymoon, Lord Berkeley found the dining-room hot, and asked for a window to be opened. The waiter explained that many of the guests had heavy colds.

The peer's reaction was to rise to his feet, remove his waistcoat, hang it on the back of the chair, and resume his meal. Discreet signs of distress from the waiter, and the distinguished visitor leant down, removed one shoe, and held it aloft, about to throw it through the window.

The window was opened. Lord Berkeley calmly rose to his feet, resumed his waistcoat and shoe, and went on eating.

At Berkeley Castle, Gloucestershire, the jazzy waves of the roaring 'twenties breaking against its ancient stone walls made little impression.

Life went on as though there had never been a World War I, as though nothing would ever change.

By American standards the young Countess was well connected. She had two Cabot great-great-grandmothers, her grandfather was a judge, Mrs. James Roosevelt was her aunt, she had made a successful debut and a youthful first marriage to an eminently respectable young Philadelphian.

A cousin was the President of Harvard University, and the late Franklin Roosevelt delighted in claiming her as "my first girl."

But this did not save her from making all the mistakes an American could then make in English county life. "Was I green?" she writes of herself.

But the tenants loved her. Fruit-pilfering and fence-breaking stopped when she instigated a huge annual beano for the village children. She threatened to leave unless the castle gates were open at night so that the tenants could bring their troubles to her.

Making a speech at the annual dinner for tenants of the estate held at the estate pub, "having always got in wrong when I touched on the shooting or hunting, I tried to bring in a few wise-cracks."

"Don't worry if your wife can't cook. Eat HERE and



LADY BERKELEY (above), the former Mary Emlen (Molly) Lowell, of Boston, U.S.A., at the time of her marriage in 1924. She was divorced from her first husband, Frank Lloyd, a multi-millionaire Philadelphian's son, and had a young son, Francis.

LORD BERKELEY (right). He inherited the title (also Berkeley Square and surrounding streets) in 1916. Eccentric and a brilliant scientist, he was a lonely man until his marriage. He died in February, 1942.

keep her for a pet," I said then."

Still, American drive and initiative were at times a match for the rigidities of the English country-house system.

Once Molly left a camera in the drawing-room and a maid having considered its presence there out of place, The Countess asked the butler to get it for her.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 13, 1942

Marks galore in Berkeley Square

The Earl was vexed when the Countess took to visiting Krishnamurti's camp in Holland. But as she observes reasonably, it IS irritating when someone asks you where your wife is and you have to say she's up a tree in Holland.



told her it was the first footman's job, that he should bring it to her door, then hand it to her personal maid.

"But I never tried this one again," writes Molly.

She succumbed to the current rage for short hair, and had it cut, against her husband's wishes, during a visit to Paris.

Arriving back at the hotel, she was greeted with, "Leave the room." For the next week His Lordship remained closeted in the sitting-room of their suite, sustained by whisky and sandwiches.

He came out only when she told him through the

By AINSLIE BAKER

door that everyone was laughing at him.

Such eccentricities were not unduly disturbing to the Countess, whose cousin, the cigar-smoking poet Amy Lowell, had decided to dispense with daytime, sleeping when it was light and staying up all night.

Between the author's two marriages, Amy had sent for her, to ask sternly, "Are you going to do something intellectual, or just keep going to parties?"

The rest of Molly's life was to prove it possible to do both.

Distinguished and brilliant men and women braved the uncertainties of life at Berkeley Castle to enjoy the stimulation of her company.

She recalls, "I used to say, when I invited someone for the weekend, 'If you can't be on time to the dot, don't come, because if you are not, the car will be at

the door to take you back to the station. I've seen this happen a couple of times.'"

All the Berkeley cars were painted yellow with green wheels, the colors of the Berkeley livery.

A guest whom the Countess specially liked was Fenella Bowes-Lyon, sister-in-law of the Queen Mother.

"She was always hocking her tiara," comments Molly.

During house parties the servants, among themselves, took on the rank of their employer, Molly's own maid becoming "the Countess of Berkeley" and (if not out-ranked) going into dinner in the servants' hall on the arm of the butler.

This went to the head of Nannina, who had been introduced into the castle by Axel Munthe, and was the granddaughter of Pasquale, the fisherman in Munthe's best-seller, "The Story of San Michele."

On such occasions the Italian Nannina had to be discouraged from wearing a low-cut black velvet dress with train, which she'd had specially made.

The Berkeleys had a very happy marriage.

"For some unknown reason, all my deficiencies were adored by Berkeley," says Molly. "He had always said, 'I can't stand the kind of woman who presides well at meetings.'"

Certainly he showered her with gifts. A house in California, a villa in Rome, a Venetian palazzo on the Grand Canal, and a studio in Rome—the latter complete with manservant to wash the brushes.

Never dull

She often daunted him.

For instance, Krishnamurti, the Indian sage, impressed her ("curiously enough, though he would like to blow the whole Roman Catholic Church up, it was he who brought me to it"). She used to go to his camp in Holland, where she "lived in a tent and slept up a tree."

She says, "All this to Berkeley's dismay, because it's not much fun if you are asked where your wife is to have to say she is up a tree in Holland."

When Lord Berkeley died in 1942, his title died with him.

"A month after Berkeley's death I left the castle. My years of love and security were over and I was now on my own. So taking out my guts, I started polishing them up. (After 23 years of this polishing there is now a pretty good shine on them.)"

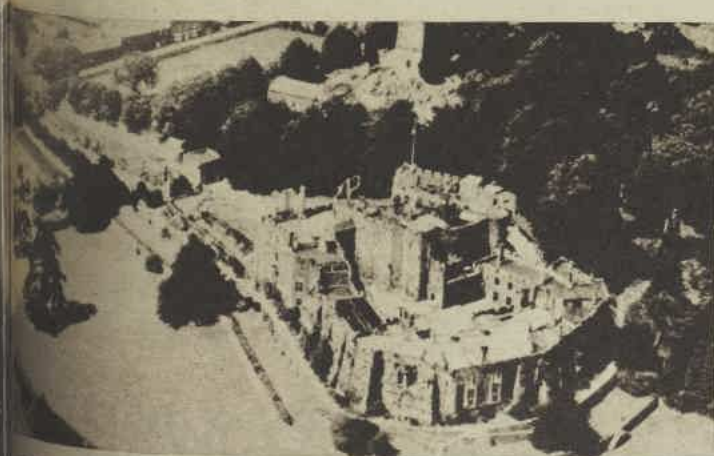
After working with the



THE AUTHOR. At 80, Lady Berkeley has enormous zest for life. Since World War II she has divided her time between London, Rome, and Ischia, but mostly she stays at her house in Assisi.



IN 1961 Lady Berkeley, escorted by the Mayor, arrives for the ceremony making her an honorary citizen of Assisi. The citation acknowledged "her merits in the field of arts . . . the restoration of San Lorenzo . . . her kindness to the poor and the humble."



BERKELEY SQUARE (left) at the corner of Bruton Street, London, in 1930. Above, Berkeley Castle. Built in 1153, it is the oldest inhabited castle in England, and, besides historic interest (Edward II was murdered in one of the dungeon cells), has rare furniture, paintings, tapestry, and silver. The grounds include terraced gardens, water-meadows, and deer park. Before Lord Berkeley married Molly he would never have anyone to stay there.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 13, 1967

Red Cross, she went to Italy, worked with war orphans, and settled in Assisi, painting, enjoying visits from both old and new friends, using her talents and money to restore a 16th-century chapel and the dilapidated building that was to become her villa, San Lorenzo.

In 1961 the City of Assisi conferred honorary citizenship on her.

In 500 years Assisi had so honored only 13 people; she was the only woman.

Molly Berkeley is now 80, and from her terrace at San Lorenzo looks "out toward those wonderful hills and the path along which St. Francis used to come . . ."

Her son by her first marriage, Francis V. Lloyd, is director of the Laboratory Schools, Chicago University.



Switch her on to this caressing fragrance

and she'll
glow places



Give her Desert Flower and you give a Happening. Suddenly, every inch of her glows with a luxurious, smooth pleasure she can feel, that tells her she's pampered! Hence "Desert Flower" skin luxuries. A most personal, private gift, she'll keep "Desert Flower" to herself. All you can share is its caressing fragrance. It says "Thank you" . . . so nicely.

DESERT FLOWER
SKIN LUXURIES BY SHULTON

DESERT FLOWER SKIN LUXURIES (left to right). Hand and Body Lotion with dispenser, \$2.55. Spray Cologne, \$3.30. Gift set of Hand and Body Lotion and Spray Cologne, \$5.85. Toilet Water, \$1.50. Shower Soap, 95c. Gift set of Sparkling Cologne and Hand and Body Lotion, \$3.70.

WEDDING AT THE WHITE HOUSE

● A white dress for the bride, Lynda Bird Johnson . . . Goya-red velvet for the bridesmaids . . . and for the President the same cutaway he had for his daughter Luci's wedding.

By Robert Feldman,
in New York



LYNDA BIRD AND CAPTAIN ROBB

THE President and Mrs. Johnson request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Lynda Bird, to Charles Spittal Robb, Captain, United States Marine Corps, on Saturday, the ninth of December, 1967, at four o'clock in the afternoon

Thus read the invitations to the 500 guests privileged to watch romantic history being made at the White House.

It will be a moment suspended in time, a Camelot in which it is forbidden to rain until sundown.

Anti-war pickets will be kept out of sight (if they do not decide voluntarily to desert for the day).

Stories and pictures of the wedding will drive the commonplace of death, war, and taxes into the background, making way for the bright event that transcends them all.

The bitter political warfare of the presidential succession will be set aside, and both "hawks" and

"doves" will turn to admiring the Lynda Bird.

Whatever controversy there is may centre instead on whether it was in good taste for the President to "wave the flag" at the wedding.

As it happens, it's going to be a smashing "red, white, and blue" affair.

The red will be provided by the seven bridal attendants, wearing Goya-red velvet raiment designed by Geoffrey Beene, New York.

Beene, a fashion-award winner, has treated the women to identical gowns with high, stand-up collars, fitted bodice, A-shaped skirt, and tight, wrist-length sleeves.

A dozen streamers of matching red, half-inch-

wide grosgrain ribbon will fall to fingertip length from a small grosgrain-covered floral circlette worn at the back of the head.

Wrist-length white gloves and low-heeled, square-toed shoes of matching Goya-red silk faille will complete the costumes. Each attendant will carry a red nosegay.

All dressed in white, Lynda Bird will wear a gown with long sleeves. Beyond that, the bride is unwilling to say.

Fashion sources guess that Beene is designing the bridal gown as well, but they can't agree on what it is like.

But someone who copped a look at the bridal headpiece reported it had "an open crown with embroidery and 12 yards of illusion veil."

There may be a minimum of embroidery on the wedding dress, so as not to clash with Chuck's military braid.

The Marine Corps dress blues to be worn by Capt. Robb and his six sword-carriers, though they might be an anachronism in the streets of Sydney and New York, will look majestic and glittering in the formal setting.

Colorful uniform

The uniform is a symphony of color in itself: white cap with black visor and medals, high-collared, navy-blue brass-button coat, and sky-blue trousers with two-inch-wide scarlet stripe down the sides.

The White House says the double-ring Episcopal mar-

riage ceremony will take just 12 minutes.

It will be performed by the Rev. Canon Gerald McCallister, of San Antonio, Texas, before a specially built altar placed between portraits of George and Martha Washington.

The guests will stand in the East Room, or in the long, red-carpeted entrance hallway.

President Johnson will wear the same cutaway he wore for daughter Luci's cathedral wedding 16 months ago.

He will escort Lynda from the main staircase toward the East Room.

Nothing as yet has been confirmed on Mrs. Johnson's gown, but fashion designer Adele Simpson revealed last week that she had

fitted Lady Bird for three separate gowns — a gold lame, a pale green-blue matisse, and a butterscotch satin—any or none of which might be worn for the occasion.

Since the surprise announcement in September, the happy couple have been embroiled in an endless round of pre-marital functions.

Film star George Hamilton, Lynda's erstwhile two-year friend, recovered from the shock and sent his best wishes.

The President, in turn, waxed mellow about Hamilton, denying he had ever called the actor "Charlie," as had been widely reported.

The parents of the bride met the rather awestruck parents of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Robb, of Milwaukee.

Like any proud father, the President confided to a reporter that he rated his 28-year-old prospective son-in-law very high, adding that he "wouldn't change a thing" about him.

Because of men like Chuck Robb, he added, the United States could have "peace with honor."

Two months after the wedding Captain Robb will put away his dress blues and ship out for the combat zone—no Camelot.

Lynda will go back to her job as special writer in Washington for "McCall's" magazine.

She will look for a flat or a house, and may also try to learn to cook.

"But then they have frozen foods and everything," she said brightly.



LYNDA BIRD'S IN-LAWS: On the front porch of the Robb home are, left to right, Lynda's future father-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Robb, Lynda with her fiancé, Captain Robb, and the Captain's sister, Marguerite, who is aged 19.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Not Damon Runyon,
but one man's
real-life story.



● The man that was, 22-year-old Trevor King in training for a professional boxing bout.

BOXER... GAMBLER... MINISTER

Story by BARBARA MARTYN,
color pictures by staff
photographer ERNIE NUTT

HE was a "sharp dresser" in his early thirties, with good looks covered by a healthy tan collected at various race meetings.

His manner and movements had a smoothness well suited to his profession—gambling. As he sat in the coffee lounge going over the racing form, the big, brassy sound of a Salvation Army band burst through to him. He wandered outside.

A fresh-faced young girl in a black Sally bonnet caught his eye. For amusement, he started winking at her while she stood with the band, trying to make her laugh and "put her off."

He little realised as he stood there that he would soon be joining this Army and one day marrying this girl.

You know this story, you say? It's the Damon Runyon one they used for the film "Guys and Dolls," where the professional gambler falls in love with a Sally and is converted?

Well, the similarity is striking, but this is the real story of Australian "guy" Trevor King and his wife, Judy. The scene described happened a little over four years ago at Parramatta, N.S.W.

Trevor, now Captain King of the Salvation Army, an ordained minister, told the story with frankness and humor as he sat bouncing his six-month-old son, Adam, on his knee in his new Army quarters in Maroubra.

Trevor and Judy (also a captain), who have just taken over the Maroubra parish,

had moved into their new home behind the Salvation Army Citadel in Boyce Road only a few days before.

They were full of enthusiasm for the work they planned in their first parish.

As Trevor fed Adam his orange juice and spoke of his hopes to help young people find the best way to live, it was hard to imagine that only a few years before this man had been, in his own words, "deeply mixed up with the underworld of Sydney."

"Through my life as a professional gambler, I came into contact with thieves, prostitutes, even murderers," he said.

"Shortly after I joined the Army, I went to Parramatta Jail with Judy to give a service for the inmates. Almost every second man recognised and greeted me.

"What an impression for the girl I hoped to marry! But Judy just said, 'It seems you know more people inside jail than outside.'"

Before turning to gambling for a living, Trevor was a professional fighter for 15 years, winning 55 out of 56 fights, including the N.S.W. Featherweight Championship.

As his story unfolded further, it became clear that his whole life had been a fight; that he had faced many adversities with the same courage he showed in the boxing ring.

"Looking back, I can see that all my life has been a preparation for my work now, and that it doesn't matter what happens to a man but how he faces his experiences that counts," he said.

Trevor spent his childhood in Cessnock, N.S.W.

"My father was an alcoholic and, through this, I first came to know the Salvation

Army. Many a time they would bring Dad home when he was incapable of making it on his own. I also remember food and clothing they gave us and little presents at Christmastime.

"This was my only contact with religion as a child, but the memory of their kindness always remained."

In his early childhood, Trevor was crippled by rheumatism. At 11, he was told that he would never walk again. But through a program of exercises, massage, and careful diet he regained the use of his legs.

It was from exercising in the gym that Trevor developed a love for boxing. At 15, he won his first professional fight—against a man of 23.

"I owed my physical strength to the rigid program of exercises and the special vegetarian diet, which I kept up for the whole of my boxing career," he said.

Never knocked out

"Although I was always a little slow on my feet, I was compensated by being very quick with my hands. In my whole career I was knocked down only once and never knocked out."

Trevor fought his way through to become Lightweight Champion of the Northern Coalfields. Then he won the State Featherweight Championship and became number one contender for the Australian title.

Despite his almost perfect fight record, this title was never to be his.

He signed for the title bout against champion Elley Bennett in 1954, and also entered

contracts to fight the British champion and the world champion in America.

Three weeks before the title fight, Trevor was injured in a motor accident. For the second time in his life he was told he would never walk again. He remembered how exercises had helped him before, and was determined not only to walk again but also fight.

This time he was helped and encouraged by the nursing nuns of St. Joseph's Hospital, Auburn, N.S.W., another example of devoted service firmly impressed on his memory.

Through sheer determination, he altered the doctors' predictions from complete crippling to walking with a permanent limp, then walking. By 1960 he was back in the ring.

"My exercises included a lot of skipping. At first I did 50 skips on my good leg to every one on my bad leg. Slowly I reversed this. Then I started running. After six years I was running five miles every morning. Not bad for a cripple, eh?"

Trevor resumed his fight career in New Zealand, where he beat the New Zealand lightweight champion. He returned to Australia for another try at the Australian championship. Then he contracted hepatitis.

"It took me a year to get over that, then I went to a sheep station in North Queensland to start training again. There was a second motor accident, in which I suffered some head injuries, and I decided to retire.

"Incidentally, the one fight in which I was beaten was against Sigi Tennenbaum, an ex-European champion, in 1952. This defeat also roused my fighting spirit and



● The man today. Captain Trevor King, ordained minister, now fights with words in the Salvation Army Citadel, Maroubra, N.S.W.

"He little realised that soon he would be joining this Army and one day would be marrying this girl."



● Teaching boys a bit of boxing to "defend their loved ones and for self-defence." Captain King doesn't want the boys to become pugilists.

made me persevere to become a better fighter. I fought Sigi again later and beat him.

"My brother introduced me to gambling. Up till my second accident I had never placed a bet, but my brother had backed my fights and we had shared the winnings. With the money from my fights and about \$39,000 compensation I was awarded for the car accident, I became a gambler.

"I attended about 14 race meetings a week. I can tell you that gambling just does not pay. I must have tried every system possible in my four years of gambling, but one thing always lets you down—that unpredictable human element."

Trevor's experiences as a gambler made him a much poorer, but wiser, man.

"After four years of gambling, night-clubbing, and heavy drinking, I became very dissatisfied with my life and started looking for something better.

"Although I had left school at 11, I had always been a tremendous reader.

"When I was fighting I always had a book with me to read between training—physiology and diet books to help me improve my physical condition for fighting, then I went on to philosophy, psychology, and other subjects. I was known in the fight world as 'The Thinker.'

"I began to try to work out a better way to live, and because of the quiet I used to go into an empty church to meditate. I still had no call toward religion, but I gradually came to believe that we did live in a universe of moral consequence.

"That is, good is rewarded by good and bad by bad. This applies to everything. If you treat your body well with exercise and proper diet, as I had done as a fighter, you feel well. If you abuse it with heavy drinking and wild living, as I had done as a gambler, you feel terrible.

"I still go for a two-mile run every morning before breakfast, and when I get back the milk is on the doorstep. I always look at it and remember the nights I would arrive home with the milk, rotten. I know which life I prefer.

Full-time service

"The same applies with what you do in life. In my four years of acquaintance with Sydney's underworld, I never met a happy criminal.

"After I saw Judy that day at Parramatta I went to a Salvation Army service, and there I found, as it is said, 'The Way, the Truth, and the Light.'

"I volunteered for full-time service with the Army. Two years later, Judy and I were married."

After four years of study—two at a Salvation Army college—Trevor was ordained. His wife was ordained at the same time and together they will minister the parish.

"Judy had always felt the call to service, and although she is only 21 she has equal rank with me in the Army.

"We are particularly keen to work with young people, and plan to build a youth centre between the house and the citadel. We hope all the young people in the area



● With his wife, Judy, also an Army captain, and son Adam, left. Husband and wife, below, outside the Maroubra citadel.

will find it a good place to come for sport and social get-togethers.

"I will possibly teach a bit of boxing if the young boys and their parents would like me to. I don't look upon this as encouraging aggressiveness—I have never known a good fighter who was a bully.

"But I believe boys should have the ability to defend themselves against a pack of bullies, and even more important be able to protect their girlfriends or family.

"Judy plans to form a guitar group. She is a very good guitarist and singer."

Trevor and Judy agree that their work won't leave them much time for private life, but it's the life they have chosen and because they are working together their happiness is very evident.



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he'll be crying
for help!



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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

WHAT a wonderful suntan Georgie and Snow Swift are sporting after their three weeks away in the tropics. After a short visit to New Zealand they went on to Noumea, and in Port Vila stayed with the Geoffrey Seagoes. There's great excitement at the plantation, where preparations are in full swing for the marriage of Carmen Seago (a former pupil at Rose Bay Convent) and Frenchman Daniel Guyonnet. When I spoke with Georgie she was still trying to trace some of her baggage that hadn't yet arrived.

ONE of Sydney's busiest hostesses at the moment must surely be Mrs. Cedric Symonds, who is in the midst of a series of pre-Christmas dinner parties. The first was a black-tie sit-down dinner for twenty-six guests at the Symonds' Elizabeth Bay home on November 18, and a second, this time for sixteen guests, will be on December 8.

ALSO dividing their guest list are the Peter Hardakers, whose delightful terrace house at Woollahra just couldn't hold all the people they wanted to have. They asked the first group to a buffet dinner on November 25 and their second effort will be another buffet dinner on December 9, mostly out in the pretty courtyard if the weather is fine.

THAT busy pair Bruce and Shirley Minell have also issued invitations for a Sunday morning drinks party on December 10 at their home at Vaucluse. Women guests have been asked to wear terrace frocks and there'll be tables and chairs and gay umbrellas set out on the lawn. A second party, which I believe is causing as much excitement as the first, is the Hawaiian might they have arranged for their daughter, Charmaine, on December 15 to celebrate her thirteenth birthday. Her young guests will wear Hawaiian dress, and, as a special treat, watch a full-length movie.

AN oval blue sapphire surrounded with diamonds is being worn by Diana Maddox, daughter of Sir Kempson and Lady Maddox, who has just announced her engagement to Peter Headlam. They are planning a February wedding.



ABOVE: Mr. Bill Robertson with his bride, the former Miss Josephine Hay, pictured after their wedding at the Clayton Congregational Church, Norwood, Adelaide. Miss Hay is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Hay, who live at Glengovrie, Adelaide. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. William Robertson, of Balmain.

NEWLYWEDS Mr. and Mrs. Norman Storey after their marriage at St. Martin's Church, Killara. The bride was formerly Miss Gail Marks, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Marks, of Mosman. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Storey, of Killara.

TOP marks to Tony Christmas and David Adamson for choosing the most novel place of the year in which to give their combined twenty-first birthday party. It's the Members' Bar and adjoining garden at Randwick Racecourse, and I've no doubt no matter how gay the party, there'll be no complaints from the neighbors. Music for the 160 young guests will be played by a really swinging band. The party, which on December 16, will be given by the boys' parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Christmas, "Roseneath," Bendemeer, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Adamson, of "Naas Homestead," Carberry.

MELBURNIAN Peggy Tellick arrives in Sydney on December 6 to stay with her brother-in-law and sister, Captain and Mrs. John Bell. While she is here she will help her nephew, Christopher, celebrate his 21st birthday. The birthday was actually on November 6, but as Christopher, an Economics student, and most of his friends were busy with exams, the party was delayed until December 16.

DATE for your diary... the Australia Gala Premiere of the film "Camelot" at the Century Theatre on December 21 arranged by the Spinning-Wheel Committee of the Paraplegic Association of New South Wales. Proceeds from the evening will go to the Paraplegic Hostel Appeal. Tickets may be obtained by writing to the committee honorary secretary, Miss Susan Higgins.

SPOKE with Mrs. Kevin McGuinness just after she had returned from a business trip to Newcastle with her husband and she told me about their Christmas party on December 16, when they have taken the whole of the first floor of the Old San Francisco Restaurant for the evening. Among guests they've invited are the Ros McKenzies, Lionel Jacobs, Jeffery Trippi and the Indian Trade Commissioner, Mr. Axel Kahan.

THREE cheers for the Golden Years Committee, whose cheque this year (presented by president Mrs. Desmond O'Shea to the president of the Old People's Welfare Council, Sir Percy Spender) amounted to \$2000.

NICE to spot Mr. Abe Landa (the N.S.W. Agent-General in London) and Mrs. Landa among guests at a large party. They are back on six weeks' home leave, part of which they'll spend in Melbourne with their daughter, Mrs. Lionel Gross. Mrs. Landa plans to stay in Australia a little longer to miss some of the English winter and will return to England via the United States.



At Cootamundra

SPRING RACE MEETING

AT LEFT: Mrs. R. B. Foreyth, of "Braeside," Wallendbeen (at right), looked on while her husband, who is president of the Cootamundra Turf Club, congratulated Miss Rhonda Miller when she was selected as Miss Racegoer at the club's Spring Meeting.



COLORFUL FOURSOME. Miss Tina Gardiner, of Young, Miss Marie Last, of Cootamundra, Miss Jane Ballard, of Cootamundra, and Miss Robyn Koth, of Uranquinty (left to right), were among racegoers who donned their gayest outfits.

AT RIGHT: Miss Pam Whitechurch, of "Green Shades," Young, discussed with Mr. Kerry Corcoran (at left) and Mr. Henry Cusack their choice of horses in the Spring Handicap.



ABOVE: Mrs. Keith Kirley, who was selected as Madame Racegoer, with Dunlock before the start of the Flying Handicap, in which he competed.



BETWEEN RACES. Attractive Miss Diane Knappett and Mr. Joe Manning, of "Woodburn," Cootamundra, on their way to have lunch before the first race at the meeting.



AT LEFT: Miss Margaret Hufton, of "Glen Ayr," Harden, and Mr. Alan Harwood, of Kew, Victoria, had a kindly word for Snowy, the horse ridden by the Clerk of the Course, Mr. Denis Blackney, Cootamundra.

THE KOALA WATCHERS

— Sharp eyes and warm hearts of thousands of children have been enlisted in a survey to help preserve the diminishing little marsupial.



● The koala — bushfires are the chief enemy.

OPERATION Koala was, in a way, a measure of desperation.

It was the brainchild of the N.S.W. Wildlife Service, a handful of men operating on a shoestring to preserve Australia's unique and diminishing fauna.

The koala was certainly diminishing, as onward-marching suburbia and the traditional enemy, bushfire, wiped out the trees which are its home and larder.

If the little creatures were to be saved, all kinds of questions had to be answered. Thousands of observers were needed, but the service had only six field-officers to cover the State's 200 million acres.

Then the imaginative scheme was born. Why not enlist the help of children? All the children in the State, say, in 4th, 5th, and 6th classes, boys and girls aged nine to 11?

There were a solid quarter of a million of them in city and country and hinterland.

"Besides, the whole exercise would be valuable in other ways," said ex-teacher Alan Fox, Education Officer to the Wildlife Service.

"Conservation is a pretty difficult concept to get over to children. It's just an academic idea.

"But if they could participate, if they could see that locating the animals was a very important part, the children would get involved. We think this could have a tremendous effect on their attitudes in the future."

Tremendous help

The week chosen for the immense survey was the first in August, the schools' Conservation Week. The means was to be a publication, sponsored by the Department of Education and run by a group of teachers, called "The Junior Tree Warden."

The Wildlife Service practically took over this year's "Junior Tree Warden" publication. An entrancing picture of little koalas decorated the front page, and the Wildlife Service Chief, Mr. Allen Strom, laid the problem on the line.

"If the children can find the koalas and provide us with information," he wrote, "they will be helping tremendously to conserve the koala and its habitat.

"It is right that they should, for if our generation fails to do the right thing by our wildlife, no other generation will get the chance."

"Where Are Our Koalas?" asked a banner headline on the back page. It was followed by some facts: "At three or four years of age, the koala has reached full size. Life span in the bush is not known, but it is probably about 10 years.

"Leaves, twigs, and buds of eucalypt trees make up almost all of the koala's food. Each day, or rather evening, a normal 20lb. koala will eat about two and a half pound of this food.

"There are many ways of spelling koala, some of them being Cola, Colah, Kola. These are aboriginal words, believed to mean 'no drink.' The animals may be able to obtain most of their water needs from green feed and dew, but where water is available they are known to drink quite freely."

Not all eucalypts are suitable for feeding. The article continued, "It is surprising, that after living in the same land as koalas for nearly 200 years, we still do not know the full list of food-trees.

"This is one way that each school can help. Unless we know more about the food preferences of the animals,

we won't know where to re-introduce them."

The children were asked to send samples from trees in which they sighted koalas.

They were asked to locate sightings on a chart (provided in the paper) and also to question "old-timers" in the district about the past incidence of koalas.

This was an attempt to find out why the koala population had fallen — by bushfire, disease, or wanton killing.

By
KAY KEAVNEY

The questions were simple, mostly to be answered by Yes or No. "Even if all your answers are NO," explained the writer, "this fact will be of great significance."

At the foot of the questionnaire was a note: "If this paper does not reach you prior to Conservation Week, then work on it in the first week of September or October. All to be posted by September 15 or October 15."

Alas, the best-laid schemes of mice and men . . .

The service hoped that all the children would re-

ceive their copies of "The Junior Tree Warden" in July. Thus prepared, and encouraged by their teachers, they would go out in Conservation Week and make their mass survey. The colossal job of printing and mailing fell to the Government Printer.

Alan Fox told me ruefully, "The Government Printer was absolutely snowed-under with other work. Many districts haven't yet received copies.

"Now we're afraid that schools which have been getting their copies late will be discouraged by that note about a time-limit.

"Will you emphasise that the information will be just as valuable to us whenever it comes?"

"We want replies to the questionnaire even when no koalas are in the district. We also want the dates of sightings.

"We've compiled a map from the results of the survey so far, but we can add to it at any time. As things are, there are many big areas from which we have no results at all."

Wherever the paper was received, children and teachers responded eagerly.

Copies found their way into Queensland and Victoria. Queensland has conducted a similar survey, Victoria is contemplating one.

On a big map of New South Wales in the service's offices, red dots representing sightings began to proliferate. Already, the known koala area has almost doubled.

In the Bando area, in the far north-west, koalas were sighted feeding on shrubs, not gum-leaves. The particular shrub grows plentifully in the State's centre. And a group of graziers whose lands cover hundreds of thousands of acres requested that they be declared an official wildlife area.

As reports flowed in, the conservationists saw ways of translocating the animals from overpopulated areas to places where there is none.

No escape

"The colonies are scattered," said Mr. Fox. "Mostly they are in places fairly free from bushfires, which the survey has confirmed to be the chief enemy.

"In a bushfire, there's no escape for the koala. All he can do is climb higher and wait for the flames or suffocation by smoke.

"And he can't eat the fresh young leaves that grow after the fire." (The gums must be four or five years old before the koala will eat them. Prussic acid released from younger trees accumulates in his body, ultimately kills him.)

"The survey shows," Mr. Fox said, "that the biggest koala colonies are on the far North Coast, by the Richmond, Tweed, and Clarence Rivers. Coastal areas are generally farmed, bushfires are pretty rare.

"But areas like the Pilliga scrub in the north-western plains are subject to bushfires. They're extremely arid, and we expected to find the koalas had been wiped out.

"The fact that they have is the biggest surprise so far. The area is so vast that pockets are still left.

"Even incomplete as it is, the survey has been immensely valuable. We learnt quite a lot about foot trees, which is vital if we are to set up new homes for koalas and conserve the existing ones."

Koalas, a national symbol and surefire tourist-lure, have been the victim of white civilisation for most of 200 years.

The first settlers shot them for their flesh or to make rugs. They cleared away eucalypts and angophoras that koalas depend on to make room for houses, a process going on today. Fire kills thousands more, so does disease.

"Nobody today," said Mr. Fox, "would deliberately destroy a koala, but it adds up to the same thing if you destroy his environment. That's why we are creating reserves where he can recolonise."

There were plenty in the past who would destroy a koala. In 1908, 60,000 pelts passed through the Sydney market alone.

Unique heritage

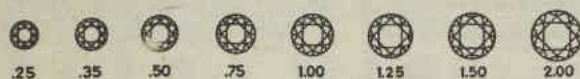
In 1925, 200,000 skins were exported from the eastern States, each valued at a few shillings. In 1927 Queensland declared an open season; 10,000 hunters went into action, and more than 600,000 skins were sold abroad.

This was the last great brutality which was officially condoned. Nowadays, a law over Australia, services like the N.S.W. Wildlife Section of the National Parks and Wildlife Service (until recently called the Fauna Protection Panel) battle to preserve a unique heritage.

Now the sharp eyes and warm hearts of thousands of children have been enlisted in the cause. The long-term results are incalculable.



● Mr. Alan Fox, Education Officer to the N.S.W. Wildlife Service, with the issue of "The Junior Tree Warden" which appealed for children's help in the campaign for information on the koala.



● This illustration gives an idea of the relative sizes of diamonds up to two carats. Diamonds are not measured linearly, but a one-carat stone of average cut (fifth from left) is about one-quarter of an inch in diameter.

HOW TO CHOOSE A DIAMOND

Getting engaged at Christmas? Here's how to choose a diamond — and also get the most value for your money.

DID you know that diamonds are bought and sold by weight like gold or potatoes? And that color and cut can affect their value?

These are points made by American jeweller Victor Argenzio in his book "The Fascination of Diamonds," in which he reveals the secrets of evaluating the most prized of gems.

Mr. Argenzio writes that the custom of using diamonds to symbolise true love can be traced back to Maximilian, Archduke of Austria. He is believed to have been the first suitor to seal his truth with a diamond, when, in 1477, he presented one to his fiancée, Mary of Burgundy.

Certainly diamonds put stars in the eyes of many brides-to-be today.

According to Mr. Argenzio, of the million and a half girls who marry in America each year nearly 85 percent receive diamond rings.

But whereas Mary of Burgundy had no fear that her diamond was anything but flawless, the 1967 bridegroom and bride-to-be cannot be too careful when shopping for a diamond ring.

Even a guarantee doesn't protect them. It is only as good as the firm that issues it.

That is why Mr. Argenzio stresses the importance of going to a reputable jeweller. It is a buyer's surest protection, although, he says, "there is no standardisation in the retail prices of diamonds," and even at reliable shops you will find a difference in prices.

He also advises the buyer to take time when diamond-hunting.

Ask questions. Look around. Compare. And, more important, examine SEVERAL diamonds — from the side — at the same time. That way some of the stones' shortcomings will become visible.

But what ARE those shortcomings? In non-technical terms, Mr. Argenzio explains the four factors involved in distinguishing a diamond from a bit of bottle glass — carats (or weight), clarity, cut, and color.

CARATS:

The weight of a diamond is measured in carats. One carat equals 200 milligrams (0.007oz.), or 100 decimal points, and each point is worth money.

The larger the diamond, the more rare and costly it is. This is the reason a one-carat diamond is worth more than two diamonds weighing $\frac{1}{2}$ carat each, just as a half-carat (50 points) diamond is more costly than two stones weighing 25 points each.

When buying a diamond it is essential to remember the difference in value between one stone weighing $\frac{1}{2}$ carat and five stones weighing a total of $\frac{1}{2}$ carat. The exact size of the centre diamond should be ascertained,

facet must be symmetrical, and its angles must not vary by more than half a degree from the ideal.

While a stone is cut to bring out its brilliance, at the same time flaws must be eliminated and the cutting done with the least loss to the stone's weight.

What is the best cut or shape to buy?

The round, or "brilliant," diamond is the most popular, while emerald-cut diamonds are from 20 to 30 percent lower in cost in sizes up to two carats.

Then the prices of the two become more even until they get to six or seven carats, when the round cut overtakes the emerald again.

Generally, oval and pear shapes cost about the same

Only skilful cutting can bring out its full beauty

too, as that is where the money principally goes.

If you should see an advertisement for a half-carat diamond showing a stone almost as large as a 5c piece, it is well to assume the illustration has been distorted to show details of the mounting. Then you will avoid disappointment when you see the stone.

CLARITY:

Few diamonds are flawless, and clarity has to do with the stone's internal imperfections, created when nature made the stone.

These flaws, called inclusions, vary from a tiny white spot to a chip or crack. All lower the value.

So examine a diamond the way the jeweller does — under a ten-power magnifying glass called a loupe.

While the general brilliance and beauty are not marred by inclusions unless they are large enough to be seen by the naked eye, the buyer should remember that the larger and more numerous the flaws the more they affect the value.

CUT:

Even though a diamond is flawless internally and its color superb, only skilful cutting can bring out its full beauty.

Precision is the goal in this art. To achieve it, every

as the round. Marquise-cut diamonds are more expensive, because fewer stones lend themselves to this type of cutting and because more rough is lost in cutting a marquise.

A diamond that is well cut and proportioned sends back to the eye a dazzling array of brilliant rainbow hues.

Some of the more common faults include cutting stones too thick or too shallow, resulting in loss of brilliance and fire. Some have greatly enlarged tables — the diamond's largest facet, at the top — making a very spread stone.

Girdles — the extreme outside edge of the stone — are often too thick and wavy, or not parallel to the table. Occasionally a brilliant-cut stone is out of round. Sometimes an extra facet may be seen.

All these should be considered as factors in lowering a diamond's value.

COLOR:

In Mr. Argenzio's opinion, if a choice must be made, good color is far more desirable than good cutting, and it certainly has more bearing on the diamond's value.

In fact, color is so important that if two diamonds, each weighing a carat, each well cut and proportioned, each flawless, were to be

compared, a difference in color might result in one stone being valued at several hundred dollars more than the other.

Diamonds are found with tints of pink, blue, green, canary, and other hues. Also there are as many as 200 shades of white or colorless diamond.

The finest colorless diamond is rather like a drop of distilled water, totally without color except for the rainbow hues it flashes as it separates the light spectrum.

View the diamond in the light from a south window on a cloudless day. Don't look at it under electric or blue lights, because the stone reflects the color of its surroundings.

A good trick is to breathe on a diamond. This sometimes brings out a yellow or brown tint that otherwise wouldn't show up.

Remember, the less yellow the finer the quality, and the more valuable the stone.

Mr. Argenzio points out that there are few, if any, bargains in diamonds.

You could get a more reasonable deal privately, especially if you are buying from a friend you can trust.

But both would be wise to have the stone appraised by a competent jeweller.

FOOTNOTE: In his book, Mr. Argenzio also conveys his love for the gems that have fascinated him for nearly half a century, and writes about their history.

For example:

The great Charlemagne wore diamonds. King Henry VIII was said to own 500 buttons set with diamonds and have enough left over to decorate his shoe buckles.

The first woman to wear diamonds as a means of catching a man's eye was probably Agnes Sorel, a lady of the French court, in 1444.

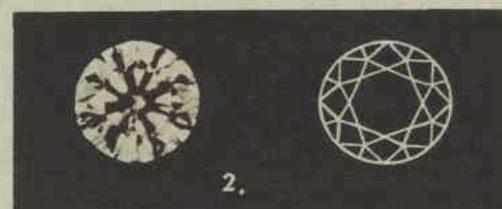
The story is that she had some diamonds made into a necklace. Charles VII couldn't help noticing the necklace, and thereafter had eyes for no one but Agnes.

— VALERIE CARR

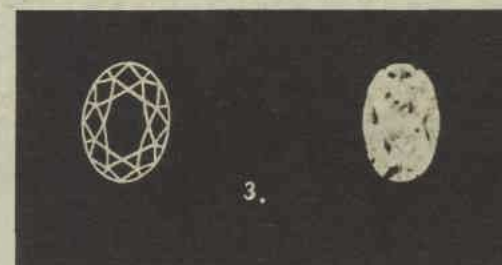
● "THE FASCINATION OF DIAMONDS," by Victor Argenzio, published in 1967 by George Allen and Unwin Ltd. (\$5.15.)



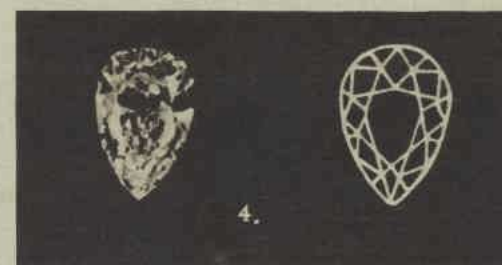
No. 1, the emerald cut, distinguishable by the rectangular-style top face or table.



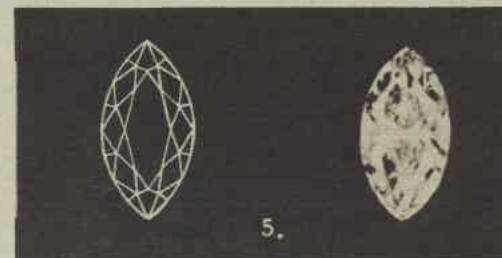
No. 2 is the round, also called the brilliant. The round has greatest glitter.



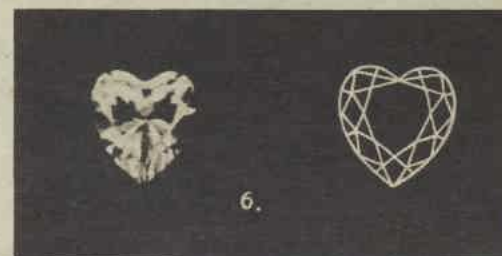
No. 3 is oval.



No. 4 is pear-shaped, sometimes called pendeloque.



No. 5 is the more expensive marquise (pronounced marKEYS), also boat-shaped.



No. 6 is heart-shaped.

This Christmas give him Mennen.

The exciting change in men's grooming.

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● Weirdly assorted trio are TCN9's most talked-about personalities . . .

BUFFY, JODY, AND MR. SPOCK

What are they like off-camera?

By
NAN MUSGROVE

MR. SPOCK, of "Star Trek," with his intense look, heavily fringed hairdo, and pointed ears, is the world's first hybrid human being.

Buffy and Jody are the two-year-old twins who cause much uproar in their bachelor uncle's ménage in "Family Affair."

Mr. Spock arouses the greatest curiosity, but the twins aren't far behind.

His ears, that point up like twin minarets, are inherited from his father, a being from the planet Vulcan who married an earth woman and produced Mr. Spock.

Mr. Spock's ears and his upward-sweeping eyebrows are the only physical evidence of his parenthood, but watch one episode of "Star Trek" and you'll find the big difference between hybrid Spock and a pure earthman — Mr. Spock has no emotion, he operates on pure reason, on logic.

Lack of emotion makes him a good guy to have around in a tight corner aboard the spaceship "Enterprise," but a strange one to deal with in the everyday business of living.

In real life, Mr. Spock is not strange at all. He is said to be a wonderful guy to work with and, according to his family, to live with.

The family of Spock in real life are the Leonard Nimoy. His wife and father and mother call Mr. Spock "Lenny," but people on the set either call him Leonard or stick to Mr. Spock.

His make-up man, Fred Phillips, says he watches Nimoy change to Spock as he puts on the make-up each morning.



"Spock takes over after the eyebrows go on — after the ears," he says.

The ears are made of foam rubber and have to be replaced every week because of the wear and tear of being pasted on daily.

Nimoy enjoys being Spock. He says he doesn't want to play a creature or computer and comes forward with suggestions that are sometimes adopted, sometimes not.

One of the most famous of the suggestions — the "Spock pinch" — has become a trade-mark of the series. It came about when Spock in an early episode of the series was supposed to bludgeon a character.

Leonard Nimoy objected, said it was out of keeping with the space age, the sort of thing that would be done in a Western.

"Why don't I just pinch a nerve that will put him out of commission?" he asked.

The idea was accepted and fans love it.

Nimoy's wife is an actress called Sandra Zober, whom he met and married in 1954. They have two children, Julie, 12, and Adam, 11.

The family lives quietly in a modest house in Los Angeles. Leonard likes to play chess, play the guitar, and sing folk.

He sees a lot of his parents, Russians, who migrated to America, where Leonard was born in Boston.

Unrelated twins

The "Family Affair" twins are not twins, are not related even distantly, and are even different ages. Buffy is 8, two years older than her screen role, and Jody is 7.

Anissa Jones, who plays Buffy, is a friendly little girl with reddish blonde hair, bright blue eyes. She is tiny for her age, which makes her right for a six-year-old role, and weighs only three stone.

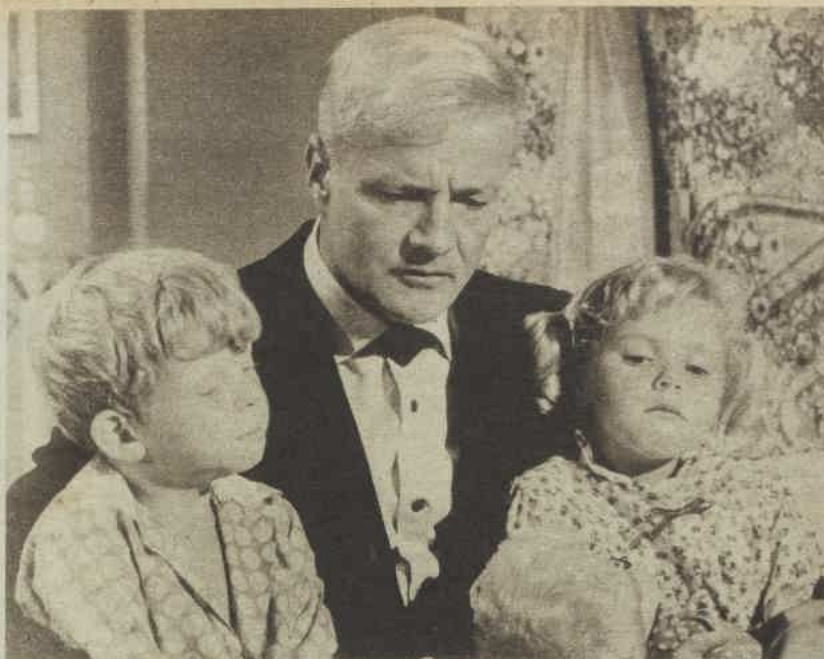
Her unusual name, "Anissa," is Lebanese for "little friend."

Her father is a university professor, her mother a zoologist. She has a brother, Paul, 7, who is already a head taller than she is.

Off screen she is a Brownie in the Girl Guides, in third class at school, and is already a good swimmer.

Jody, Anissa's screen brother, is Johnnie Whittaker. He is the third of a family of eight children and has been on TV, in commercials, since he was three.

Johnnie's father, John Whittaker, teaches industrial arts and crafts at a high school.



BRIAN KEITH, above, counsels his young nephew and niece Johnnie Whittaker (Jody) and Anissa Jones (Buffy) in "Family Affair" (TCN9, Fridays, 7 p.m.). Left: Mr. Spock, of "Star Trek" (TCN9, on Tuesdays at 7.30 p.m.).

Television



PENNY SPENCE . . . soon shopping in Paris.

Johnnie gets no star treatment at home.

He gets an allowance of 50 cents a week, of which five cents is earmarked for the church collection on Sundays. He makes his own bed, has to share in table-setting, washing-up, and lawn-mowing.

The greatest tribute to the "twins" comes from fellow artists. It's no secret that actors hate working with child actors; everyone knows children steal scenes.

The main characters in "Family Affair," however, Brian Keith and Sebastian Cabot, are both family men. Cabot has a nine-year-old daughter, and Keith has three daughters and a son.

They deal with the scene-stealers like real-life children, and happily share success.

Shopping spree in Paris

WINSOME Penny Spence, TCN9's Girl Friday, who reads news, does commercials, is a presentation

announcer, and anything else required by TV, is presenting an original Christmas program every afternoon Mondays to Fridays at 5.25.

In this brief span Penny, as pretty as paint, fills her giant Christmas list. She tells you what to buy for your wife, your girlfriend, the garbageman, your favorite aunt, and the man in your life.

Fortunately Penny adores shopping, for she spends hectic mornings round the shops buying in every price range, and displays her loot each night.

Penny is off at the end of December on the most exciting of all shopping sprees, a buying trip to the French couturiers in Paris with a friend Gina Weir, who is buying for her mother's exclusive Melbourne boutique.

Gina and Penny were at school together in Melbourne. Gina went into the fashion world, Penny to TV. Penny, who finished her education at a Swiss school, is a fluent French speaker and she's off with Gina to be the talking part of the buying combination.

It sounds as if it is going to be a hilarious trip. Neither of the girls has what she considers suitably grand wardrobes for the couturier establishments, but Gina has a sealskin coat and Penny a lynx.

"You remember 'Our Hearts Were Young and Gay' when the girls bought the white rabbit coats?" Penny asked me. "Gina and I will be like them. We'll huddle inside our fur coats, never take them off—they're both full-length."

Penny isn't planning on splurging in Paris on clothes. But she's going to have her 'thirties flapper haircut replaced by something exciting done by international hairdresser Vidal Sassoon.

At the moment she's inclined toward a permanent wave and a short, curly cut, but it's up to Sassoon. It will be a small excitement for New Year viewing to see what Sassoon does to pretty Penny's hair.

THE Senate elections are now ancient history, but a conversation I overheard in a bus beforehand between

two young men discussing Party spokesmen on TV is still exercising my mind.

When I tuned into the conversation, I heard one man say to another: "He looks impressive full face to the camera, and his voice is good, but profile he's rotten. He looks shifty."

The other man agreed. "It's his haircut," he said, "profile it is very bad — a very untrustworthy haircut."

I never did discover whom they were talking about, but I've done a lot of examining since, looking for that new TV hazard, the untrustworthy haircut.

"Baddies" are just too bad

"JERICHO" (ATN7, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.) is a nothing show. Nothing about it is good, it is plain silly.

"Jericho" is the code name for three allied servicemen, who are agents, spies, saboteurs, or whatever is required, who operate with gay insouciance behind the enemy lines during World War II.

What is extraordinary about the whole show is the brilliance of the three men, an American army captain (Don Francks), a British navy lieutenant (John Leyton), and a French airforce lieutenant (Marino Mase), and the complete stupidity of all the Nazis involved.

They behave like a group of mentally retarded unfortunates, outshone by everyone, including the French peasants.

The Nazi dullness was well illustrated in the first episode when the goodies, bent on rescuing one of the intrepid trio, made a haystack, a hollow one, got inside it, and approached Nazi headquarters, trundling across an open field.

The haystack was very obviously ersatz, and a three-year-old child would have recognised it as trouble with a capital "T."

The Nazis didn't. Everything went well for the goodies, and the Jericho trio, intact, retired to rest up for next week's derring-do. I won't be among those watching.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Mamma once said, "What has happened to us? Have we forgotten how to be clean and tidy? On the beaches there is garbage everywhere. How many of you have stepped on a broken bottle lately? Wouldn't it be nice if everyone who had a picnic on the beach would take along a paper bag or a can and throw all the garbage in it, then take it home and put it in the garbage can. It wouldn't be much trouble and perhaps again we would have beaches that we could be proud of."

MOMMA'S MORAL: Some people leave their footprints on the sands of time; others leave beer cans and pop bottles.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



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All the nicest shops in Australia and New Zealand have them.

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with love.**

VIENNA BOYS' CHOIR

Television



WHAT you see and what you don't see when a TV special is made is shown in this unusual picture of the Vienna Boys' Choir. The picture in the top right-hand corner on the monitor screen is what you will see on your screen; below is the whole scene inside TCN9's Sydney studio. The boy shown on the monitor is fourth from left in the front row.

"BP Super Presents the Vienna Boys' Choir" will be seen on TCN9, GTV9, NWS9, QTQ9 at 7.30 p.m. on December 10.

The Vienna Boys' Choir was founded on July 7, 1498, by a decree of the Emperor Maximilian I of Austria, with eight boys. Nowadays, about 30 boys are admitted to the choir each year.

The boys sing lieder, sacred music, waltzes, and folk-songs. In Australia they always include "Waltzing Matilda," which sounds very exotic sung in their quaint accents.

—NAN MUSGROVE

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(Asks Mrs. Helen McDermott.)



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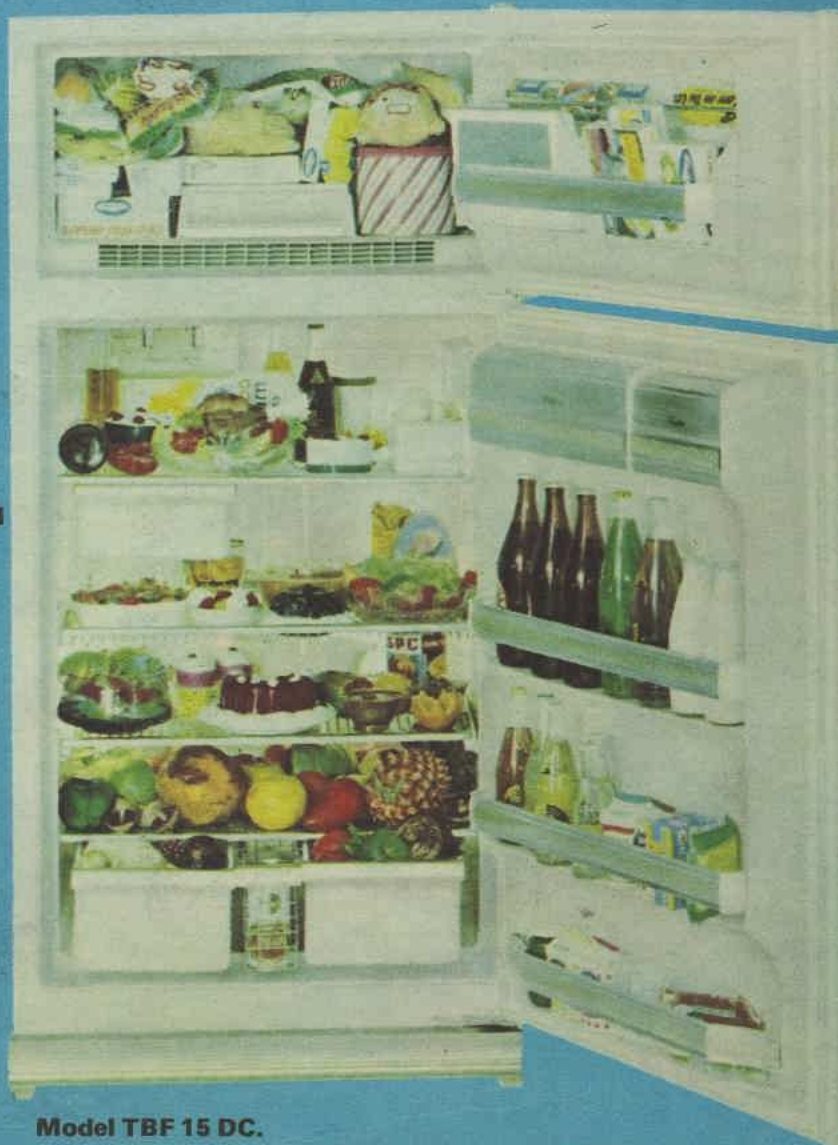
Jet fast ice maker. Ice cubes in 90 minutes—50% faster than other brands.

Egg Bucket—stores 30 eggs.

Exclusive Handy Bin.

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Model TBF 15 DC.

12 cubic foot No-Frost also available—model number TBF12DC



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MR. KOOKA in close-up with Brian. This picture was taken mid-afternoon by staff photographer Keith Barlow; other pictures by Brian's wife, Mardi.

Brian Henderson's tame kookaburra

BRIAN HENDERSON, TCN9's smooth newsreader and popular compere of "Bandstand," has been a bird-watcher for years. Now he has widened his interest and has tamed a kookaburra till it eats out of his hand.

The Hendersons' land, on Sydney's upper North Shore, runs up a steep hill and fades out into a reserve full of tall trees, wildflowers, maidenhair, and birds. Brian first noticed Mr. Kooka when he and his wife, Mardi, moved into their house some months ago.

"He used to fly about with his bird," he said, "and I pointed him out to Col Joye one day when he was here. Col said I should try feeding him, which I did. It's been a great success."

Mr. Kooka has now become the sleekest and plumpest bird in his territory. He looks rather portly, but very handsome, even on the wing.

Brian feeds him early each morning, but Mr. Kooka obviously has showbiz ambitions. The sight of a camera, mid-afternoon, brought him on a totally unexpected visit.

Brian and Mr. Kooka are an interesting duo to other birds. There is a group of "cheeky brown birds" that wanted to be in it. Brian throws bits of meat in the air which they catch on the wing.

While Brian gives Mr. Kooka his breakfast, his other "bird," Mardi, cooks his breakfast, his one big meal of the day — always the same, four poached eggs covered with black caviar.

— NAN MUSGROVE



MR. KOOKA starts his breakfast show.



ON CAMERA, he does his act.



HAMMING, spreads his lovely wings.



SATISFIED, turns away, the show over.

Television

LONDON OF DICKENS LIVES AGAIN



● Elegant Bloomsbury Square, one of the lavish sets of Dickens' London built at Shepperton Studios for the film version of the musical "Oliver!", which is based on Dickens' novel "Oliver Twist."

IT'S a weird feeling to turn a corner and find yourself in the London of the 1840 era.

It's a 19th-century London so real you have to pinch yourself to remember it's 1967—the space age.

Everyone around you is in crinolines and top hats, stage-coaches and carriages clomp by on the cobbles, street hawkers cry their wares.

And the date on the newspaper the man beside you is reading is September 28, 1838.

It's not a slip of time. It's a set for the film version of Lionel Bart's musical "Oliver!", the Romulus film production now being shot at Shepperton Studios for a Columbia release early next year.

The stars are not all world-famous, but they're all good. Producer John Woolf expects that "Oliver!" will do for them what "My Fair Lady" did for Julie Andrews.

There's nine-year-old Mark Lester, who pulled the magic carpet from under the feet of 2000 other young actors to win the leading role of Oliver.

The advertisement sought "an angelic child of about 11, delicate, appealing, and with a crystal-clear soprano voice."

Mark applied and got the part after being interviewed by the film's director, Sir Carol Reed.

"I had to do this scene where I had to sit in a corner and the Artful Dodger threw me an apple and I had to get up and speak to him," said Mark, who is more intelligent than his years and 4ft. 4in. would suggest.

"I had to do it seven times then Sir Carol said I was very good."

Sir Carol thought Mark "the most natural"; John Woolf thought his face was "natural and haunting"; Lionel Bart thought Mark "marvellous for the part."

So Mark Lester gained his first big break—but not his first role; he is already a screen veteran.

At two, his ash-blond hair, hazel eyes, and angelic look caught the attention of the auditioners for a television commercial—and Mark earned his first pay packet.

He has since made many commercials, TV appearances, and five films.

His mother and father—both fashion models—think Mark just "an ordinary little boy."

Attend classes

He likes football, collects stamps, closely follows "Batman," belongs to the local Surrey Cub pack, and adores his Stafford bull terrier, coincidentally called "Bill Sikes."

But there the similarity between Mark and most "ordinary little boys" ends.

For weeks he had to fit himself for his role. Throughout the British summer, he was shielded from the sun to preserve a workhouse pallor.

He went to Spain for a short holiday and had to wear a big hat and special face cream.

"It wasn't very nice," he said. "I really envied Jackie (15-year-old Jackie Wild, who plays the Artful Dodger) because he was allowed to play football."

When filming started, Mark was collected each morning at five by his chaperon, Mrs. Melsom, in a chauffeur-driven car.

During the day, he acted when needed, then joined the 100 other boys in the film.



● Oliver (Mark Lester) with the Artful Dodger (Jackie Wild). Jackie, aged 15, played a minor part in the stage production of the musical in which his older brother, Robert, was the Artful Dodger.



● Fagin (Ron Moody) with his small thieves in his den. This film set of Fagin's dark, worm-eaten attic is based on the engraving by Cruikshank, who illustrated Dickens' books.

**Australian helped re-create
19th-century Covent Garden
markets and a tree-lined
Bloomsbury Square for film
version of the musical
"Oliver!" in which an angelic
nine-year-old stars.**

for classes, usually for four hours a day.

There is a special classroom at the studios where the boys were taught by two teachers and a sportsmaster. Then Mrs. Melson took Mark home.

Mark earned about \$A375 a week, which his father invested for him.

But Mark isn't the film's only scene-stealer. There's Ron Moody as Fagin. He played the original West End role in the stage production.

Shani Wallis, a chirpy, energetic Londoner, who won acclaim in Las Vegas as an actress-singer, is Nancy.

Oliver Reed is Bill Sikes—a strongly built young man, gently spoken, who made his name with "The Jokers," "The Shattered Room" with Carol Lynley, and with Orson Welles in "I'll Never Forget What's 'Is Name."

The only well-known name is Harry Secombe, familiar in Australia for his "Goon Show" exploits with Peter Sellers. He plays Mr. Bumble, the beadle in the workhouse scenes.

Also in the scene-stealing list are the sets, which are breathtaking.

Acres and acres have been transformed into London streets, Covent Garden markets, and a tree-lined Bloomsbury Square.

It is the biggest set ever created for a film in England, as big as the biggest ever made in America for a musical.

It sings to a tune of \$A250,000 for two sets alone. Experts were needed to handle such a feat.

Producer John Woolf and

director Sir Carol Reed called in the best man they knew for the job—John Box.

Box was responsible for the design of two Academy-Award-winning films, "Doctor Zhivago" and "Lawrence of Arabia." He created the vital Renaissance sets of "The Taming of the Shrew" and the Tudor backdrop for "A Man For All Seasons."

He was, deemed the powers that be, the man to create all the lusty, fleshy tones of Dickensian London—the elegant whiteness of Bloomsbury Square, the wormy amber darkness of Fagin's den, the workhouses, London's teeming skyline.

Design graduate

Most Australian audiences will take such technicolor marvels for granted, but Ken Muggleston, a 36-year-old bachelor from Cronulla, N.S.W., won't.

As Box's assistant, he has been responsible for collecting all the props for the film, delving for Victoriana around antique shops, the warehouses, the cockney markets.

Ken, a graduate in interior design of East Sydney Technical College, came to England ten years ago.

His path crossed Box's in Rome, when they worked on "Lawrence of Arabia," and later on "The Taming of the Shrew."

"In some ways, the props for 'Oliver!' were a lot easier than for something like 'The Shrew,'" said Ken. "There's such an interest in Victoriana at the moment."

"Some of our finest pieces

came off the stalls in Portobello Road—the 'in' place to shop for junk on a Saturday."

"One of the biggest headaches has been making sure that everything in the film could have been found around London in the 1840s."

"We spent months looking up references, studying with a magnifying glass photographs and prints of old buildings and street scenes."

An old book of London street cries was a boon. "It reproduced the call of every London Crier," said Ken, "The rose-seller, the knife-grinder, even the sarsaparilla-seller. We've carried them all into the film."

"Old books and magazines provided good clues. For example, Mrs. Beeton's Cook Book showed us how to prepare the meat and food."

"The Times" gave us a hand, too. They reprinted 250 copies of "The Times" of September 28, 1838—just as they have it on their files."

"Cruikshank, the artist who illustrated Dickens' books, packed a ton of detail into his engravings. His picture of Fagin's den—the dark, worm-eaten attic, strung with spoils—is the basis for the set in the film."

"Whenever we were in doubt, we found the best motto was 'stick to the book.'"

"Dickens had such an eye for detail, for the essence of the scene, the smells, even the arrangement of the furniture, the patches on the coats."

"Little things like just how the Artful Dodger wore his sleeves rolled back."

—ANNE WOODHAM



● Oliver (Mark Lester) holds out his bowl in the workhouse. Mark, nine, won the title role in the film from 2000 young actors.



● Teeming 19th-century London, as seen in another "Oliver!" set, above. Altogether John Box re-created more than 5 acres of the city.



● Bully Bill Sikes (Oliver Reed) with his girlfriend Nancy (Shani Wallis, English actress-singer), left. Nancy befriends Oliver in the plot.

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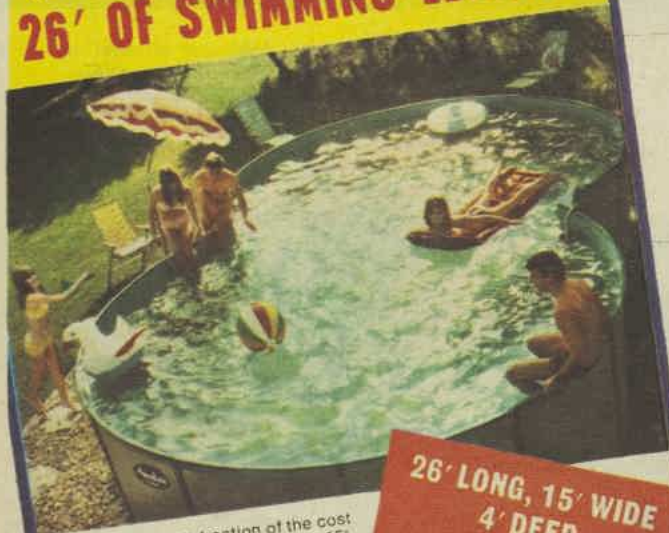
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WIGS GO PSYCHEDELIC

... JUST
FOR FUN

THERE are serious-minded wigs and wigs for fun. The ones on this page are those that dare you to wear them — just for a giggle!

With everything else from badges to make-up tagged psychedelic, it follows that these wigs are called psychedelic, too. And they are. The crazy colors include purple, orange, apricot, gold, champagne, blue, green, pink, cyclamen, deep aqua, and crystal, plus sun-flecked sea-green.

Made of nylon fibre, they can be set and dry-cleaned like any other wig. They are in all sizes with an adjustable strap at the back to fit any head, and they can be styled to suit you. They come originally in a Cleopatra cut. If you don't want a full head of psychedelic hair, there are wiglets in the same colors.

The wigs, going well in the United States, are now available in Australia at \$16 each.

— JACQUELINE LEE LEWES



STREAK of fun for the girl who doesn't want a full head of psychedelic hair. Wiglets come in the same gay colors.



PURPLE, above, and brilliant orange-red, at right, are two wigs to stop the traffic. Where would you wear them? At parties, or if you're really game and can afford it wear one to complement an evening dress and be the belle of the ball!

GOLD Cleopatra wig to wear with a golden suntan on the beach or at a swinging party. Psychedelic wigs are made of nylon fibre, can be set in any style and dry-cleaned.

Pictures by staff photographer DON CAMERON

This Christmas give ETA

the freshest Christmas nuts...
many gifts useful all year round!



ETA Christmas shopping guide

Keep these pages, you'll find them
a blessing when you make out
your gift list...
so many generous ways to say
Happy Christmas

GIANT JARS OF NUTS:

- In airtight glass canisters
1. 1½ lb Salted Peanuts
2. 1½ lb Salted Mixed Nuts
3. 1½ lb Salted Cashews
4. 1½ lb Sugar-Coated Peanuts
5. 1½ lb Scorched Peanuts
6. 1½ lb Vanilla Almonds
7. 1½ lb Scorched Almonds
8. 2 lb Sugared Almonds

9. CHOC-A-DADDY: Noddy Heads on tumblers filled with Chocolate Sultanas

10. PATIO PACK: Smart chrome carrier. Elegant "horse-and-coach" decoration on hostess glasses containing Salted Cashews, Mixed Nuts, Brazil Nuts, Salted Peanuts

11. PARTY TRAY: Attractive serving tray containing individual dishes of Ginger, Muscavels, Sugared Almonds and Almond Kernels

TANKARDS: Early Australian coin decorations

12. Salted Peanuts
13. Salted Cashews
- NOT ILLUSTRATED:
14. Salted Mixed Nuts
15. Sugar-Coated Peanuts
16. Scorched Peanuts
17. Scorched Almonds

18. CANDY JAR: 1 lb Chocolate Sultanas in attractive re-usable jars imported from America

5 OZ CANS: With easy opening "tear tab" top and plastic lid for re-sealing

19. Salted Mixed Nuts
20. Salted Cashews
21. Salted Peanuts

4 OZ CANS:

22. Barbecue Walnuts
23. Salted Pecans (not shown)

6 OZ CANS:

24. Smokehouse Almonds
25. Garlic Onion Almonds
26. Barbecue Almonds (not shown)
27. Cheese-Flavour Almonds (not shown)

HOSTESS GLASSES: Elegant "horse-and-coach" decoration. Choose from

28. Salted Peanuts
29. Salted Cashews
30. Salted Mixed Nuts

31. PARTYPACK: Three vacuum-sealed 5 oz cans Salted Mixed Nuts, Peanuts and Cashews

32. SUPREME GIFT PACK: Imported Salted Pecan Nuts, Garlic Onion Almonds and finest selected Salted Peanuts

ETA

A collection of party supplies arranged on a dark red background. At the top left, a metal patio pack holds three glasses: one with a yellow drink, one with a dark drink, and one with an orange drink. To the right of the patio pack are two large kitchen canisters; the left one is white with a brown label that says 'SUGAR', and the right one is dark with a red label that says 'TEA'. Further right is a clear glass candy jar filled with mixed candies. In the center is a black rectangular party tray with four white compartments containing red grapes, green grapes, potato chips, and round crackers. To the right of the tray is a large glass tankard mug filled with beer and a thick head of foam. Labels are placed near each item: 'PATIO PACK' to the left of the glasses, 'KITCHEN CANISTERS' above the sugar and tea canisters, 'CANDY JAR' above the candy jar, 'PARTY TRAY' below the tray, and 'TANKARD' below the mug.



FRUIT AND NUTS:

- 1 LB CELLOBAGS:
38. Salted Mixed Nuts
39. Salted Peanuts
40. Salted Cashews

- GLACE FRUITS: Pear, Pineapple, Cherry.
Apricot and Fig
41. 8 oz Basket
42. 16 oz Basket
43. 1 1/2 lb Acetate Box
44. 2 lb Acetate Box

45. **CAMAY CHRISTMAS PACK:** Two bath-size cakes of Camay soap, gift-wrapped, with two pretty towels.

BON BONS:

- BON BONS:**
46. ETA No. 1 Bon Bons with cut-out mask on pack
47. ETA No. 2 Deluxe Bon Bons
Both contain party hats, jokes, novelties & toys
NOT ILLUSTRATED:
48. Mansell Bon Bons No. 1 pack
49. Mansell Bon Bons No. 2 pack

- 50. 12 OZ MIXED NUTS IN SHELL:** Including American Walnuts, Almonds and Brazil Nuts in polynet bag

- 12 OZ CANS:** Vacuum-sealed for freshness

- 54. 12 OZ DELUXE MIXED NUTS:** Finest imported nuts, including Salted Brazils, Pecans, Peanuts, Almonds, Walnuts and Cashews



PLEASE READ TOGETHER:



1. My children should have all the advantages.
 2. Only Schweppes mixers are good enough for me.
 3. Therefore, only Schweppes soft drinks are good enough for my children.
 4. Why complicate things?
- SCHWEPPE: EQUAL RIGHTS FOR CHILDREN**

We hitchhiked in Iceland and saw the midnight sun

By VIRGINIA SHORTHOSE

I WAS talked into going to Iceland. I had been saving hard in London to travel to the Continent, and Iceland had never been on my itinerary. Thank goodness I was talked into it.

A girl I met on the ship over to London had wanted to go, so I was persuaded, and one foggy day in late May we presented ourselves plus passports to the Icelandic Embassy and got our visas. We packed our rucksacks (for we intended to hitchhike), booked sea passages, and took an overnight bus to Edinburgh to catch the boat.

We sailed economy-class in a dormitory with about 30 bunks for women. Meals were amorgasbord, and we loved them. The other passengers were Icelandic except for a group of "explorers" who turned out to be on an army exercise from England; we found them fun on this ship where hardly anybody else spoke English.

It was cold during the trip, and the North Sea was very rough at times. We docked in Reykjavik on a public holiday.

Most people imagine Iceland to be a completely snow-covered little island with a few Eskimos in igloos. This is far from the truth. Although the island touches the Arctic Circle, the warm Gulf Stream encircles it and we were far warmer and drier than in the England we had just left.

But it is only sensible to choose the summertime, as we did, for a visit, for then there is perpetual daylight. In Reykjavik, the capital, only two hours separate sunset from sunrise, and in the northern part of the country the sun doesn't set at all.

We intended to hitchhike round the island, but as glaciers cover the southern part we had to fly across to the east coast — there weren't yet any roads open for the summer. Iceland has many glaciers, and under some of them, amazingly, there are volcanic craters: for instance, under Vatnajökull, the largest.

This glacier looked beautiful, with sun shining on the ice as we flew over.

The island is 300 miles at its widest and 130 miles north to south. We had only small school-atlas type maps, and were to find that the boldly inked coastal road was rather like one of the worst outback roads in Australia. And the very large black dot we took the plane to turned out to be a tiny fishing village.

We landed on the airstrip, a lava flow out to the sea, and took a boat to Hofn in Hornafjörður — a big name for a place so small. We spent the night in a hotel, getting on quite well with the complete lack of a common language — we were improving our miming of "food," "bed," etc.

By now we were slightly disconcerted with the desolation of the countryside, and we were further dismayed to find that the road up the east coast had been open only a week.

We limbered up for a long walk, as there seemed to be no cars around. The first day up the coast we walked eight miles, and then, after a short car-ride, got dropped in an even more desolate village.

Here we ended up spending the night in a private house, having been directed there after sending some small boys into hysterics trying to explain that we wanted somewhere to eat and sleep lying on the ground and pretending to more.

We walked out of this village next morning, and walked and walked all day with-

out seeing any cars. We went right up a fiord and then down to the coast again on the other side, as there was no bridge at the mouth; that was only about 20 miles, and it seemed a hundred.

We dozed in a sheep field, finding it all the harder because it was not dark, but we were quite exhausted and slept until about four in the morning. Then we heard a car coming along the road, so we scrambled up and hitched a ride with some boys and girls returning from a dance.

That day we walked again. We should have been starting to get used to it, but it's amazing how aware one is of muscles when they are all aching.

We stopped at a farmhouse for breakfast, and again, as with country people anywhere in the world, we were treated like really welcome guests.

Now we walked the length of a valley, and all around us the mountains towered. We felt the road must come to a dead end, contrary to our map, which had its happy bold black line going on through the mountains. We got to the end of the valley, and there, winding up into the sky, was the precarious road.

After all our walking, and in this late hour, it looked impossible, but according to our map there was a village just over the other side. We came to a stream at the bottom of the mountain, which, incidentally, was just at the snowline, and somehow crossed it, stripped off to our pants, as we didn't want to get our clothes wet.

The water was icy and the stones sharp, and we knew we couldn't stop now in the snow but would have to go all night, and we were so tired.

Providence in the shape of a four-wheel-drive vehicle came along—it couldn't have got through that road without running us over, we were so desperate to get out of this mess.

Slowly we drove up the mountain and came to the other side — and here, to our horror, was not the green valley and village we had expected but miles and miles of ice and snow. I wonder if I would have ever got this written if we had had to walk, as we had no camping equipment.

The hotel we finally came to was a marvellous sight, and even though it was not officially open for the season we stayed for a day and recovered.

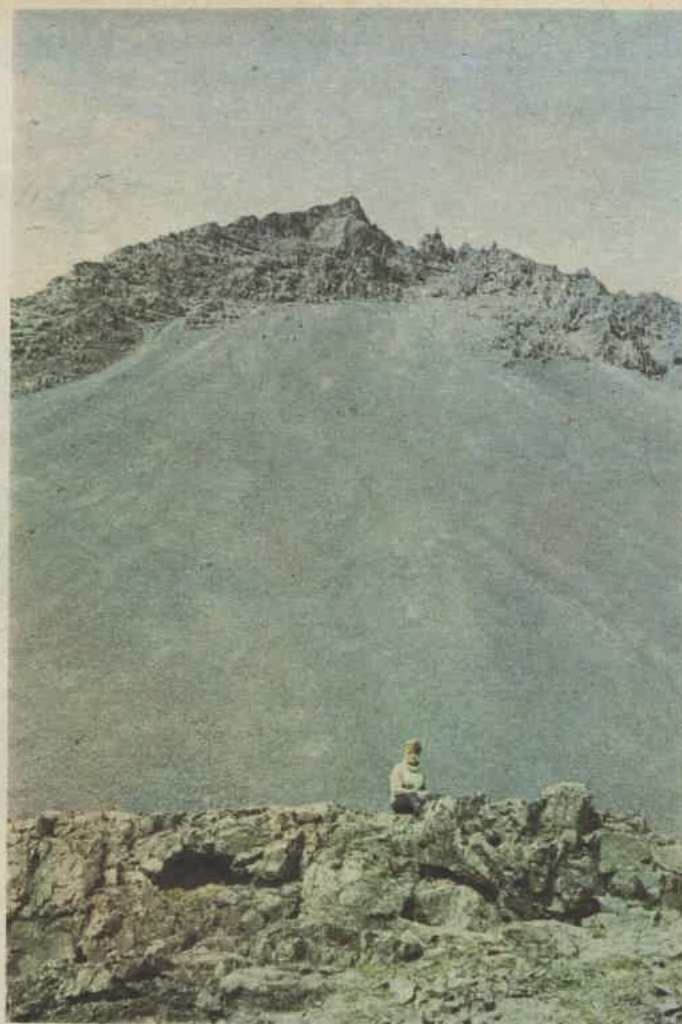
Now we flew to Akureyri, the second largest town in Iceland and terribly civilised! From there we took a bus trip to Lake Myvatn, rich in hot springs, volcanoes, strange lava formations, and sulphur pits.

The sulphur area is all yellow-looking, a bit like sand in the distance, and when you come closer you can smell it and see the hot steam jets and then the pools of bubbling hot mud. I found it terribly exciting.

After inspecting this area, we were taken to an extinct volcano which we had seen from the air. We climbed up the side and looked over the edge; it seemed enormous. Then we swam in an underground natural pool heated from hot springs.

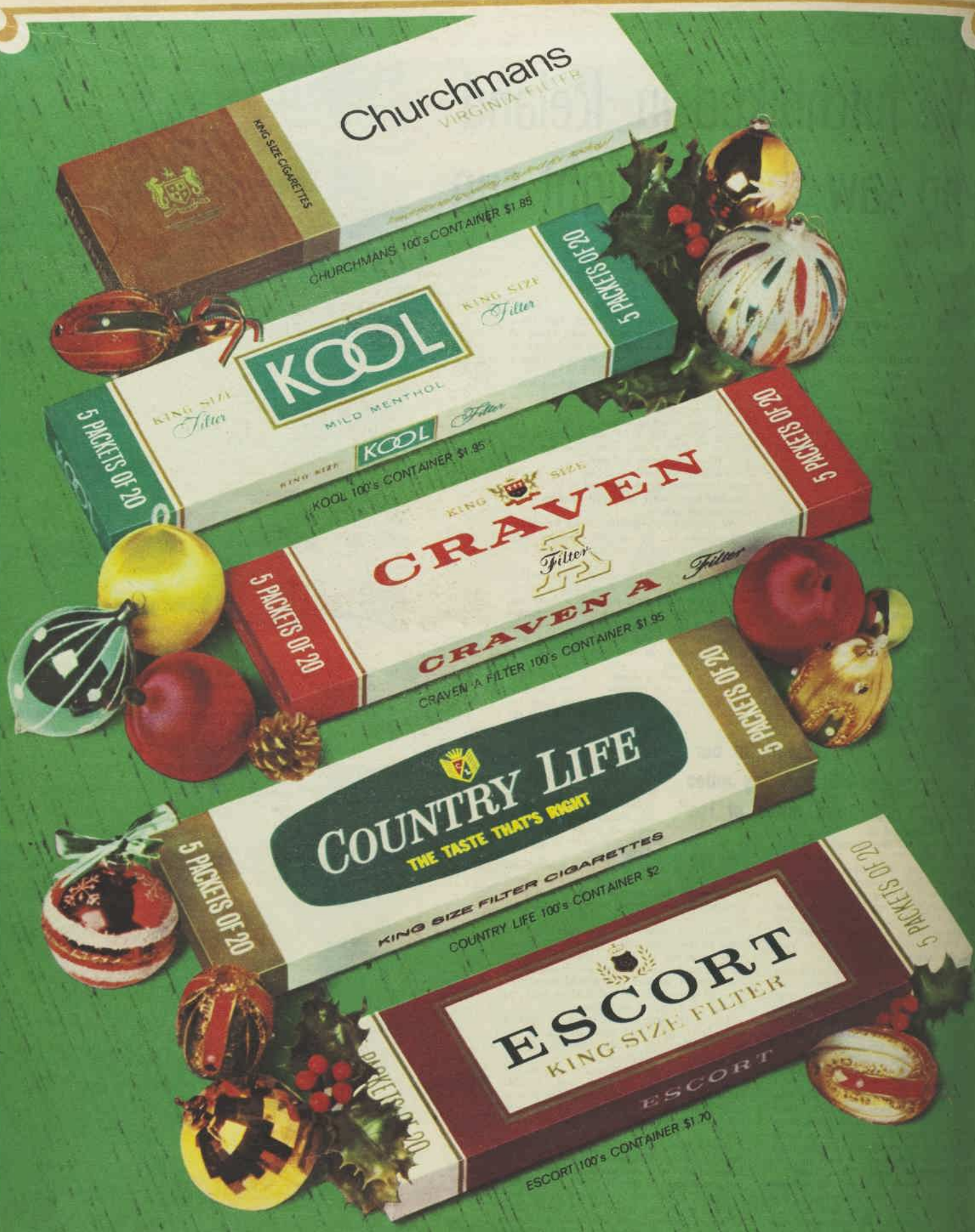
After that we had no more trouble getting rides in cars; and one very interesting journey was with a doctor who was going to see some relatives living right up on the north coast. Here we saw the midnight sun.

The sun was very red, and it appeared to go down to the horizon, and then, after touching, to float up again, turning all the lakes and rivers to pink satin, a truly memorable sight.



● "By now we were slightly disconcerted at the desolation of the countryside." Above: Virginia in the hills out of Koln. Below: Sulphur field and steam geyser in one of Iceland's very large and active thermal regions.





**This Christmas
give personal pleasure**

"CAMELOT" CONTEST RESULTS

● Here are the prizewinners in our "Camelot" Contest, in which we asked readers to tell us of the occasion when they most had reason to think of a man as their Sir Galahad.

● Mrs. Barbara Cullinan, 3 Everard St., Glen Osmond, S.A. — First prize of \$100 and S.A. State prize of a "Camelot" wardrobe.

● Mrs. Jean Grant, Osborn Avenue, Bundanoon, N.S.W. — Second prize of \$50 and N.S.W. State prize of a "Camelot" wardrobe.

● Mrs. Edna M. Jenkins, 11 West Burleigh Rd., Burleigh Heads, Qld. — Third prize of \$25 and Qld. State prize of a "Camelot" wardrobe.

● Miss Alison Pillinger (aged 17), 361 Davey St., South Hobart. — Tas. State prize of a "Camelot" wardrobe.

● Mrs. F. M. Brabham, c/- 4 Keam Crescent, Mildura, Vic. — Vic. State prize of a "Camelot" wardrobe.

● Miss Lesley Wilson, 106 Williams Rd., Gooseberry Hill, W.A. — W.A. State prize of a "Camelot" wardrobe.

CAPTAIN SIR GALAHAD

—Winner of \$100 first prize and S.A. State prize of a "Camelot" wardrobe for Mrs. Barbara Cullinan.

DURING the war I was a nursing sister in the Royal Navy in charge of an officers' ward.

Often the Matron, nicknamed Lulu, would do an unexpected night round.

In the event of a "raid," the idea was to wait until Lulu was well clear of your ward, then send a sick-bed attendant hot-foot round the back way to warn unsuspecting colleagues.

We had learnt not to phone, since Lulu had been known to double back on her heels to answer a phone before it made too much noise in the quietness of the night.

A friend of mine was once silly enough to hiss into the phone, "Lulu's on the way." "Lulu is, indeed," said Matron Smithie, when she crawled off the office mat next morning, swears there was a twinkle in Lulu's eye.

It was forbidden to cook in the ward kitchen. On this night my patient had "requisitioned" four eggs of the true-blue type — not the kind variety we were accustomed to.

I took them reverently and turned them into scrambled eggs on toast for two. Not finding anything bigger than a plate to put them on was a pity, but we were ready to eat when it happened.

Not only the voice of

Lulu in the corridor, but the Surgeon-Captain walking in the door, his cap under his arm.

With not a flicker on his face, he took in the situation and put his cap completely over the plate of eggs on my desk. My patient put his eggs in his bed.

A Duty Medical Officer was expected to accompany Lulu and me on the ward round, but the Surgeon-Captain would sit at my desk reading charts and reports.

I realised what he had done, but all I could think was, "Dear Lord, what will happen when he picks his cap up?"

The round ended and I waited. He picked up his cap, put it on, saluted me, said, "Good night, Sister, thank you," and walked out. There was no sign of any scrambled egg on my desk. It was in the top drawer.

Two years later, he and I were survivors from the same torpedoed ship. He was my patient on the corvette which picked us up after we had been in the water for 53 hours. Although terribly burned, he told me that Lulu was a first-year Sister in the Naval Nursing Service when he was a midshipman, and they had a "hell of a good time together." He said, "You know, I had a devil of a time explaining how I came to have scrambled egg inside my cap!"

Next day he died. He was buried at sea, his cap with him.

Several weeks later, after having been reported missing, I walked into Lulu's office. She wept when she saw me. Perhaps her tears were for the Surgeon-Captain; perhaps a few for one Sister who had been missing and was safe.

UNCLE from AFRICA

—Winner of \$50 second prize and N.S.W. State prize of a "Camelot" wardrobe for Mrs. Jean Grant.

WHEN my mother died giving me birth, her mother took me to live with her.

My father, stricken with grief, was in no condition to look after a new-born baby.

My mother came from a big family. She had five sisters and one brother. The brother lived in South Africa and was a romantic figure in the background of their lives.

So began a life of constant cossetting of poor little motherless me. Never was a child so overcared for. I can never remember during my childhood one instant when one of my loving aunts was not washing me, brushing my hair, changing my clothes, nursing me, reading to me, putting me to bed, etc., etc., etc.

I took to hiding and climbing up on the farmhouse roof or up the apple tree for a grain of solitude.

The instant I was missed, there was a great babble of girlish voices and the search was on. When discovered, I would be rebuked for giving them such a terrible fright.

When I was 17, very shy, self-conscious, and quite incapable of speaking for myself, as one or all of the aunts or my grandmother answered any questions visitors might ask me and made all my decisions, a day of great excitement came to our household. A letter from my almost-mythical uncle. Yes, he was coming home.

The house was cleaned



● Vanessa Redgrave as Queen Guinevere in the Warner Brothers' film "Camelot."

from cellar to attic. His room was prepared, enough cakes and biscuits and food cooked to supply a regiment.

He came swooping up to the door in a model-T Ford. The thrill of it! No one in our street owned a car.

He had been with us about a week when the walls built around me began to tumble down. He took me for drives while the others were busy or out with their boyfriends. He taught me to dance. The bliss of it. How I loved to dance. Eliza Doolittle never sang "I could have danced all night" as fervently as I did.

He took me out to dinner. I was tongue-tied and clumsy, but he smoothed the way.

We went to dances and he introduced me to young men. Did he bribe them, I wonder, to dance with shy, plain me? If he did, I never knew.

He even bought me a new evening frock, shoes, and bag. In fact, I think he felt a bit of a Pygmalion jaxxing up the very raw material that was me.

He cut off my long hair and gave me a shingle. My grandmother nearly had a stroke.

One day he introduced me to a tall young man with beautiful eyebrows and very green eyes. Yes, we fell in love and were married.

How could I doubt that

my uncle was my Sir Galahad, my one true knight after that? What greater favor could a knight bestow on a lonely maiden than a lover of her own?

THE HEAD-WAITER

—Winner of \$25 third prize and Qld. State prize of a "Camelot" wardrobe for Mrs. Edna M. Jenkins.

MY Sir Galahad was the head-waiter of a leading hotel.

His tongue was like a lash and, as a boss, they did not come harder.

My husband was out of work and, needing money in a hurry, I became Sir Galahad's worst headache.

I soon found out my nursing training had nothing to do with waiting on tables in a leading hotel. Also, being pregnant, as the weeks went by my little white apron began to show it.

Being in a strange town — no friends or relatives to turn to — afraid of the sack, I was scared stiff.

Then, one afternoon, Sir Galahad sent for me. I knew the axe was about to fall. Taking off my white apron, letting my black frock fall

loosely, I approached the inner sanctum prepared to brazen it out.

"Are you going to have a baby?" roared Sir Galahad, sounding just like a parent to a wayward daughter.

"I don't know, I'm not sure, I think so," I stammered and began to cry.

"Well, if you don't know, it's time someone taught you the facts of life. So, while they are doing it," said Sir Galahad, "you had better get out and work in the pantry."

I'm 5ft. 9in., wear spectacles, and was about to tell him I could kiss his feet, when he said, "You four-eyed, sawn-off looking so-and-so; get to work."

Grateful, I worked like a slave until six weeks before my son was born — the day I left work I was unable to carry on any longer.

My husband got a job, drew one week's pay, contracted a germ in his face. There we were, no money, food running out, too shocked to appeal to anyone.

After a week of starvation living on water and thin porridge made of water, I was sure my baby and I would die.

I was sitting in the dark, talking to my unborn child, asking it to forgive us and be patient, when in walked

● Continued overleaf

You're looking at the only wringer washer with true push-button simplicity—Pope.

(every home in Australia can afford one)



You just push a button. Pope heats the water. Push another and Pope starts to wash. Pretty good for a washer that's not an automatic! Pope has lots of other things, too. The wringer has 8 different positions—and a safety 'touch-bar.' The tub takes 12 lbs. and has a powerful 2-way pump to save precious water. There's no installation problem with a Pope—because it simply rolls into the exact position best suited to your laundry layout. But the big thing about Pope is, though it performs like an automatic in lots of ways, it's priced down there with ordinary wringer washers. Go see one soon at a Pope dealer. You'll be surprised how little they cost—after trading-in the old 'grinder' you've put up with for years.

POPE TOUCH N' WASH

Product of Simpson Pope

BUILT TO PERFORM BETTER-LONGER

PWW-56-143R

• Continuing

"CAMELOT" CONTEST RESULTS

Sir Galahad and dumped boxes of food on the table.

"So, you four-eyed, sawn-off looking so-and-so, did you think I'd let an unborn child starve?" he said. "Now I'm in trouble with my wife. She thinks I'm keeping two homes going."

There never lived a man I could honor as I did my Sir Galahad.

He is still a head-waiter somewhere. Due to circumstances, we were never able to repay him, but if ever this is printed, I hope our prayers have been answered and he and his family enjoy the health and happiness our son is now enjoying.

CALMNESS IN FIRE CRISIS

—Winner of Tas. State prize of a "Camelot" wardrobe for 17-year-old Alison Pilling.

I MET my Sir Galahad last February, on the day most of Tasmania was burnt by bushfires.

I had just got my driver's licence—and was proud of it—so I drove to town from our house in Fern Tree, on the slopes of Mt. Wellington.

I had lunch, then started home. It was even hotter, besides being windy and smoky, and I came to a roadblock.

A man told me the road was impassable farther on because of smoke, so I drove to a nearby friend's house. I rang my mother, who said they were safe; no fire in sight. I settled to play cards and listen to the radio fire reports.

At first they concerned places far south. Then it was announced a fire was burning vigorously at Ridgeway, near Fern Tree.

Alarmed, I decided to go back to the roadblock to see if anyone I knew was coming down from the mountain.

At the corner I met people who also lived at Fern Tree. I described our house.

"That house will never burn," said one dear old man. He told me about the previous owners, which half took my mind from the fire. But all the time I was scanning cars. At last I saw our neighbors. Their car was charred, their faces were black and clothes filthy.

"Yes, ours is gone," sobbed the woman. "I reckon yours is, too. It could never have missed it."

I walked to the corner, not really believing her, but knowing she was right. "Our house is burnt down," I said and started crying.

The dear old man put his arm around me. He said only, "There, there," while I sobbed on his shoulder. I think he had been told his house had burnt, too, but his only concern seemed to be for me.

When I had recovered a bit, he loaned me his large blue hanky and patted my

shoulders. "We'll be right," he kept saying. "We'll be right."

All this time I had been thinking of the house. Suddenly I remembered my family. Now I realised they could be dead.

"They'll be right, they'll be right," said the old man. "Here are some trucks now. They might be inside." I looked, but could see no one I knew.

I felt dreadfully alone; the old man seemed my only friend in a nightmare. More trucks came down. Suddenly I saw my little sisters in one, draped in wet blankets.

I raced over, shouting, "Are Mum and Dad all right?"

"Oh, Alison," they shouted back. "The house is all burnt, but a lady gave us a lovely little kitten. Isn't he gorgeous?"

Soon my parents arrived. We owned a car, five sets of dirty clothes, two wet blankets, and a kitten, but we were together.

I never saw that dear old man again, and I do not think I would know him if I did. But he truly was my Sir Galahad, my only comfort when my world fell to pieces.

KNIGHT IN BLUE JEANS

—Winner of the Vic. State prize of a "Camelot" wardrobe for Mrs. F. M. Brabham.

MY knight wore no shining suit of chain-mail, nor did he come in the glittering chrome or duco of the modern motor-car.

He came on foot and he wore a pair of blue jeans, dusty and streaked with perspiration marks.

It was the day before Christmas a decade ago. The sky was a coppery blue, and the long rows of the surrounding vineyards, the trees, and even the houses seemed to dance in the shimmering heat.

The temperature soared well above the century. To me, the heat seemed more oppressive as my mind sweated in a shimmer of its own. Tomorrow was Christmas Eve and I had very little funds eked out by a miserly pension, barely covering the cost of simple Christmas fare.

Two years previously I had been left, deserted, with a family of seven to raise as best I could.

The eldest lad, aged 15, had wandered off, tired of the responsibility thrust on to his young shoulders. Four were of primary-school age, and two still under school age.

They clamored with questions. "What am I going to get for Christmas this year,

Mummy?" "What will Santa Claus bring?" "Will he bring toys for Christmas for us?" "Is there a Santa Claus? If there is, why didn't he bring something last Christmas?"

Such bewildered little faces. What should I tell them? To explain the Father Christmas is a legendary figure of Christmas and the giving of gifts a source of offering of goodwill to Christ to commemorate the anniversary of his birth day?

Too much for the small mind to grasp.

But to me, on that day a decade ago, my eldest son was more than a legendary Christmas spirit as I walked in the door almost exhausted. I was alarmed at the sight of him.

He told me he had been working in South Australia the place I have now forgotten, and had set out to hitchhike home. A commercial traveller had given him a ride so far, from there he had reached the border where two men in charge of the fruit-fly block had given him fruit confiscated from luckless travellers passing across the border, also securing a ride to Mildura for him.

Out of his pocket he took a roll of notes—£80. Needless to say, Santa Claus came all right, and my son was rewarded by the expression of sheer bliss on the faces of the younger ones.

RUSSIAN STYLE

—Winner of the Western Australian State prize of a "Camelot" wardrobe for Miss Lesley Wilson.

WE had spent 45 minutes running barefoot all over the hotel looking for the bathroom.

Whenever we asked for directions, we received shrugs of incomprehension. We were, you see, three Australian girls in Moscow.

Finally, having gone from top floor to basement, we stumbled into the white tiled, spotless bathroom.

We were greeted with an unintelligible babble, which we interpreted as dismay at our slipperless feet, from the bathroom maids who stood around in white overall armed with mops and scrubbing brushes.

There were signs of tenancy in most cubicles, but there were several unoccupied recesses together, so we rushed in.

Each cubicle was divided into a shower recess and a small area with hooks for towels and a bench propped up against the wall behind the open door.

• Continued on page 56

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 13, 1967

Merry, Merry Christmas from
Elizabeth Arden



Blue Grass
Flower Mist,
from \$1.95

Blue Grass Hexagonal
Window Box, \$6.50

Blue
Grass
Solid
Cologne,
\$1.55

Memoire Cherie
Travel Soap and Talc, \$2.70

Memoire Cherie
Lotus Basket,
\$11.50

Blue Grass Talc
and Flower Mist, \$3.70

Blue Grass
Hand Lotion
from \$1.10

Blue Grass
Luxury
Candy Striped
Box, \$8.50

Blue Grass
Christmas
Stocking, \$1.00

SUMMER SEWING FOR BESIDE-THE-SEA

4437.—Ankle-length dress (below, left) is also available in short length. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4437, the price 65c includes postage. 4436.—Dress with a flounce (below, right). Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 4436, the price 65c includes postage.



4451.—Two-piece swimsuit (above, left) has a matching beach-skirt and hair-bow. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 4451, the price 65c includes postage. 4449.—Mini-beach-dress (above, right) has straps tying at the shoulders. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 4449, the price 65c includes postage.

● Here are some of the newest shapes designed for on and off the beach. For men and boys, we show surf shorts and a versatile surfer jacket. Special for beach girls—a dress ending in a flip of pleats or a flounce. A paper pattern is available for each design. Panel on opposite page tells how to order.

—BETTY KEEP



4446.—From left: Surfer trunks. Sizes, men's, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38in. waist; boys, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27in. waist. Butterick pattern 4446, the price 60c includes postage. 4431.—Surfer jacket for men or boys. Sizes, small, medium, large. Butterick pattern 4431, the price 60c includes postage. 4413.—Hooded jacket and two-piece swimsuit. Pattern also includes slacks, shorts, long dress. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4413, the price 70c includes postage. 4399.—Hooded jacket and swimsuit. Pattern also includes slacks. Sizes 7, 8, 10, 12, 14, for 25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest. Butterick pattern 4399, the price 60c includes postage.

—New look for beach girls

4450.—This mini-beachdress has contrasting button straps and a matching flutter of pleats at the short hemline. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 4450, the price 65c includes postage.

● Address pattern orders to Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted. Patterns are also available in leading stores in Australia and New Zealand.



● Here are some of the most asked-about fashion problems in my current mail. I have also chosen two designs to answer readers' style queries. The first request is for a summer suit.

DRESS SENSE

by BETTY KEEP

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"Could you help me with a teenage pattern for a cotton suit with a sleeveless jacket?"

Illustrated on this page is the

design you asked about. The semi-fitted jacket has a shaped collar and a self-material shaped belt. The straight skirt is darted at the waistline. The pattern also includes a design with full-length sleeves. If you wish to order, under the illustration are details.

The second style query comes

from the north. The reader asks for a semi-fitted one-piece dress to be made from $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of soft cotton printed with a floral motif and with a narrow lace trim. Here is my reply:

On opposite page is the dress I have chosen for you. The design is beltless and has a front inset with button closing. A lace trim

circles the front neckline and sleeves. Underneath the illustration are how-to-order details.

"Would it be correct to have a black silk late-day coat lined with a color?"

Yes, apricot, rose-pink, or white would look attractive with black.

"Is it correct for the bride's father to wear the same sort of suit as the bridegroom?"

All male members of the bride party should be dressed alike, and the father of the bride definitely a member of the party.

"What is the correct length for a daytime skirt?"

Current lengths are short. The kneecap is now considered conservative. In my opinion, skirt length should be varied and governed by age, figure proportions, silhouette of garment, and personal taste. I have seen girls looking wonderful in a skirt 5 in. above the knee and an older woman looking ridiculous in skirt 1 in. above the knee. The not-so-slim, meaning any figure

Dickies

luxury towels for EVERY-body



... a brilliant range of mix 'n' match towels



H. B. Dickie Limited, 246 Hyde Street, Yarraville, Vic.



4311.—Two-piece suit. Sizes: Young junior, 9, 11, and 13; for 30½, 31½, and 33in. bust; Teen, 10T, 12T, 14T, and 16T; for 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick Pattern 4311, the price 65c includes postage, available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders.

with a larger than 38in. bust, should wear a skirt just covering the kneecap. A narrow silhouetted skirt should be slightly longer than a skirt with width because a narrow skirt slides up when the wearer sits down. Whatever the age and size, a skirt below the knee looks dowdy.

"Could you let me have a pattern in a 38in. bust for a tailored shift? I want to make the style in several fabrics and would welcome any suggestion."

Our pattern department has a tailored shift design which is good fashion for any hour. The material choice governs the formality of the design. For instance, the dress made in brocade is a perfect choice for after-five. In check gingham, it makes a good house dress. Linen-like material or shantung brings the dress right in line for a chic town dress. In a gay print, it's excellent for by the sea. To order, please quote Butterick pattern 4456, the price 70c includes postage. The design is available in your size. The

pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"What colored shoes and gloves would look best with a red satin evening frock?"

My choice would be shoes dyed to match the dress and white skin gloves.

"Would it be correct for a guest at a formal afternoon wedding to wear white?"

Quite correct, but add colored accessories. Shiny patent in a vivid color such as bright green or orange would be my choice.

"Please tell me which members of the bridal party decide on the style for the bridesmaids' dresses? My friend says the bride's mother."

The design and color of the bridesmaids' dresses should be discussed with the bride-to-be, who will make the final choice.

"What type of neckline would be smart for a tent dress to wear after-five? The dress is made in a sort of cotton chiffon."

My choice would be a bias roll collar made in the same fabric as the dress.

"What sort of bra should I wear with a formal evening frock finished with narrow jewelled straps?"

You should wear a strapless bra.

"When is it correct to wear evening pyjamas?"

In my opinion, entertaining in your own house, or for a by-the-sea party.

"I want to line a chiffon dress. What would be the most suitable fabric?"

A lightweight fabric such as organdie, muslin, or a very fine pure silk.

"I have a loose shift I wear with a self-material belt finished with a buckle. This has got very dirty and shabby and I want to replace it. What type of belt should I buy?"

A chain metal belt or one in shiny white patent.

"Is it correct to wear a dressy cocktail frock to a large charity ball? Would gloves be correct?"

No, a floor-length dress is the correct fashion for a ball. Gloves are optional, but on formal occasions I think white gloves look elegant.

Johnson & Johnson



This year, say "Merry Christmas" in French. Teal* luxury talc perfumed by Robertet of Paris, beautifully gift-wrapped and priced at 59 cents. Voila!

*Trade Mark.

4385.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick Pattern 4385, the price 70c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Entertaining?



It's a snack!

Prepare glazed snacks days in advance this fresh new Davis Gelatine way!

Here's how: There's no more fuss or bother when guests drop in. Not with these glazed snacks you prepare in advance — and can serve days later, still as fresh as when they were made. All you do is cover small fingers of dark bread, crisp white or french round or biscuits with pate, savoury or cheese spread or mayonnaise. Decorate with tasty items like prawns, salmon, egg, olives, sardines, etc. Add condiments to taste. Place in refrigerator to cool. Make up a simple Davis Gelatine aspic mixture (recipe at right) and pour onto savouries. It seals in the goodness, keeps the snacks fresh and adds sparkling eye appeal. Yes, entertaining's a snack — with Davis Gelatine.



QUICK ASPIC

Dissolve one envelope or 3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine in 3 tablespoons of hot water. Add 1 pint very cold water, 2 tablespoons each of lemon juice and vinegar, 2 tablespoons sugar and salt to taste. Stir well to dissolve sugar. Chill a few minutes till thickens, pour over savouries.



"Look after my husband," I was enough of an ass to say to Melinda Maclean



MRS. PHILBY in Paris with St. John the cat, named after her father-in-law, Mr. St. John Philby. The scarf was her husband's last present to her; it is in the colors of his old school, Westminster.

WHEN the Russians realised that I was determined to go, preparations for my departure began in earnest. Our friend Sergei busied himself with visas and tickets, but a more delicate problem was what briefing to give me to prepare me for my almost inevitable interrogation by the FBI.

After long discussions between Kim and his Russian friends, they decided that the best course of all was not to impose any prohibitions on me. I could say what I liked, good or bad.

The only thing we really don't want known is my address, my phone number, and my Russian name," Kim said. "If you give them away it will just complicate life. It would mean having to move."

A day or two before I was due to leave, Kim told me we should have to go on one last errand together. We took the Metro into town and then out again to a suburb I didn't know, about as far from the centre of town as you can get.

A short walk from the station, Kim found an ugly old grey building, built around a leafy courtyard. It was off the main road, down an unnamed side-turning, just like many. Nearby in a small park was a monument to the battle of Borodino.

Kim walked me round, making me memorise the names of the streets and the lay-out of the district.

We had counted the number of stops on the Metro. If I were questioned by the FBI this was where I had to say we lived. We returned by taxi.

Kim and his friends did not tell me exactly what their plans were, but they obviously expected trouble with the immigration officials or the FBI or both. Kim gave me a sheet of paper on which he had typed our specimen replies.

"ARRIVED SAFELY ALL LOVE" meant that I encountered on arrival no difficulty of any sort. "ARRIVED SMOOTHLY ALL LOVE" indicated difficulties with the FBI. "LANDED SAFELY ALL LOVE" referred to passport difficulties, while "GOOD FLIGHT ALL LOVE" meant that I was wrestling with both the FBI and the passport officials.

I spent a sleepless asthmatic night, wondering what the Americans could possibly have in store for me or hold against me—apart from my unwitting marriage to a Communist agent. I had just never thought of asking Kim about his political beliefs. I might have asked him if he was a Catholic, but not if he were a Communist or a member of the Tory party. I had nothing to hide.

Once more I was to board an aircraft without knowing where my reception would be at the other end; but this time my fears centred on my own countrymen.

The Russians had not attempted to brainwash me. They had treated me with a rather awkward courtesy, as if uncertain how to handle the sort of human phenomenon I was. I so patently was not part of Kim's Intelligence background, nor was I a naive, starry-eyed Western Communist of the sort they were familiar with.

In many ways I was a pretty good envoy. The very

● When Eleanor Philby, in Moscow, heard her husband joking with Donald Maclean about how the two Englishmen had "fooled everyone" during their careers in the British Foreign Office, she found that talk distasteful.

She was Kim Philby's third wife. When they married he had left the Civil Service to be a journalist in the Middle East, and she soon had an idea that he was doing undercover work for the British. She did not know until she followed him to Russia in 1963 that he had worked for the Russians throughout a remarkable career which at one stage brought him into the higher ranks of MI6, the British Secret Intelligence Service.

Now Eleanor was not adapting well to the Moscow life. After nine months she was anxious to go back for a while to her own country, America, to see her 17-year-old daughter by an earlier marriage.

fact of my unfettered return to the United States—unique for the wife of a known Soviet agent—was a tribute to the tolerance of the Soviet system. I felt defensive and protective about the people and the society I was leaving.

In nine months Russia had begun to feel like home. Life may not have been easy, but I felt a pang of nostalgia for Anna and the champagne bar at GUM and the long walks with Kim.

There was not the slightest doubt in my mind that I would return to Russia, but I left Moscow airport with foreboding. Kim, flanked by the faithful Sergei, looked pathetically thin and tired.

I was enough of an ass to say to Melinda, "Look after my husband." Instead, I should have said to Sergei, "For heaven's sake, keep him busy."

(American-born Melinda Maclean, like Eleanor Philby, had joined her English husband after he defected to Russia. Donald Maclean, with fellow diplomat Guy Burgess, fled after a warning from Philby.)

I flew to Copenhagen and then on to New York. At the airport a large man in uniform asked for my passport and, in return, handed me an envelope.

It was a letter from Secretary of State Dean Rusk informing me that, in view of my marriage to H. A. R. Philby and my activities in the Soviet Union which were against the interests of the U.S. Government, my passport was being withdrawn until further notice.

It was 5 p.m., 104 in the shade, and no one was there to meet me. I fell into a taxi and drove to a friend's

apartment. She was surprised to see me and told me that my daughter was out on Long Island, but would be returning to New York the next day.

I immediately sent Kim a cable, "LANDED SAFELY ALL LOVE," to tell him I was in passport trouble.

Almost before I left Russia, it seemed, Kim was writing to me. In letter after letter, he said he was eagerly awaiting word from me; he was lonely. "I am still keeping my spirits high, and I hope you are, too."

"Anna is keeping me very well fed (he wrote on July 7), and in your absence I'm having an orgy of fish. She is very nice and good-hearted, but she certainly does shout."

"Otherwise, there is little to report, and I will keep things to a minimum until I hear from you. The birds send you both a lot of cheeps and twitters. The canary is still pretty silent, but the little ones are as crazy as ever. The courtyard has blossomed wonderfully in the past week, mostly nasturtiums, cornflowers, and all that..."

A week later he had just returned from a weekend at the Macleans' dacha, complaining only of the noise made by Melinda's daughter, Mimsey, and her little friend, Janet. There was a good deal of talk about food and cooking, one of Kim's hobbies. He described how he marinated and later barbecued steaks for the party. It was a superb summer with a touch of thunder in the air.

"The Macleans are off next month on a motor tour of the Baltic States (he wrote on July 13) and have offered me the key of the dacha, but I am not at all sure whether I shall go. It is a 24-hour journey by Metro and bus, and both are likely to be crowded, especially at weekends."

"There is not much to say about what is going on here, as I spend most of the day working and am trying to catch up with some reading, too."

On July 17 Kim got my first letter, telling him that my passport had been taken by the authorities, and wrote back the same day in some exasperation with officialdom:

"My dearest beloved—I have been pondering your first letter—not the most lucid of documents!—and it seems to me that the action of the State Department is based on a complete misapprehension. You say that the withdrawal of your passport was based on your activities in the Soviet Union in conjunction with your husband, who is believed, etc., etc. Surely it is up to them to say what activities they have in mind."

"You are, after all, nothing but a housewife, and to equate the duties of a housewife with activities in conjunction with your husband" seems far-fetched in the

Continued overleaf

The ordeal of Eleanor Philby

From page 37

extreme. It is clearly absurd to suppose that you would have returned to the U.S. if you had in fact been working against its interests.

"Of course, the State Department has to play it safe, and one can understand their viewpoint. But, once they have convinced themselves that you are in fact a housewife and nothing else, I am sure that they will reverse their stand.

"If you foresee heavy legal expenses, please let me know in good time."

Within a couple of days of my arrival in America, the FBI called. The temperature was once more up in the 100s; I was feeling too confused and depressed to face an interrogation and asked them to call again after the Fourth of July holiday, which they agreed to do.

They were two young men, very polite and discreet. I made them a large jug of iced tea, but they refused to touch a drop.

Much as Kim and the Russians had suspected, their questions centred on where we lived in Moscow and how one got there. Dutifully, I directed them to the building

near the Borodino memorial, which Kim had so carefully selected.

They rang up a day or two later, perhaps after examining a map of Moscow, and asked whether the Metro, on its way to this suburb, emerged from underground and passed a cemetery. I said it did. I did not hear from them again.

Kim's letter to me, written on July 20, commented on my account of this visit:

"My darling beloved—I was pleased to hear that the FBI boys turned out to be nice types. They are obviously entitled to ask you questions, and, as I told you before you left, I hope you will co-operate fully with them.

"I don't think they will be disappointed at your lack of knowledge. As it was always understood that you would return to the States whenever you wanted to, it is clear that you would not be burdened by knowledge which, rightly or wrongly, might put you in a false position as an American citizen. So chin up, old girl!

"I came back from the dacha this morning, after a very nice, peaceful weekend. Cool breezes tempered the heat, and it was very pleasant wandering in the woods, looking rather vaguely for mushrooms (total bag: 7!). I am going down again next Friday for Melinda's birthday.

"I am getting her that kitchen unit—fish-slice, scoop, ladle, etc. — which she is always sighing about and never getting round to buy. At least, it will stop her telling me for the hundredth time how much she wants one. As a matter of fact, she seems to be very much better the last few days. She probably needs the holiday which they intend to take in August.

"Don't worry about my food. Anna is beginning to resemble my first housekeeper, Maria Sergeyevna, always complaining that I don't eat enough. I am being fed like a Strasbourg goose, and my green corduroy trousers are telling me that I am still putting on weight."

MY whole purpose in braving the American authorities by returning to the United States was to spend the summer with my daughter in California, where many of my old friends lived. Shortly after my arrival, my former husband asked me to relinquish custody of our daughter to him.

This I agreed to do, but he continued to veto my plans for a Californian holiday. Unfortunately, the Press discovered my whereabouts in New York, forcing me to fly out to California with my daughter under an assumed name—on the advice of my lawyer.

These worries prevented me from writing to Kim as often as I would have liked. It was an intensely distressing time for both of us.

"I got your wire saying you were westward bound yesterday (he wrote on July 24) and am so pleased to think that you are now in a congenial atmosphere, together with your true friends. . . . However, I have still only had two letters from you, and am almost completely in the dark about your affairs.

"I suppose that you have been to Washington, and that alone raises a host of questions. Did your lawyer go with you? Did you see the State Department Hearing Officer? . . . I am longing for news.

"Life is going on here smoothly, with few excitements. . . . Your postcards from the Met were much appreciated, and I hope that a few paperbacks will be coming along soon. I have most evenings free for light reading and am beginning to run out of suitable material.

"I am off to the dacha tomorrow again and have got Melinda's present—the kitchen utensil unit I mentioned in my last letter. I had a little dinner party last night, a sort of curtain-raiser for M's birthday. I gave them a massive zakuski, red caviar, shprutti, pate, cucumber salad, tomato salad, and egg salad, followed by veal a la moutarde and new potatoes, and finally a trifle: cookies, smetana, and blueberries chilled in a glass. You can imagine how well it all went down."

My sudden departure for California aroused my ex-husband's fears—which he, alas, blurted out to a newspaper—that I was planning to kidnap my daughter and take her to Russia. Happily, these misunderstandings did not disturb our peaceful Californian summer.

When away from Kim I would normally write to him almost daily, but in California I had to interrupt this routine, as I suspected my mail was being censored and I did not want my whereabouts to be known.

Two vital letters which I wrote to him from New York outlining in great detail everything that was being done about the passport obviously never reached him. They must have been held up by the authorities.

My silence provoked several anxious letters from Kim. He clamored for information and proffered advice. He was concerned, and he was irritated at not having full possession of the facts.

Some of the facts he had learned from the newspapers.

He wrote on August 10:

"As for the crisis over your daughter . . . so far as I can see, your only chance of retaining custody would be to declare your intention of making the U.S. your residence. That scarcely bears thinking of. I do hope that you have by now made some progress toward convincing all concerned that you have no intention of luring her away from the U.S.

"It should not be too difficult, because, after all, her education, background, etc., are all American. And it would be idiotic to interrupt that and set her back two or three years by bringing her here, to a different language, environment, etc."

This letter continued with the first of a stream of requests, made to me during that summer in America, to get for him and the Macleans things impossible to find in Russia.

"Now, Melinda (in case you have forgotten) wants some mint seeds, bobby pins, a garlic crusher, and also a set of rules for playing Scrabble (the booklet currently contains a number of variations on the orthodox game, which make it more interesting). It would also be very nice if you could bring them, as a Christmas present, a nice picnic basket, like ours. I have lent them ours for their Baltic trip, and they very much appreciate it.

"Oh! I would like Nabokov's translation of Pushkin's 'Eugene Onegin' (4 vols.) — mentioned in 'Time,' August 7; 'Biffen's Millions,' by P. G. Wodehouse; and 'The Spy Who Came In From The Cold.'"

For three days, Kim joined the Macleans on the first part of their trip to the Baltic States. He described his

Continued overleaf

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 13, 1967



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Just some of the marvellous Morny gift packs available. From only \$1.35.

MORNY OF REGENT STREET LONDON

The ordeal of Eleanor Philby

From page 38

experiences on the way to the Baltic in a letter on August 12.

"We left on Wednesday morning, only half an hour behind schedule, and got to the outskirts of Novgorod that evening, picnicking on the way. We put up at a camp for the night, huts and tents, a buffet and a communal kitchen with four stoves. The Macleans got a three-bedroom (Mimsey was with us) and I got one bed in a four-bedroom.

"Unfortunately, my room-mates got drunk and locked me out (!). I didn't want to cause a commotion and wake everyone up, so I dozed for a bit at a table in the communal kitchen until about 3 a.m., when it occurred to me that one of the tents might be empty. Fortunately, one was empty, so I lay down on the camp bed, but didn't get much sleep as I had no bedding and it was beastly cold.

"It says a lot for the beauty of Novgorod that I not only survived the following day but actually enjoyed it.

"Please write OFTEN. Four letters in six weeks are NOT enough."

Through the rest of August, while my daughter and I lay low in California, Kim, alone in Moscow, wrote me long, affectionate letters, reproaching me for my silence.

"It is becoming such a dreary pilgrimage!" he wrote of his fruitless visits to the post office, and he listed all the letters I had sent him in case there were others which had failed to get through, and complained, "Really, darling love! I would like to take your old head and put it under an ice-cold tap."

Kim's letters from Moscow speak for themselves. They portray with great faithfulness the life and thoughts of a cultivated Englishman in his chosen exile.

He talks about Krushchev and the U.S. Presidential candidate Barry Goldwater; he comments on current books; he gives the first hints of his growing friendship with Melinda. He talks about his clothes and about his cooking, about dinners with expatriates, about the fierce Moscow weather. One theme runs all the way through his correspondence: the life-and-death saga of our budgerigars.

August 14

"... Gloom is beginning to descend on the old soul again. It is now 46 days since you left, and it feels much longer ..."

"I have got into the habit of letting Anna fix my lunch — usually a good meaty soup, with a huge vegetable dish to follow. The market is lovely now, with aubergines, peppers, mushrooms, the lot, and all at reasonable prices. So in the evenings I make myself a ratatouille or piperade or something exotic like that.

"I have also promised myself to learn to make a decent omelet before you come back — something I have never succeeded in doing yet. It just can't be all that difficult ..."

Moscow, August 16

"... Actually, the P.O. visit wasn't entirely fruitless. Four volumes of Vernadsky's 'History of Russia' arrived from Cambridge. It is one of the worst of the standard histories in style and composition, but it contains an awful lot of facts that are difficult to dig out from elsewhere. He's now a Yale professor and is planning to complete the op. in another 3-4 volumes. By the way, talking of books, I am a bit short on Tolstoy ..."

Moscow, August 18

"... On Sunday, for the first time in my life, I saw a ballet starting at 11.00 a.m.! It was 'Emeralds', something that we must definitely keep on our list. The story was based on Hugo's 'Hunchback of Notre Dame' and was great fun — a truly melodramatic tear-jerker. In Stanislavsky style, the dancing reflected the plot so accurately that program notes were unnecessary.

"Although it was the product of three Soviet composers, most of it could have been written before Richard Strauss came on the scene. But all of it was good clean fun, and as usual a packed auditorium, 80 percent youngsters. I decided that I hadn't done nearly enough spectating, so I went off and bought tickets for four more shows between now and the end of the month.

"I am thinking of going down to the dacha next weekend with a book and the Russian grammar. It will be pleasant to spend a couple of days down there without any disturbance from kids, and some nice forest walks will be soothing. I don't think I dare gather mushrooms on my own, as I don't know which are edible and which poisonous ..."

August 26

"... I wonder if you could add one small item to your shopping-list? Or is it too long already? I was thinking of some song-restorer for the canary ... Incidentally, Anna makes a salad for me every day, but never gives me the lettuce. All of it goes to the little birds."

THE Macleans came back from their holiday in the Baltic States at the end of August, and Kim's letters, still tender and chatty, began to fill with references to them. On September 3 he had his first lunch alone with Melinda.

I still had not got my passport back and it was not clear when I would be able to return to Russia. In his grass widowhood, Kim was lonely, cold, and vulnerable.

"... Could you bring a packet or two of rubber bands and of the tiny pins (they are called lills)?"

"... I am taking Melinda out to lunch tomorrow, so we will drink a little toast at the Ararat. The lunch is her commission on the cheque (!), and it will be a bit of a change for me. (Melinda had a sterling account in London on which she allowed Kim to draw for payments and gifts in England, repaying her in roubles in Moscow.)

"I haven't been to a Moscow restaurant since you left. Not that I have felt much like it anyway. Anna has turned out to be quite a passable cook, and especially good with vegetables, of which there are still masses on the market at moderate prices. Am afraid that the season will soon come to an end, with a return to the months of pickled everything.

"I have been rather short on sleep recently. First of all, two very late nights at the dacha (only playing Scrabble!) and then two more here with your paperbacks, reading in bed to God knows when."

Moscow, September 4

"I have dug out my Shetland sweater and am now wearing it. Anna couldn't leave it alone and kept stroking my arm to feel its softness ... If it really is the winter already, it will be one of the longest since Napoleon got cold feet in 1812! Brrr!

"Melinda and I had a nice lunch at the Ararat yesterday. After the lunch we visited an exhibition of Russian woodwork. After that, I walked with her up to the post office. Then Melinda came back here to pick up some money—an advance on the sum I shall be giving her for Christmas-cum-birthday presents in England, for which she will give me a cheque ..."

Only on my return to New York in September, when I gave over the custody of my daughter to her father in time for her to go to school, did I grasp the nettle of my passport firmly.

I engaged a lawyer to prod the Department of State. I raised a loan against a small trust fund which my uncle had set up for me. I appealed to friends with some pull in Washington.

But everyone told me that I could expect no decision, one way or the other, until after the Presidential election, still nearly two months away.

Until the Johnson-Goldwater contest was decided, no

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 13, 1967



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● The Maclean family—an early photograph. Their daughter, Mimsie, was born in Moscow.

one in Washington was prepared to make a stand on what could be an embarrassing political issue. I sat in a cheap New York hotel and sweated it out.

Kim was still anxiously urging me to recover my passport and come back to him as soon as possible. He wrote on September 12, the anniversary of our first meeting:

"My darling beloved—Well, today is our eighth anniversary (8th!), and I hope that the cable I sent the first thing this morning has already reached you. I have been thinking so vividly of that first strange introduction at the bar of the St. Georges . . ."

"The Macleans are going off to Yasnaya Polyana (Tolstoy's home) this weekend. Unfortunately, the trip was organised by his Institute, so I wasn't eligible to go along. Then, on Tuesday, I am giving them a small birthday party in your honor—probably at the Berlin Restaurant, the nice, rather crazy one, you remember?"

"So we will toast you in good Soviet champagne. It will be about 1 p.m. New York time (your little Pan-American clock has come in very useful for telling me at what times you have been doing what). I am asking the Ma, and a very nice woman friend of theirs whom you haven't met yet, an ex-Bryn Mawr girl . . ."

"His next letter described my Moscow pal y. . . We drank the usual toasts appropriate for such occasions, and I imagine that your ears were ringing. The Bryn Mawr girl persisted in asking me what you were like, so I referred her to Melinda."

"Melinda, in all seriousness, said you were tall and thin, with black hair and blue eyes, very elegant. The BMW turned up her nose at the word 'elegant,' so Melinda hastened to explain that she didn't mean Schiaparelli. Donald got nearer the mark: 'Tall and thin (ugh!), dark brown hair, grey-to-hazel eyes, with a certain Bohemian elegance!'"

"The BMW then asked if you could cook, and we all agreed that you could. Finally, Melinda remarked with her usual tact that you and I were the only happily married couple she had ever met, whereafter the BMW looked at me as if I had emerged from some obscure recess in a provincial museum. So you see that you were very much in the centre of the picture."

"Finally, I caught the last Metro home, and, although we had all had a very merry time, I was probably the saddest man on the train! . . ."

LIKE all sentimental Irish-Americans I like celebrating my birthday; but my friends and relations in New York were all busy. I was lonely and depressed that day when, quite by chance, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, a taxi drew up and a small man jumped out and gave me a kiss. He turned out to be an old friend from Arabia.

He immediately said: "Let's go back to the Hilton and have a drink." Which we did. What is more, he lent me a thousand dollars.

I had six more weeks of inactivity before the outcome of the American Presidential election in November allowed me to resume the campaign for my passport. Kim's letters, wonderfully regular and intimate, painted a picture of his life, only a little less solitary than mine. His life was anonymous, almost friendless, severely restricted. His letters could have been letters from a prisoner on parole. But he made it seem otherwise.

The birds, twittering and mating in their cages, amused him. He gave loving attention to the preparation of food. He viewed his predicament with gently mocking detachment.

From his letters I began to understand Kim's patience and stoicism—the qualities on which the ambiguous achievements of his life were built.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 13, 1967

Moscow, September 16
" . . . This evening I am visiting a real Old Guard couple, splendid people and hard as nails. He should have been dead ten years ago, but is still mentally as alive as a cricket, with the sort of vitality which brushes aside excruciating pain as if it was just something a bit tiresome . . ."

Kim told me he had persuaded the Macleans to keep their dacha open for skiing in the winter. "The purchase of skis will have to stand high on the list of priorities when you come back. I have promised personally to look after the water supply and sanitation generally, which rather shamed them, having spent so many years boggling at that very small problem."

Five days later:

"We had a lovely weekend at the dacha, where, in spite of a gloomy weather forecast, both days were beautifully balmy autumn weather. Donald had a new bed to dig, or rather an old one to re-dig and enlarge, so Melinda and I went off mushrooming on Saturday and came back with just enough to provide a fair portion for us all . . . On Sunday I did my modest bit of wiring some of the flower-boxes for next year's sweet peas."

(Kim was trying to get hold of an article about himself in the "Herald Tribune") . . . "It apparently said I was the highest-paid writer in the Soviet Union (!) and repeated the usual nonsense about my living 'outside' Moscow."

"People are drifting back from leave now, and, having left me fairly well alone for three weeks, everyone wants to see me at once, and I am getting into a bit of a muddle with my appointments . . . (This was one of Kim's rare comments about his work for Russian Intelligence.)"

"Next summer I shall start getting my kids over here, in small dribbles. But there is the expense of it all to consider . . ."

At the end of a letter soon afterwards:

" . . . You are always in my thoughts, and the long days without you get more and more desert-like. What a party we will have when your cable finally arrives! And yet another one when you follow it! So, my precious one, all my love and tenderness goes with this letter . . ."

"The first frost hit us last night, and Anna turned up this morning with a bottle of half-frozen milk. The Macleans are coming along to dinner on Wednesday, with either bridge or Scrabble in prospect. They have been rallying round very nicely in your absence and have done a lot to make life pleasant."

Nine days later he was writing:

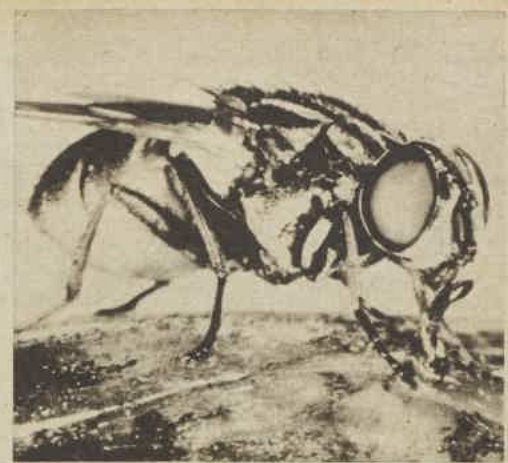
"I approve of your birthday presents, which were certainly not on the extravagant side. But still I have little idea what to get you here. I was talking to Melinda about the problem the other day, and we agreed that this is a most difficult place for digging up the surprise gift . . ."

"I have had a bellyful of work to do recently, and that, together with homework for teacher, has enabled me to keep busy most days. It is in the long evenings that time seems to crawl. Tonight, I am going to the Stanislavsky to hear 'Tosca.'"

"I have a box and was taking the Macleans, but Melinda went down with a temperature yesterday and Donald isn't feeling too hot, so we had to cancel the arrangement. (There is obviously some bug going around Moscow at the moment.) For the same reason, they couldn't come round to dinner last night, as planned. Too bad, as I had been going to give them crab au gratin and the veal a la moutarde!"

"I went over to visit the patient late afternoon, and then saw Artur Rubinstein playing a Chopin program on their television. Back early, about ten, and early to bed. I am

Continued overleaf



Safeguard the Health of your Family from Disease Spreading Flies

THE onus of keeping the home, family and pets safe from the dangers of disease-carrying flies is the responsibility of every citizen.

Flies have often been called annoying pests and parasites, but their most dangerous tendency by far is to carry and spread disease. Typhoid, bacillary dysentery, hepatitis, food poisoning and a host of dirt-borne diseases and frequently directly attributable to flies. They can also transmit the causative organisms of ophthalmia, trachoma, cholera, smallpox, and polio and other enterovirus diseases.

Fortunately, A.N.I. Chemical Research has placed at our disposal the most powerful and effective weapon of all in our

incessant battle to eradicate this formidable insect — a modern high-potency aerosol insecticide spray that instantly kills every type of insect in many respects on a pattern analogous to fumigation, yet is absolutely safe to spray near children, food, and pets and will not harm the lungs or delicate nasal tissue. The wide "umbrella-spreading" action of the Pea-Beu fine-mist aerosol spray penetrates into cracks and crevices and seeks out and destroys even invisible and often unsuspected insect pests. Powerful aerosol Pea-Beu is ideal for the rapid extermination of swift-moving flies and can be used with confidence and safety throughout the home.

Yesterday she didn't feel well



Then Mother remembered Laxettes

Susan just wasn't herself yesterday. Pale and tired. Headachy. Couldn't eat one bite of dinner! Childhood constipation was the villain. Mother gave Susan one square of chocolate Laxettes at bedtime. No fuss, no tears, because this gentle laxative tastes like milk chocolate and not like medicine. Today, Susan is . . . well, see for yourself.

Laxettes tonight—tomorrow they're right

LA93WW

dye 15 yards of curtain material – rinse a big family wash...

that's about the size of a Mytton's laundry trough.

Generous size. After all, big troughs have a dozen or so uses ... and rinsing sheets is no pint-sized matter. Mytton's laundry troughs come in 10-gallon and 14-gallon sizes to suit your automatic washer. In hygienic, high quality 18/8 stainless steel ... without welds or corners to harbour dirt. Before you choose a trough, see the wide Mytton's range.



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The ordeal of Eleanor Philby

From page 41

afraid that the dacha is obviously out this weekend (too bad, because the forest must be lovely just now), so I may take the veil over to them on Saturday and cook it there. The old crab can wait!"

On October 4:
"I am just looking at a sharp reminder of the length of time you have been away—the first flurries of snow are falling in the garden . . ."

"I went along to the Macleans, taking with me the ingredients for the meal which they would have had here but for Melinda's bout of flu. Two other girls were there, and the five of us wolfed a splendid dinner. The other four all had two helpings of both courses, and I came in for a lot of compliments."

"A real field day at the P.O. yesterday: three letters I love the picture . . . It wasn't flattering, of course, but then no, repeat no, picture could ever flatter my beloved, could it now? Anna pounced on it when she saw it lying on the bridge table, yelling 'Krasivaya!' (beautiful, in case you have forgotten all your Russian—i.e., both words)."

"I must confess some doubts about the new haircut and your new-found admiration for the Beatles. I think that you had better come soon to erase some disturbing capitalistic influences. Anyway, I am sure that the old taste is still, as it always was, impeccable, and that I have little to fear. In the deathless words of Maclean: 'Bolshevik elegance!'"

The Macleans, like other foreigners with foreign exchange, sometimes ordered tinned food and drinks, unobtainable in Moscow, from Copenhagen. Their arrival was always cause for celebration. Kim wrote on October 13:

"Bang, of Copenhagen, has come through, and the crates are now sitting in the Moscow Customs House. Melinda got the news yesterday and immediately rang me in high old excitement."

"So hurry up, or it will all be gone—well, not really, but you know how it is. It may be some time actually before Donald gets around to getting it out; he is such a vague and woolly old thing about practical matters. I am doing with them this evening to celebrate the arrival of the new puppy—five weeks old and only semi-trained! Oh dear!"

In a letter ten days later:

"I have been inundated with work, and in addition to catching a cold (not a bad one) there have been all the excitements of the general election in Britain and the changes here (Kruschev's fall from power). I hasten to reassure you about the latter. The change seems to have gone off quietly, and there has been no persecution or backbiting, at least in public. Of course, it is early days yet, and it is difficult to get rid of bad old habits. But there seems no reason to expect anything unusual."

On October 22:

"A lovely treat at the post office yesterday. Only one letter from you but stacks and stacks of books. I have already read the Wodehouse and 'The Spy Who Came in From The Cold.' The Wodehouse, after a somewhat slow start, turned out to be one of his very best—absolutely hilarious. It is a good thing you weren't here, actually, as I would have driven you mad with helplessness giggling."

"On the other hand, 'The Spy' was very disappointing. It was a relief to read a somewhat sophisticated spy-story about all that James Bond idiocy, and there are some well-thought-out passages. But the whole plot from beginning to end is basically implausible, and the implausibility is an obtruding itself—at any rate, to anyone who has any real knowledge of the business!"

Four days later:

"I am meeting Melinda today on the steps of the British to see what is going in the way of opera, ballet, etc. She welcomes the chance of getting away from the office occasionally and it is nice to have someone to take the place of my own darling . . ."

Landon Johnson defeated Barry Goldwater in the presidential elections.

"I waited impatiently for the State Department to return my passport. I felt sure I would soon be on my way. I filled in the days running errands for Kim, buying the stationery, staplers, paper-clips, and cellulose tape he had asked for."

"I did not forget his rubber bands and ball-point pens, and Melinda's garlic crusher. I also bought a two years' supply of art materials for myself, and extra-warm winter clothes for both of us."

"At that point, I received a letter from Kim which I found mildly disturbing. Reading between the lines, I got my old Irish premonition of 'trouble.'"

Moscow, November 6

"I am trying to preserve a philosophical attitude, saying to myself over and over that we expected trouble, and must just take it until the matter is sorted out. I cannot possibly blame you for going, as you were totally committed to your daughter. And I cannot blame myself, either, because I had assured you

before you came that you could leave whenever you liked. I felt that I simply could not press you to stay any harder than I did."

"So there you are, my sweet love, we are victims of circumstances, like many other millions in the world. But we have at least the knowledge that this business will be arranged one way or the other in due course and that we will be able to resume our loving life together . . ."

It was Kim's use of the phrase "one way or the other" which pulled me up short. Was he envisaging that I might not be able to recover my passport and that I might not return to Russia? He seemed too resigned and serene for my peace of mind."

On November 11 he wrote:

" . . . Melinda told me that you had written them asking for news of me. I don't suppose that they can tell you more than I have told you myself, and I do wish you would get it out of your funny little head that I am sick or something. Since I threw off my cold quite some time back, I have been 100 percent fit, and now that the dry cold has started I am thriving. I'm not sick, I'm not, I'm NOT. So there! . . ."

"I am going to the Stanislavsky tonight with Melinda to see 'Tosca.' Donald ducked out on us; I think he is rather bored with opera, and in any case prefers mulling over his Institute problems. Melinda is talking to her sister in London this morning, trying to persuade her to come over for a visit soon. I hope she does, because she sounds rather fun . . . But the important thing, darling, is little you. Do get yourself over as fast as you possibly can . . ."

Kim's last letter to me in America was written on November 14. He was still urging me to be calm and patient and to keep him fully informed. He was worried to think of me "sitting day after day alone in New York."

The State Department behaved as I had hoped, and on Friday, November 13—usually a lucky day for me—my passport was again in my possession.

Kim greeted the news with a crescendo of cables:

November 17: BRILLIANT GIRL. EAGERLY AWAITING DETAILS LOVE HUGS KISSES KIM.

November 18: GREATEST EXPECTATIONS WEDNESDAY CONGRATULATIONS CELEBRATIONS INTRODUCTIONS ETC. LOVE KIM.

November 19: NEVER FORGET SCOTLAND AND DONT FLY ON ONE WING LOVE EVERYTHING KIM.

This last cryptic cable had me puzzled. After mulling it over for several hours, light broke: he meant me to bring with me two bottles of scotch.

I recalled his chagrin a year earlier at my arrival in Moscow empty-handed. I bought the whisky in the duty-free store when I changed planes in Copenhagen and flew on happily to Moscow, confident this time of my reception. It was November 28, 1964.

At Moscow the first person up the stairs into the aircraft was my old friend Sergei, who gave me a warm hug.

"Where's Kim?" I immediately asked.

"He is waiting in the car."

This seemed strange. The car was drawn up beside the field. I got in next to Kim and all he said, after a brief embrace, was, "So you've really come back."

"Did you ever think I wouldn't come back? It's been a ghastly five months, but I am here." There was so much to say to him. I told him about my parting scene with my daughter, who was very upset when I explained to her that I would not be able to come over again the following summer, since I had been away from Russia for so long. We would have to wait another year before seeing each other.

A rather odd thing then happened. Kim gestured to me to keep quiet, as if he did not want Sergei, who was sitting beside the driver, to hear what I was saying.

Suddenly it struck me that perhaps I was an embarrassment to him. My chatter about New York, my plans for trips to come must have seemed wildly inappropriate at that moment, coming from the wife of a senior officer in the Russian Intelligence Service. I had made a blunder and Kim froze in a way which was quite out of character.

We returned to the flat by a roundabout route and now I was certain that we were followed by another car. The Russians were worried that the British or the CIA might tail us home.

To cheer Kim up I told him I had managed to puzzle out his cable and I had bought two bottles of whisky in Copenhagen. Sergei wanted to know exactly where I had bought the bottles. Could they have been tampered with? Evidently, the Russians were still concerned that someone might try to murder Kim. I told Sergei I had not come all that way just to poison my husband.

Kim, too, examined the bottles with interest, questioning me closely about the shop where I had bought them at the airport. But the idea of someone slipping a poisoned pill into a bottle of whisky in Denmark seemed so ridiculous that I laughed at him.

The minute we arrived home he opened one of the bottles and got as drunk as he possibly could.

(C) 1967 Eleanor Philby/Patrick Seale.



This cork
has changed
its address

You know Harveys, don't you . . . Harveys of Bristol, founded in 1796 . . . and famous the world over for their exquisite sherries . . . Bristol Cream, Bristol Milk, Bristol Dry.

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Harveys ASPEN CREAM—satin-soft, fruity rich. Harveys ASPEN MEDIUM DRY—elegant, with a fine finish, tinged with dryness. And if you like a true Flor Fino, Harveys ASPEN EXTRA DRY. P.S. And try ASPEN TAWNY—a glowing, mellow port-type of wine with a rare delicacy of flavour.

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**AUSTRALIAN
HOME JOURNAL**



BERLEI

UNDERSTUDIES THE SUMMER SCENE... IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOUR

Suddenly Fancy Free is coming up posies! Berlei designer conferred with Tullo—got the news in print! Petti-pants! Fancy Free's floaty half slip and pantie twosome—the prettiest way to understudy your Spring gear. The matching five-way bra completes the picture in print.

Page 44

Berlei Fancy Free Petti-pants. Pretty print pantie girdle with attached half slip. Style 348, \$9.00.

Matching print five-way contour bra has detachable straps. Style 648, 32 to 36, \$5.00.

Fancy Free technicolours are Pink Fizz, Greenery, Orange Pow, Pop Yellow, French Navy and a pastel watercolour print.

AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

A weekly series
by Bill Beatty

DECEMBER 10

1840 Arrival of the first camels in Australia, a male and female, in the Calcutta, at Hobart. Next month they were landed at Melbourne for exhibition. There they increased to three, were bought by the Government of New South Wales for \$450, overlanded to Sydney, and placed on view in the Domain.

In 1846 three brothers named Phillips ordered nine camels, but only one survived the sea voyage. This pioneer was used by the explorer J. A. Horrocks. In 1860 the Victorian Government imported 24 camels from India for the Burke and Wills expedition. The Scottish-born pastoralist Sir Thomas Elder also imported 120 camels for service in the interior, and later (1886) two Afghans brought 259 camels from India to carry goods to the Western Australian goldfields.

Camels were useful in the development of the Australian interior. They were used on explorations, in constructing the Overland Telegraph Line from Adelaide to Darwin, and the transcontinental railway line. Their last service to exploration was to carry Dr. C. T. Madigan's party across the Simpson Desert in 1939.

1851 Australian Steam Navigation Company founded.

1859 Queensland proclaimed a separate colony, with R. C. W. Herbert as Premier.

1919 Sir Ross Smith, Sir Keith Smith, Sergeants Bennett and Shiers reached Darwin on their flight from England.

DECEMBER 11

1792 Governor Phillip left Sydney in the Atlantic.

1834 Blacktrackers first used in Western Australia. A five-years-old boy named Hall disappeared into wild bush near Fremantle. Two Aborigines, Migo and Mollydobbin, offered to help look for the boy. They followed his tracks over rough country and found him alive. Their perseverance during the search and their delight at finding the lad impressed the white settlers, and they were commended to the authorities.

1865 Bank of Adelaide established.

1873 Birth of Matilda Aston, "the Helen Keller of Australia," at Carisbrook, Victoria. She was educated at a school for the blind in Melbourne and at the University of Melbourne. She became a teacher of music and the head teacher of her old school. Miss Aston helped found the library of the Victorian Association of Braille Writers, and was founder and president of Victoria's Association for the Advancement of the Blind.

She wrote nine books of verse and prose and an autobiography, "Memoirs of Tilly Aston." On her death in 1947, she left a remarkable record of a spirit that triumphed over infirmity and was described as "one of the noblest women Australia has produced."

1912 The passenger clipper Ben Davis destroyed by fire. Built in 1868, the vessel made many trips to Australia before she was sold to Norway in 1898 and renamed Astoria. She was abandoned, on fire, in the Atlantic.

DECEMBER 12

1866 The Philosophical Society of New South Wales became the Royal Society of New South Wales. The royal societies of the Australian States are based upon the Royal Society of London (founded in 1662) and established to stimulate scientific study.

Among the medals awarded by the Royal Society of New South Wales are the James Cook Medal for outstanding contribution to science and human welfare in the Southern Hemisphere, the Clarke Medal for work in the natural sciences, the Edgeworth David Medal for younger scientists for outstanding contributions to learning.

1882 Mining disaster at Creswick, Victoria. When the goldmine was flooded, 44 men were caught at the faces, and 22 died. Hero of the disaster was Michael Carmody, who ran back into the mine to warn the men and led 17 to safety. A fund to assist the dependants of the victims raised more than \$50,000, but there was anger at the niggardly way this money was doled out. In 1950 the original capital was practically intact, and went to endow clinics in the area.

DECEMBER 13

1642 Tasman discovered Statenlandt (New Zealand).

1870 Wreck of the brig Freak for the second time. In 1842 the Freak struck a reef off Booby Island, in Torres Strait, but was repaired. In 1870 she was wrecked on the Great Barrier Reef near Providential Channel, with the loss of 12 lives.

1902 Closing down of the Joadja mining plant. Joadja, about 12 miles from Mittagong, N.S.W., was an important mining township (pop. 1100), but is now a ghost town. The main street, Carrington Row, is weed-grown, and gum trees grow through the roofs of the crumbling cottages. In front of the ruins of the imposing home of a mine director is an English garden planted with English trees, but the house is nothing but piles of plaster and rusty bedsteads, with trees piercing the walls.



● This weathered tombstone in the graveyard of St. Stephen's Church of England, Newtown, N.S.W., bearing the outline of a hot-air balloon, marks the grave of a young boy named Thomas Downes, who died in a riot that followed an unsuccessful attempt at a balloon ascent in Sydney Domain in 1856. The tombstone at right is that of Dr. Charles Nathan, who attended the dying boy.

Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 13, 1967



● Sydney Domain, where office workers play football in winter lunch-hours, where the soapbox orators gather on Sunday afternoons, and tall buildings now rise above the encircling trees . . . and, in 1856, watching thousands saw Pierre Maigret make an unsuccessful balloon attempt—and rioted when he failed. During the riot, a young boy named Thomas Downes was killed (see pictures opposite page). Also in the Domain, in the 1840s, the first camels to come to Australia were on public display.

Picture by staff photographer Bill Payne.

Joadja produced the richest shale oil in Australia, and petrol, kerosene, lubricating oils, candles, waxes, and soaps were manufactured from it. It was laid out as a model town, and had one of the first telephone services in the colony and the first mechanical coal cutter in New South Wales.

Miss Pat Lee, an American rancher, bought Joadja Valley last year and hopes to restore the township.

DECEMBER 14

1866 Gold Commissioner T. G. Grenfell killed by bushrangers at Narromine, N.S.W. Grenfell, son of Admiral Grenfell, of the British Navy, was travelling on the mail coach to Dubbo. Two masked men held up the coach, but Grenfell ordered the driver to whip up the horses and drive on. Drawing his revolver, Grenfell fired at the men. The bushrangers returned the fire, and Grenfell was killed.

The previous month, gold had been discovered at Emu Creek, and with the influx of miners, a township was marked out early in 1867 and named Grenfell in honor of the commissioner.

1908 Act passed fixing the Federal Capital in the Yass-Canberra district. Originally the site of a station property on the Molonglo River, a few miles from its junction with the Murrumbidgee, the district was first discovered by Charles Throsby in 1821. Two years later Joshua Moore established a station on the north bank of the Molonglo variously known as "Canbury," "Canberry," and "Cambury."

The name Canberra as now spelt is of Aboriginal origin, and the official pronunciation was set on March 12, 1913, when Lady Denman, announcing the name, stated that it must be spelt with two "rs," with the accent on the first syllable.

1928 The Kobenhavn mystery. The five-masted Danish training ship left Buenos Aires for Melbourne in ballast. Her crew of 40 included 45 cadets. She carried radio and had auxiliary diesel engines, and exchanged messages a week later with another vessel. Nothing further was heard of her despite intensive searches by sea and air over the South Atlantic and South Pacific.

DECEMBER 15

1807 John Macarthur refused to plead before Judge-Advocate Atkins. Macarthur had been summoned to answer the charge of allowing a convict to escape. This and other troubles came to a head in what became known as the Rum Rebellion.

1845 Sir Thomas Mitchell started on his last expedition, with 32 men, from Boree, near Orange, N.S.W. They crossed the Macquarie and Barwon Rivers, passed what is now the border of Queensland, and

reached the Condamine. Continuing north, the party reached the Warrego River and, turning west, discovered the Victoria River. "This," wrote Mitchell, "was the realisation of my long-cherished hopes."

1856 First balloon fatality in Australia. Pierre Maigret attempted a balloon ascent in the Sydney Domain before a crowd of 10,000. A furnace of straw soaked with wine heated the air for the balloon, but it failed to take off and an accident split the envelope. Four thousand people, believing they had been cheated, began a riot which lasted four hours. A pole came down and cracked the skull of a young boy named Thomas Downes, who, taken to Sydney Infirmary, died there.

Trooper John McClerie (known as the Father of the Police Force), who helped quell the riot, the matron at the hospital, Dr. Charles Nathan, who attended the dying boy, and Thomas Downes himself are all buried in the graveyard of St. Stephen's Church of England, Newtown, N.S.W.

DECEMBER 16

1824 Hume and Hovell reached Corio Bay, Port Phillip.

1903 Women vote for the first time at Federal elections.

1918 Death of Edward William Cole, bookseller and founder of Cole's Book Arcade, Melbourne. Cole was one of those extraordinary individuals who would have made a hit in any circumstances. English born, he received little education, and as a boy ran away to London. He migrated to Victoria in 1852, and spent some time on the gold diggings.

In 1865 he opened a bookshop at the Eastern Market, Melbourne, with a modest turnover of \$6 a week. Eventually he became the lessee of the whole market, a large part of which was sublet to small stallholders. Cole was full of ideals regarded as fantastic in those days, and advocated the Federation of the World and the Brotherhood of Man.

He compiled some immensely popular books, of which "Cole's Funny Picture Book" and "Cole's Fun Doctor" sold in hundreds of thousands. Long before the aeroplane came, Cole had offered \$2000 to the first aviator to land in front of his shop. The public were invited to walk through the book arcade and to spend as much time as they liked reading the books. A band played every afternoon in the second-hand department on the first floor, and cages of birds and monkeys were all part of the incongruous scene.

1919 First crossing of Bass Strait by aeroplane. A. L. Long, in a home-made aeroplane, flew from Victoria to Tasmania.



BERLEI

UNDERSTUDIES THE SUMMER SCENE... [IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLLOUR]

Fancy Free goes pastel pretty. Berlei designer cools the summer news in print! Comes up with a new flowering wave of willowy watercolour pastels. Co-ordinate this lightweight pantie girdle and convertible bra with your technicolour Fancy Free—or wear them as a matching duo to understudy the summer scene!

Fancy Free technicolours are Pink Fizz, Greenery, Orange Pow, Pop Yellow, French Navy and a Spriggy Print.

Berlei Watercolour Pantie Girdle is sheer comfort control romanced with splashy pastel flowers. Style 548 (6" leg). Small, medium, large. \$8.00.

Matching Convertible tricot bra converts five ways for fickle summer necklines! Style 748, A-C, 32-36. \$5.00.



Keep a Firm Chinline

End wrinkle-dryness and sagging muscles caused by a lack of natural protective oils and diminished muscle tone by treating your chin-line to a regular massage with vitalizing cream. Before retiring massage Ulan vitalizing night cream well into your chinline, moving from the cleft in the chin along the jawline to the ears. This tissue toning and massaging will keep your chinline youthfully firm, smooth and supple.



New 'wide mouth' teat fits any feeding bottle.

Wonderful isn't it? Maw's new Universal teat works perfectly on either narrow, or wide mouth feeding bottles. And like all Maw's teats it has a life-like feel moulded teats lack. Ask for Maw's new Universal, the wide-mouth one. It fits any feeding bottle.

Maw's



See your family chemist for all Maw's nursery supplies. TM22

The new word game that makes you think sdrawkcab

The latest Scrabble game is here. It's R.S.V.P. three-dimensional crossword game. With an upright rack, double-faced tiles and a whole new dimension. The only word game that's all skill, no luck. The key to success is "think backwards". A correctly spelled word on one player's side appears in reverse on his opponent's side.

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SCRABBLE R.S.V.P.

SCRABBLE—from Stores and Newsagents

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OH,
YES,
WE
HAVE
NO
BANANAS

★ He's not one of the Monkees, nor is he Pat Baboon. Nevertheless, Guy, a gorilla at a London zoo, seems to be aping a pop singer. And why not? Monkeys have always been real swingers!

● How many times does a worried mother or relative hover by the phone, wondering whether she should call the doctor? A new little paperback, "Should I Call the Doctor?" is aimed at ending this nightmare of uncertainty.

Written by a Sydney general practitioner and gynaecologist, it helps the reader to decide just how serious different symptoms of illness are.

Although the book isn't meant to enable people to diagnose and treat their own complaints, the author said that he has written it as "a simple guide to help the layman assess the gravity of the most common medical problems."

He briefly analyses illnesses encountered in infancy, childhood, adolescence, adult life, and old age—covering everything from headaches and measles to the terrible dilemma "Should we put Mother in a nursing home?"

He lessens the anxiety of mothers with their first babies by providing them with some approximate idea of how a baby should progress.

He also mentions accidents that sometimes occur during infancy—like burns and scalds—and stresses the importance of taking a baby to the doctor if he's suffering from an overdose of sun.

His thoughts on the problem of a child's poor appetite will lessen anxiety, too.

He assures mothers that the majority of children who are poor eaters reach adult life with the "normal physical proportions."

"Should I Call the Doctor?" (price \$1) is published by Horwitz Publications Inc.

JUST
WHAT
THE
DOCTOR
ORDERS

BLIND "SAW" NEW CLOTHES

AN unusual fashion parade was held in West Germany recently.

All the women guests viewing a collection of new styles were blind.

The compere described the clothes in great detail, and models paraded among the women to let them feel the materials and styles.

WOMEN'S REIGN IN SPAIN

ON one day each year it's really a women's world for a group of Spaniards.

In Alto de Extremadura, a district of Madrid, the women take over for 24 hours.

This year's "ladies' day" was held recently.

During a festival the women elected a council which drew up a list of civic improvements—for the men to do when they took over again!

A highlight of the festival was a contest to find the best "house husband."

Spouses had to demonstrate their skills at cooking, sewing, and ironing.

Policeman called the tune

■ The Music Group concert band in the small country town of Beechworth, Victoria, strikes a few unusual notes—and not strictly in the playing sense.

Of its 41 members, 23 had no musical knowledge when they first joined. They were taught by other members who had. Now some members are receiving professional tuition.

There are adults and children, the youngest aged nine, in the band, including a few family groups—mother, father, and children.

The band has 12 men, five women, ten teenage boys, seven schoolgirls, and seven schoolboys.

At rehearsals and concerts they address each other by christian name, irrespective of age. Reason? The adults say music has no age barrier and the children respond better, musically, when treated as equals.

The children, as well as the adults, wear dinner suits or black dresses when they give concerts.

The band came into existence about four years ago, following a public meeting held in the town to discuss proposed adult education activities.

From more than 40 people who attended, only one person, Mr. Herb Crossman, a police constable, suggested a music group.

However, eight people turned up at the meeting at his home the following week to discuss the idea.

They had no money, musical instruments, or music to



● One of the family groups in the Beechworth Music Group concert band—Herb and Joan Crossman and their two sons, Geoffrey, 13 (standing), and Gregory, 10.

form a band—simply enthusiasm. But that was enough. To get started, they appealed for public support. They were given small cash donations and the use of part of an orchard, from which they picked and sold the fruit and kept the proceeds.

They haunted second-hand shops for musical instruments, buying, as one said, "anything that blew." A bargain-priced, off-key brass bass was tuned by cutting three inches off it. A trumpet (complete with case) cost a dollar, and has been blowing strongly ever since they cleaned it out. It was full of vaseline.

At first the band was entirely brass. Now reed and string instruments are also used.

Conductor of the band is Mr. George Rucins, a male nurse at a hospital, who had studied the violin in Europe.

Members now come from four other towns, as far away as 28 miles. They travel to Beechworth each week to attend two-hour rehearsals. Members have also attended a two-day music workshop.

This year, members travelled 1000 miles to give concerts. They have had as many as four engagements in one week, including three in one afternoon.

They have given concerts at the local prison.

Next year they are planning to go to Adelaide to give concerts.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 13, 1967



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Exquisitely gift-packed.
Two sizes.



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This Remington Selectric fits any man because it adjusts. To sensitive faces. Or medium beards. Or heavy, thick stubble. See the dial?

Setting 1 is for light beards. Setting 2 elevates the head slightly for heavier beards. Setting 3 is for men with even tougher beards. Setting 4 is for really black, thick beards. The dial controls

trimming and cleaning, too. Setting 5 elevates the head in a big jump, giving two straight edges for trimming side-levens or moustache. When through, he turns to 6. Two doors fly open, and he blows or taps the whiskers out.

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brother, uncle, father. (This shaver will even adjust to suit in-laws).

Give him a Remington Selectric for Christmas.

Let him dial himself a Happy New Year.

~~~~~

Suggested list price: \$29.95 (but retailers get pretty generous at Christmas).





## LETTER BOX

### Blame the parents?

MANY people criticise modern children and teenagers, and call them delinquents. Punishments and deterrents of all sorts are put forward. However, in many cases the root of the problem is the parents themselves. I am a school-teacher, and even my nine- and ten-year-old pupils complain that their parents leave them alone and spend too much time at the club or drinking. With no proper home life, these children are forced to find their own amusements, and grow up according to their environment.

\$2 to "Schoolteacher" (name supplied), Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

### Gimmicked groceries

PERHAPS there are others who, like me, are tired of all the gimmicks in our groceries. Checking my purchases recently, I found six out of ten items had lotteries attached. These promised cash or cars, trips or transistors for the winner. For two reasons I object. I don't like the loss of personal liberty involved in being forced to accept tickets for gambling games and I don't care to pay more for my family's food to finance somebody's holiday trip.

\$2 to "Penny Wise" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

### Should Mary have been merry?

MY small daughter was looking through a recent copy of The Australian Women's Weekly when she came across the picture of Santa Claus and Mrs. Claus. She called excitedly to her sister, "Look, Rosemary, here's Father Christmas and Mary Christmas!"

\$2 to Mrs. B. Whitford, Sale, Vic.

### A cure for insults

THE writer who complained about her baker insisting on speaking to her in pidgin English is not the only one. I spoke fluent English before I came here, but my accent I will never lose. In my case, it was the greengrocer. At first I was astonished, then amused. When he persisted, I asked him in a friendly way what country HE came from. He had been born in Australia, and so had his parents. Not a word of pidgin passed his lips after that.

\$2 to Marie-Louise Brandt, Strathfield, N.S.W.

### Raised blood-pressure

WITHOUT telling anyone, my teenage niece bought herself a wig, and when she came in wearing it the entire family pretended not to notice it. Finally she could stand it no longer and, turning to them in exasperation, shouted, "Gosh, don't you find it hot in here? I think I'd be much cooler if I took off my wig."

\$2 to "Anrol" (name supplied), Ipswich, Qld.

### Gift for a shut-in

WANT to give an elderly lady living alone a Christmas gift? Then what better than taking her some pretty stationery paper and doing out her kitchen cupboards for her one afternoon?

\$2 to Miss Mabel A. Burn, Manly, N.S.W.

### Road-signs and safe driving

WORD "WAYS" asked whether road-signs were aids or impediments to safe driving. To my mind, any sign that will give motorists a better idea of driving conditions (winding road, road under repair, etc.) is an excellent aid. My husband drives approximately 35,000 miles a year throughout the State, and he agrees with this. He adds that the signs he finds most beneficial are the ones which give the speed to take a bend.

\$2 to "Driver's Wife" (name supplied), Kurrajong, N.S.W.

WHERE road-signs are brief — so that they give information capable of being absorbed by drivers in one swift glance — they cannot fail to be helpful. I never attempt to read long roadside instructions, and consider them dangerous rather than otherwise.

\$2 to Mrs. B. Mills, Tana, Tas.

IN nine cases out of ten the passenger next to the driver sees the road-sign first and reads it aloud so that the driver has no necessity to take his eyes off the road. My husband and I have both travelled extensively by car on Australian highways and byways, and have always appreciated all road-signs and considered them a great help. My husband, a careful driver, con-

siders it very helpful to know there is roadwork ahead, four miles of winding road, or that you are approaching a town.

\$2 to Mrs. A. Collins, Aspendale, Vic.

ROAD-SAFETY lessons on television are always telling us not to have our minds distracted by looking away from the road ahead. Anything could happen in that split second of reading a sign and not watching the road. Certainly do away with any signs that are not absolutely necessary to the driver's safety.

\$2 to Mrs. N. Mills, Bondi Beach, N.S.W.

IT surprises me that there should be any doubt. Being a car-driver myself, I

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

## FAIRWAY FROLIC

● Senior members of Fulford Golf Club, Yorkshire, were horrified to see a young golfer kiss his partner at the first tee. They decided that he and other students should lose their cheap-rate concession to play at the club.

How callous and how dull they seem.

What? Cannot they remember?

Must June be a forgotten dream

In August and December?

Forgive their lack of sentiment,

It merits your endeavor,

For love, you see, is transient,

But golf! It lasts for ever.

— Dorothy Drain

### An all-round stretch

HOLIDAYING with a friend, I was curious to know the reason for a pair of elastic step-ins being worn by a bucket. She informed me that they were new, too tight, and that pulling them over a bucket was her way of stretching them. It was a funny sight.

\$2 to "Stretch" (name supplied), Lakemba, N.S.W.

### Like giggly girls?

RECENTLY I have been appalled by the ignorance and indifference displayed by most women when asked their opinions on various topical events by on-the-spot television reporters. Some were too embarrassed or tongue-tied to pass any comment at all. These days every woman should be able to give an intelligent and coherent opinion on subjects which affect our country, our families, and our way of life. So why does a man with a microphone cause so many women to act like dim-witted, giggly schoolgirls?

\$2 to Mrs. Colleen Forrest, Bullaburra, N.S.W.

### Typist chair in kitchen

TYPISTS in offices use revolving chairs, and it is surprising that they are not also used by housewives in homes. This type of chair would come into its own in the kitchen, where one is always getting up for something just out of reach of the usual stool or kitchen chair.

\$2 to "Roundabout" (name supplied), Camp Hill, Qld.

● Ross Campbell is on holidays. He will resume writing his column on his return.

When a girl wants to feel well on those unwell days — only **cyclopane** will do

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The Australian  
Women's Weekly presents

# Christmas Party Book

RECIPES FROM OUR  
LEILA HOWARD  
TEST KITCHEN





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## SMORGASBORD PARTY

At a smorgasbord party, the busy hostess can provide for a large number of guests with ease. The majority of the dishes are served cold, and so can be prepared well beforehand. But there can be one hot main dish, if desired.

Quantities given in the recipes in this section will serve 12. For a greater number of guests, recipe quantities can be increased, or additional dishes added.

Although Swedish in origin, the smorgasbord is adaptable and can include food from many lands. The savory, colorful Spanish dish Escabache (see page 4) is excellent on the smorgasbord.

Recipes for the dishes shown in the picture opposite are given on this page and page 4. Here are some other ideas for food that could be added to the buffet.

- A whole ham, sliced, or a sliced canned ham.
- Herrings (from the delicatessen) with pickled onion and chopped gherkin.
- Potato salad.
- Smoked oysters.
- Canned salmon with white onion rings, chopped shallots, and a light vinegar dressing.
- Smoked tuna.
- Slices of cold roast beef, pork, lamb, or seasoned veal.
- Sliced pickled beetroot.
- Salami or other Continental sausage.
- Canned sardines.
- Condiments, such as chutney, etc.

### LIMA BEAN SALAD

- 4 packets quick-frozen lima beans
- 3 white onions
- salt, pepper
- french dressing

Slice onions thinly, cover with french dressing, set aside. Cook lima beans

according to directions on packet; drain. While still hot, combine with the onion rings and french dressing, season well.

**Note:** Dried haricot or lima beans can be substituted for the quick-frozen beans above, although, of course, they will be white in color, not green, as are the quick-frozen lima beans.

Soak 1lb. dried beans overnight. Next day put into very large saucepan, filled with cold, salted water. Bring to boil, skim top well, then reduce heat and continue cooking until beans are tender (approximately 2 hours). Add more water, if necessary, during cooking time.

### SOUSED FISH

- 1 large or 2 medium snapper or bream
- 1 1/2 oz. butter or substitute
- 1 onion
- 1 small carrot
- 1 small white turnip
- 1 stick celery
- 2 bayleaves
- 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley
- 1/2 pint vinegar
- 1 pint fish stock
- pinch nutmeg
- 6 peppercorns
- 1 teaspoon salt

Scale fish, wash, and dry. Place in large ovenproof dish so the fish can lie flat. Chop all the vegetables and saute 10 minutes in pan in the melted butter or substitute; add seasonings, vinegar, and stock, bring to the boil and simmer 5 minutes. Pour the liquid and vegetables over fish in casserole, place lid on dish

**Please note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes in this book.**

Make your Christmas party a smorgasbord or buffet party. It's the ideal way to entertain with little effort at a luncheon or supper.

or cover with foil and bake in moderate oven approximately 20 minutes (time of cooking will depend on the size of the fish) or until fish is tender. Remove dish from oven and allow to stand until cold.

When cold lift fish carefully on to serving platter, pour liquid over fish.

### PRAWNS WITH GREEN MAYONNAISE

- 1 tablespoon finely chopped spinach
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped mint
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped green shallot tops
- 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- salt, pepper
- 1 1/2-2lb. prawns

Combine all ingredients well except prawns. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

This makes enough dipping sauce for 1 1/2 to 2lb. prawns.

### ORANGE COMPOTE

- 12 oranges
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup water
- 2 tablespoons grand marnier or curacao

Combine sugar and water in saucepan, bring to boil, cook until mixture turns to a syrup. Remove from heat and cool completely.

Remove rind and all white pith from oranges. Cut oranges into sections, cutting between the membranes. Do this over a bowl so no juice is lost. Pour over the completely cooled syrup, stir in the grand marnier. Cover, then refrigerate until serving time. Spoon into serving dishes.

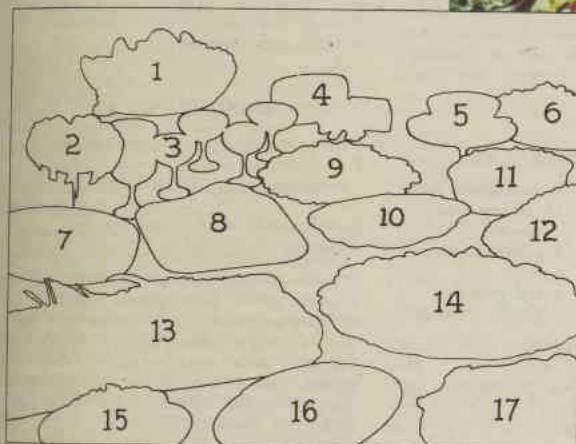
Delicious served just as it is or top each serving with a scoop of ice-cream.

• Picture on page 1 by staff photographer Don Cameron.



A SMORGASBORD is an ideal way to entertain a crowd of guests at a buffet meal. Arrange a selection of dishes attractively. Recipes are opposite and overleaf.

#### KEY TO SMORGASBORD DISHES



1. Fresh fruit platter
2. Prawns with Green Mayonnaise
3. Orange Compote
4. Cheeseboard
5. Brandied Liver Pate
6. Green Salad
7. Escabache
8. Platter of cold chicken
9. Coleslaw

10. Asparagus spears
11. Bottled red cabbage
12. Rice Salad
13. Soused Fish
14. Ham, mortadella sausage, cucumber, cold roast chicken
15. Rice Salad
16. Lima Bean Salad
17. Herbed Tomatoes with Olives

Continued overleaf





## SMORGASBORD PARTY . . . continued

### COLESLAW

- |                    |                      |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1 large cabbage    | 1 cup chopped celery |
| 3 white onions     | french dressing      |
| 3 carrots          | mayonnaise           |
| 1 green pepper     | salt, pepper         |
| 1 red pepper       |                      |
| 6 chopped shallots |                      |

Shred cabbage very finely, removing any hard cores. Combine with finely sliced or chopped onions, chopped peppers, grated carrots, celery, and shallots. Add enough french dressing to moisten (approximately  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup depending on size of cabbage). If desired, stir in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mayonnaise; season well.

### ESCABACHE

- |                   |                |
|-------------------|----------------|
| 3lb. fish fillets | milk           |
| seasoned flour    | oil for frying |
| 2 eggs            |                |

### SAUCE

- |                          |                                     |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 cup dry white wine     | salt, pepper                        |
|                          | little mustard                      |
| 1 cup white wine vinegar | 1 jar mixed clear vegetable pickles |
| 1 cup oil                |                                     |

Cut fish into large, bite-size pieces. Dip in seasoned flour, then in eggs beaten with a little milk, then again in seasoned flour; coat well. Fry in hot oil until golden; remove, drain well. Place fish in deep serving bowl.

Combine wine, vinegar, oil, and seasonings. Add drained pickles, pour over fish. Refrigerate until serving time.

### FRESH FRUIT PLATTER

Combine any colorful fruit in season. In the picture on page 3 we've used slices of rockmelon and papaw, topped with grapes. Cherries, fresh peaches, plums could be added.

### HERBED TOMATOES WITH OLIVES

- |                               |                                |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 2 to 3lb. small firm tomatoes | $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. black olives |
| 1 cup french dressing         | 1 crushed clove garlic         |
|                               | chopped parsley                |

Peel tomatoes, put into bowl with olives. Add garlic to the french dressing, pour over tomatoes and olives. Cover, let stand one hour, turning the tomatoes occasionally. Sprinkle with parsley, serve.

### RICE SALAD

- |                      |                                       |
|----------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 2lb. long-grain rice | 1 red pepper                          |
| french dressing      | $\frac{1}{2}$ bunch shallots, chopped |
| 2 carrots            | 1 large can whole-kernel corn         |
| 1 green pepper       |                                       |
| 1 cup chopped celery |                                       |

Cook rice in plenty of boiling, salted water until tender, but still firm (you may need to do this in two batches); drain well. While still hot, combine with french dressing to moisten and flavor. Combine with grated carrot, chopped peppers, drained corn, celery, and shallots; toss well. Refrigerate until chilled.

### BRANDIED LIVER PATE

- |                            |                              |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1lb. liverwurst            | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy     |
| 1 tablespoon chopped onion | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme |
| 2oz. softened butter       | 1 tablespoon anchovy paste   |
| 2oz. cream cheese          | salt, pepper                 |

Place onion in blender, blend on low speed 5 seconds, add butter and cream cheese; blend on high speed until smooth. Add remaining ingredients on low speed until all are mixed to a smooth paste. Scrape mixture down when necessary. Chill until firm. Serve with small cracker biscuits or toast triangles.

## COOL SUMMER SALADS

A delightful array of salads that will decorate the table as well as tempt the appetite. At your party you might like to offer a choice of these.

### WALDORF SALAD

- |                      |                      |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 4 red-skinned apples | 2oz. chopped walnuts |
| juice 2 lemons       | lettuce leaves       |
| 6 stalks celery      | mayonnaise           |

Core and dice apples, sprinkle with lemon juice. Add sliced celery and walnut halves. Toss together with sufficient mayonnaise to moisten thoroughly. Pile into salad bowl lined with lettuce leaves; serve immediately.

Serves 6.

### GREEN PEPPER SALAD

- |                                |                                      |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 4 green peppers                | pinch mustard                        |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil          | $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic (crushed) |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup wine vinegar |                                      |
| salt, pepper                   |                                      |

Cut peppers in half, remove seeds. (For color contrast, 2 red and 2 green peppers can be used.) Drop peppers into boiling water for 2 minutes, remove, pat dry. Cut into fine slivers. Combine all remaining ingredients, pour over peppers, toss to mix well.

Serves 4 to 6.

### GARDEN COLESLAW

- |                                   |                                    |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 3 cups shredded cabbage           | 1 tablespoon sugar                 |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped parsley | $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons vinegar |
| 4 shallots (chopped)              | 1 tablespoon salad oil             |
| salt, pepper                      | 1 red pepper (finely chopped)      |

Combine cabbage, parsley, shallots, and red pepper; place in salad bowl. Mix together the remaining ingredients, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Pour over vegetables and toss lightly. Serve at once.

Serves 6.

### GREEN-AND-WHITE POTATO SALAD

- |                                  |                                   |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 6 medium-sized firm potatoes     | little pepper                     |
| boiling salted water             | 1 tablespoon chopped chives       |
| 1 teaspoon salt                  | 4 tablespoons finely chopped mint |
| 2 tablespoons vinegar            | 2 shallots (chopped)              |
| 6 tablespoons olive or salad oil | 2 pieces celery (sliced)          |
| 4 tablespoons hot stock          | mayonnaise (optional)             |
| 1 tablespoon chopped parsley     |                                   |

Cook potatoes in boiling salted water until just tender; cool slightly, peel and slice. Combine vinegar, oil, salt, and pepper, pour over warm potatoes. Carefully stir in stock, chives, parsley, mint, shallots, and celery. Pile salad on platter for serving. If desired, pour about  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup well-flavored mayonnaise over potatoes before serving, mix through lightly.

Serves 6.

### BASQUE SALAD

- |                            |                          |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 3 green peppers            | 4 tablespoons oil, extra |
| 2 or 3 firm tomatoes       | 8 black olives           |
| oil                        | 1 small white onion      |
| 2 tablespoons wine vinegar | salt, pepper             |

Remove tops and seeds from peppers, cut into strips. Saute gently in a little hot oil until softened; remove from pan, drain well. Combine wine vinegar, oil, salt and pepper; pour over peppers. Add the peeled, sliced tomatoes, olives, finely chopped onion, season well. Toss salad gently, let marinate 1 hour.

Serves 4.



## CHILLED SOUPS

A well-flavored chilled soup sharpens the appetite at the beginning of a meal in summer.

### CREAM OF CARROT SOUP

- |                           |                               |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 4oz. butter or substitute | 1 cup chopped celery          |
| 6 carrots                 | 6 cups chicken stock          |
| 1 onion                   | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper |
| 2 potatoes                | cream                         |
| nutmeg                    |                               |

Melt butter in pan. Add sliced carrots, chopped onion, sliced potatoes, and celery. Sauté, stirring occasionally, until lightly browned; add stock and pepper. Cover, cook over low heat 20 minutes, or until vegetables are tender. Push through a sieve or puree in electric blender. Season to taste. A little cream can be added, if desired. Chill; serve sprinkled lightly with nutmeg.

Serves 6 to 8.

### COLD CUCUMBER SOUP

- |                                        |                               |
|----------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 2oz. butter or substitute              | 2 dessertspoons parsley       |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion        | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt   |
| 2 large cucumbers                      | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raw potatoes | 1 cup cream (optional)        |
| 1 cup milk                             | cucumber slices               |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chicken stock        | chopped parsley               |

Melt butter and cook chopped onion until transparent. Add chopped cucumber, diced potatoes, milk, chicken stock, parsley, salt and pepper. Bring to boil and simmer 15 minutes, or until potato is tender. Puree in electric blender or put through a sieve. Taste for seasonings, and refrigerate. For a richer, creamy soup, stir in cream before serving. Serve garnished with slices of cucumber and chopped parsley.

Serves 4 to 6.

### CURRIED PEA SOUP

- |                            |                                       |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 cup shelled peas         | 1 teaspoon salt                       |
| 1 onion                    | 1 teaspoon curry powder (or to taste) |
| 1 small carrot             | 2 cups chicken stock                  |
| 1 stalk celery with leaves | 1 cup cream                           |
| 1 medium-sized potato      |                                       |
| 1 clove garlic             |                                       |

Note: Fresh or frozen peas can be used for this soup.

Place peas with chopped vegetables, seasonings, and 1 cup stock in saucepan, bring to boil. Cover, reduce heat, simmer 15 minutes. Transfer to electric blender, and blend to a puree or rub through fine sieve, beat in remaining stock and cream. Chill soup thoroughly. Serve in chilled plates; if desired, top each serving with spoonful of whipped cream.

Serves 6 to 8.

### JELLIED BORSCH

- |                                     |                          |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 15oz. can shoestring beetroot       | 3 cups chicken stock     |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons gelatine | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sherry            | 2 teaspoons sugar        |
| sour cream                          | salt, pepper             |

Push the undrained beetroot through a sieve or puree in electric blender. Soak the gelatine in sherry, place over hot water; stir until dissolved. Combine with the beetroot, chicken stock, lemon juice, and sugar. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour into serving dishes; chill until set. Serve topped with sour cream, if desired.

Serves 6.



CHILLED SOUPS — Cream of Carrot, Jellied Borsch, and Cold Cucumber Soup — will tempt the appetite in summer. Recipes, this page.





## Savory titbits to serve with drinks

This is a selection of unusual small savories and dips to serve with drinks. They're especially suitable for cocktail parties, and are not difficult to make.

### CHICKEN-FILLED TOMATOES

(Picture on this page)

- |                                          |                          |
|------------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 2lb. tomatoes                            | 1 onion                  |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pint chicken stock         | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |
| 1 tablespoon gelatine                    | 2 tablespoons mayonnaise |
| 1 cup finely chopped cold cooked chicken | 2 tablespoons sour cream |
| chopped parsley                          | salt, pepper             |

Egg tomatoes are attractive; if these are not obtainable, choose very small tomatoes of even size.

Cut tomatoes in half, lengthwise; remove pulp and reserve. Sprinkle tomato shells with salt, place in refrigerator until required. Soften gelatine in a little chicken stock. Heat remaining stock, add gelatine and stir until dissolved; allow to cool. Add chopped chicken, finely chopped onion, lemon juice, mayonnaise, sour cream, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of reserved tomato pulp. Season to taste with salt and pepper; chill until set. When set, break up roughly with fork and pile into tomato shells. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

*CHICKEN-FILLED tomatoes can be made with egg tomatoes or small tomatoes of even size; are savory, unusual.*



### ONION-TOASTED WALNUTS

- ½ lb. walnut halves or pieces  
 2oz. butter or substitute  
 ½ packet onion soup mix

Spread walnuts in shallow baking tin, dot with the butter. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes until golden brown, stir frequently. Remove from oven, sprinkle with the onion soup mix, toss lightly to coat. Spread on absorbent paper to cool.

### CAVIAR DIP

- 1 carton sour cream (½ pint)  
 1 small can or jar of red caviar  
 1 dessertspoon grated onion  
 pepper

Mix together sour cream, caviar, and onion; season with a little freshly ground pepper.

### INDIAN CURRY PUFFS

- 12oz. packet puff pastry  
 2 onions  
 1 tablespoon curry powder  
 2 tablespoons water  
 2 potatoes  
 1 cup chicken stock  
 1 lb. very finely chopped or minced cooked chicken  
 salt  
 oil for frying  
 egg-glazing  
 1 small red chilli

Roll out pastry thinly, cut into 3in. rounds. Refrigerate while preparing filling. Heat little oil in pan, add finely chopped onions, cook gently until transparent. Add curry powder, fry a few minutes, stir in water. Peel potatoes, cut into small dice; discard seeds from chilli, chop chilli finely. Add to pan with stock; season to taste. Cover, cook gently until potato is tender. Stir in chicken. Set aside to cool.

When cool, place a spoonful of filling on each pastry round, fold over, using a little egg-glazing to seal. Brush tops with egg-glazing. Bake in hot oven approximately 10 minutes, until well puffed and golden. Serve with chutney.

Makes approximately 2½ dozen.

### DEVILLED EGGS

- 6 hard-boiled eggs  
 1 teaspoon prepared mustard  
 ½ cup mayonnaise  
 1 teaspoon vinegar  
 salt, pepper

Shell eggs and halve lengthwise. Remove egg-yolks, mash and combine with remaining ingredients. Refill egg-whites with the devilled mixture. (For a neater filling, use a piping-bag to pipe mixture into centres.)

### POOR MAN'S PATE DE FOIE GRAS

- ½ lb. liverwurst  
 4oz. packaged cream cheese  
 2 tablespoons mayonnaise  
 1-3rd cup cream  
 1 dessertspoon melted butter or substitute  
 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce  
 salt, pepper  
 ½ teaspoon curry powder  
 1 dessertspoon brandy

Blend together liverwurst, cream cheese, mayonnaise, and cream; combine with remaining ingredients, mixing very well. (Or mix all ingredients together in blender.) Chill before serving.

### SAVORY COCKTAIL PEANUTS

- 1 lb. shelled peanuts  
 chicken stock  
 1 small carrot  
 2 or 3 shallots  
 3 tablespoons vinegar  
 1 tablespoon oil  
 1 teaspoon sugar

Place peanuts in saucepan with very finely sliced carrot, add enough chicken

stock to cover. Bring to boil, reduce heat, simmer 10 minutes, add finely chopped shallots, cook for another 5 minutes. Remove from heat, drain well. Sprinkle over dressing made from combined oil, vinegar, and sugar. Allow to stand 1 hour. Drain off liquid, but retain the carrots and shallots.

If brown skin is difficult to remove from peanuts, spread them on oven slide, place in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Skins can then be easily removed by placing nuts on a fresh tea-towel, folding it securely and rubbing well between hands.

### EGGPLANT CAVIAR

- 1 large eggplant  
 1 onion  
 1 clove garlic  
 1 tomato  
 pinch sugar  
 1 tablespoon vinegar  
 2 tablespoons oil  
 salt, pepper

Bake eggplant until tender; baking time will depend on size of eggplant. Cool; remove skin, chop the flesh finely, or mash. Combine with grated or finely chopped onion, crushed garlic, skinned and finely chopped tomato, vinegar, and oil; add salt and pepper to taste. Blend together well, chill before serving.

### ASPARAGUS DIP

- 4oz. pkt. cream cheese  
 salt, pepper  
 1 small can asparagus pieces  
 lemon juice

Drain asparagus, reserve liquid, mash asparagus pieces with a fork. Place cream cheese in a basin, beat until smooth and softened, then gradually beat in asparagus pulp, mixing to a soft consistency; add a little asparagus liquid, if necessary. Season with salt and pepper, then flavor with lemon juice.

### COCKTAIL MEATBALLS

- ½ lb. minced steak  
 ½ lb. minced pork and veal  
 1 cup fresh bread-crumbs  
 ½ cup water  
 ½ cup cream  
 1 small finely chopped onion  
 1oz. butter or substitute  
 salt, pepper  
 ½ teaspoon sugar  
 oil for frying

Blend the cream and water and soak the breadcrumbs in this mixture. Heat the butter in a frying pan and saute the onions until golden; add to breadcrumbs with beef, pork and veal, salt, pepper, and sugar. Shape into small balls, using wet hands. Heat oil in frying pan and fry the meatballs a few at a time, shaking pan frequently, so meatballs keep their round shape. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot or cold.

### DEVILLED HAM DIP

- 1 can devilled ham  
 ½ envelope tomato soup mix  
 1 carton (½ pint) sour cream

Soften devilled ham in basin, gradually blend in sour cream and soup mix. Or put all into blender, blend until smooth.

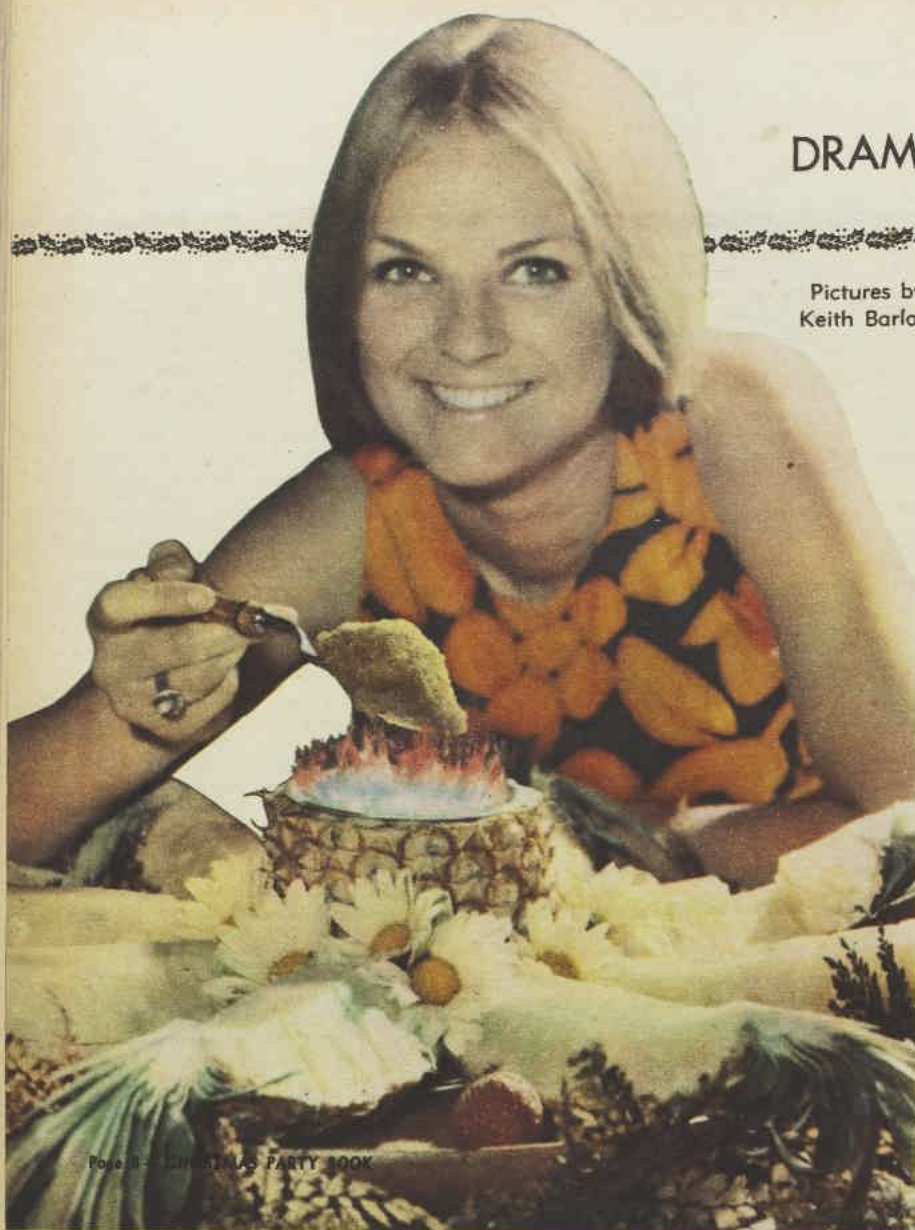
### AVOCADO DIP

- 1 large ripe avocado  
 4oz. packaged cream cheese  
 1 tablespoon lemon juice  
 1 tablespoon mayonnaise  
 salt, pepper  
 1 teaspoon grated onion

Cut avocado in half, remove stone, scoop all the flesh into a bowl, add the softened cheese and mayonnaise. Blend together well. Add lemon juice, salt, and pepper, grated onion, and mix well.

Use as a dip or savory spread for toast and biscuits.





## DRAMATIC BARBECUE DESSERT

Pictures by  
Keith Barlow

Here's the most dramatic dessert ever devised for a barbecue — it looks and tastes wonderful — and you can fix it in minutes. Rum-flavored pineapple is flamed by each guest. For a teenager's party, omit rum, serve pineapple with brown sugar and cream.

### FLAMED CARAMEL PINEAPPLE

Take a ripe pineapple, cut into 4 pieces, cutting carefully through the green top. With sharp knife, slice off the hard core. Cut pineapple down into wedges, then run a knife along base of wedges, releasing them from the shell.

(If the pineapples are not too large, allow one pineapple for 4 persons.)

Take another pineapple, cut off top about quarter-way down. Hollow out inside of pineapple to take a small metal bowl. (The hollowed-out pineapple pieces can be reserved and used to replenish the pineapple quarters as they empty.)

Place metal bowl in position. Place hollowed-out pineapple in centre of heat-proof dish (a large wooden plate is good), arrange pineapple quarters decoratively around.

Arrange small bowls of rum, brown sugar, and whipped cream round dish. Have a small fork and plate for each guest.

When ready to serve the dessert, three-quarters fill metal bowl with methylated spirit and set aflame.

Guests use fork to spear a juicy piece of pineapple, dip it in rum, roll it in brown sugar, then hold it over the flame until the sugar caramelises—it will take about a second. Then dip in the whipped cream—and eat!

Strawberries are delicious served this way, too, but have more flavor if allowed to stand in rum 10 to 15 minutes. Serve small bowls of rum-soaked strawberries round the pineapple.

Note: When lit, methylated spirit will burn for some time. If necessary to use more spirit, put it in another perfectly clean bowl; do NOT add more spirit to that already burning; do NOT pour fresh spirit into a hot bowl.

**FLAMED CARAMEL PINEAPPLE** makes a dramatic and delicious dessert for a barbecue. Rum-flavored pineapple is flamed as at left. At right, the dish is a pretty centrepiece for a party.

The Australian Women's Weekly—December 13, 1967

Photo by: CHRISTMAS PARTY BOOK







## PARTY DESSERTS

Luscious desserts to serve at your Christmas dinner or luncheon party. They're cool, pretty, and delicious.

### CHOCOLATE-STRAWBERRY ECLAIRS

(Picture on opposite page)

#### CHOUX PASTRY

|                            |                   |
|----------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 cup water                | pinch salt        |
| 2½oz. butter or substitute | 1 cup plain flour |
|                            | 3 large eggs      |

#### CHOCOLATE TOPPING

|                           |                     |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| 1oz. butter or substitute | 4oz. dark chocolate |
|---------------------------|---------------------|

#### ROYAL ICING

|                            |             |
|----------------------------|-------------|
| 6 to 8oz. pure icing sugar | 1 egg-white |
|----------------------------|-------------|

#### FILLING

|                    |                      |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| strawberries sugar | brandy whipped cream |
|--------------------|----------------------|

Place water, butter, and salt in saucepan. Bring to the boil. Add sifted flour all at once. Stir vigorously with wooden spoon over heat until mixture is thick. When mixture forms a smooth ball and leaves sides of pan, remove from heat; cool slightly. Add beaten eggs a little at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Beat mixture until smooth and glossy. Fill mixture into piping bag fitted with ¼in. plain tube; pipe into 2in. lengths on lightly greased oven slides.

Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 20 minutes or until dry. Cool on wire rack. When cold, split through, top with melted chocolate, allow to set. If desired, decorate with royal icing. Just before serving, fill with strawberries that have been sprinkled with sugar and brandy to taste, top with whipped cream.

Note: Sliced, brandied peaches can be substituted for the strawberries.

**Chocolate Topping:** Chop chocolate coarsely, place in basin with butter. Stand basin in saucepan of hot water, stir until chocolate and butter are melted and combined. Leave over hot water while icing eclairs.

**Royal Icing:** Lightly beat egg-white with wooden spoon. Add sifted icing sugar a tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition. Continue in this manner until desired consistency is obtained. Fill into icing bag fitted with fine piping tube.

Makes approximately 1½ doz.

#### SUPERB FLOATING ISLANDS

|                            |                            |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 6 egg-yolks                | 3in. vanilla bean          |
| 3 cups cream               | 1 quart milk               |
| 4 tablespoons sugar        | 1 cup water                |
| 3 teaspoons gelatine       | extra 1 cup sugar          |
| 4 egg-whites               | extra ½ cup water          |
| 3 tablespoons castor sugar | ½ teaspoon cream of tartar |

Beat egg-yolks until light and lemony in color. Add the 4 tablespoons sugar and continue beating until fluffy. Stir in the gelatine which has been softened in a little cold water and dissolved over hot water. Heat 2 cups of cream, stir into mixture. Stir over ice until quite cold. Put remaining cream into another bowl over another bowl of ice. Beat until thick, add seeds of vanilla bean, mix into custard. Pour into shallow glass bowl, chill in refrigerator. Beat egg-whites until stiff. Add castor sugar, continue beating until stiff. Put the milk and cup of water into pan with pod of vanilla bean. Bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer. Shape beaten egg-whites into form of large eggs, using 2 tablespoons. Drop them in the hot milk and allow to poach gently, without boiling, until firm. Allow them to get

quite cold in the milk. Remove these small "islands," drain on paper towels, and place on top of custard.

Put extra sugar, water, and cream of tartar in small pan, cook to an amber-colored caramel. Dip a fork in this caramel and make small streamers of it on top of each "island." Serve very cold.

Serves 6.

#### PLUM PUDDING ICE CREAM

|                                                   |                            |
|---------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 2oz. chopped seeded raisins                       | 1 tablespoon chopped peel  |
| 1 tablespoon currants                             | 2 tablespoons brandy       |
| 1 tablespoon shredded blanched almonds            | 4 egg-yolks                |
| 1 tablespoon chopped maraschino or glace cherries | 2 tablespoons sugar        |
| 1 pint milk                                       | 3oz. chocolate             |
|                                                   | ½ pint cream (at least)    |
|                                                   | 2 teaspoons coffee essence |

Soak raisins, currants, almonds, peel, and cherries overnight in the brandy. Beat egg-yolks with sugar, add milk heated with grated chocolate until chocolate dissolves. Stir over boiling water until slightly thickened; cool a little. Fold in whipped cream and coffee essence. Freeze in refrigerator trays until mushy; fold in soaked fruit, return to refrigerator trays and freeze. Pile roughly into serving dishes, serve at once.

Serves 6.

#### CHERRIES WITH MARSALA

|                             |                             |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1lb. dark cherries          | ½ cup castor sugar          |
| 1 small punnet strawberries | ½ cup marsala whipped cream |

Halve and stone cherries; hull and halve strawberries. Place into bowl,

sprinkle castor sugar over. Let stand about 1 hour. Pour off into small saucepan the syrup that will form. Boil over heat until slightly reduced and thickened; cool, pour over fruit. Add marsala and stir lightly. Refrigerate until well chilled. Serve topped with whipped, unsweetened cream.

Serves 4.

#### STRAWBERRY CREAM LAYERS

|                          |                         |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| ½lb. honey snap biscuits | ½ pint cream            |
| 1 punnet strawberries    | 2oz. chocolate shavings |
|                          | 1oz. almond slivers     |

Wash strawberries and hull half of them, keeping remainder for decoration. Crush hulled strawberries and mix with a little icing sugar to sweeten and 1-3rd of the whipped, sweetened cream. Using 3 to 4 biscuits for each serving, sandwich together with strawberry cream, then completely cover layered biscuits with remaining whipped cream; sprinkle with chocolate shavings. Spike or sprinkle with slivered almonds, decorate with remaining whole strawberries. Refrigerate overnight.

Serves 4.

#### PINEAPPLE CREAM

|                               |                       |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 small can crushed pineapple | 24 marshmallows       |
| ¾ cup boiling water           | 1 tablespoon gelatine |
| ½ pint whipped cream          | ½ teaspoon vanilla    |

Cut marshmallows into quarters. Dissolve gelatine in boiling water, add vanilla and crushed pineapple with liquid; cool. Stir in chopped marshmallows, fold in whipped cream. Turn into large glass serving dish or other suitable dish. Place in refrigerator to set.

Serves 4.



CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS, tiny, two-bite size (right) are filled with brandied strawberries and whipped cream for a luxury dessert. Recipe opposite.

STRAWBERRIES ROMANOFF (below) are another gala dessert for the Christmas table. Strawberries are soaked in brandy. Recipe on this page.



#### STRAWBERRIES ROMANOFF

(Picture on this page)

2 pkts. fresh or quick-frozen strawberries

1 cup brandy or cointreau  
1 cup cream

Wash and hull strawberries or allow to defrost. Pour over the brandy or cointreau; cover until serving time. Arrange in

individual serving-dishes, garnish with whipped cream. Or blend whipped cream with 1 small block of ice-cream which has been allowed to soften slightly. Spoon over strawberries.

Serves 6 to 8.



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CHRISTMAS PARTY BOOK — Page 11



## CHRISTMAS SPECIALS

### SAVORY HOT SALAD

- |                                           |                                   |
|-------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 4 cups diced cooked poultry               | 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion |
| 2 cups thinly sliced celery               | 1 cup mayonnaise                  |
| 2 cups bite-size toasted bread cubes      | 1 tablespoon lemon juice          |
| 3 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper | 1-3rd cup milk                    |
|                                           | 1 1/2 teaspoons salt              |
|                                           | few drops worcestershire sauce    |

Note: Cold meat can be used instead of poultry in this recipe, or a combination of both can be used.

Combine the meat, celery, green pepper, onion, and half the bread cubes. Mix mayonnaise, lemon juice, milk, salt, and sauce. Add to the meat mixture, tossing lightly. Spoon mixture into a casserole and top with remaining bread cubes. Bake, uncovered, in moderately hot oven 15 minutes, or until heated through.

Serves 6.

### ORANGE ROAST DUCKLING

- |                        |                                               |
|------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| 2 small ducklings      | 1 dessertspoon lemon juice                    |
| 1 celery stalk         | 3 teaspoons arrowroot                         |
| 1 carrot               | 1/2 cup sweet sherry                          |
| 1 small onion          | 1/2 cup Grand Marnier or other orange liqueur |
| 1 tablespoon sugar     | 1/2 cup salt, pepper                          |
| 1 dessertspoon vinegar | 2oz. butter                                   |
| 2 cups chicken stock   |                                               |

Remove rind from 2 oranges, cut into thin strips; squeeze juice from the 3 oranges. Set aside for sauce.

Cut ducklings in half lengthways; prick skin lightly to allow excess fat to escape (do not prick flesh of duckling). Place

chopped celery, carrot, and onion into pan, add butter; place ducklings on top. Roast in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, continue cooking until ducklings are tender, allowing approximately 20 minutes per lb. Remove from pan, keep warm.

Skim off fat from pan, strain pan juices. Add sugar and vinegar to pan, cook over gentle heat until sugar caramelises slightly. Add strained pan juices, stock, orange juice and rind, and lemon juice. Cook rapidly until sauce is reduced in quantity by half. Blend arrowroot and sherry, stir gradually into sauce; cook, stirring, 6 to 8 minutes over gentle heat; season to taste. Just before serving, stir in orange liqueur.

Spoon the hot Orange Sauce over each serving of duckling, or pass sauce separately.

Serves 4.

### AVOCADOS WITH CONSOMME MADRILENE

- |                 |                        |
|-----------------|------------------------|
| 2 ripe avocados | salt, pepper           |
| lemon juice     | lemon wedges           |
| 1 can consomme  | brown bread and butter |
| madrilene       |                        |

Stand the can of consomme overnight in refrigerator.

Next day halve avocados, remove seeds, sprinkle with little lemon juice, salt, and pepper. Remove contents from can of consomme (which should have set to a jelly), chop and spoon into avocado halves. Serve with lemon wedges and brown bread and butter.

Serves 4.

Note: Consomme madrilene is a tomato-flavored consomme. If unobtainable, substitute canned beef consomme.

### CELERY VICTOR

- |                            |                                        |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| 1 large bunch celery       | 1 1/2 cups olive or salad oil          |
| chicken stock              | salt, pepper                           |
| 2 sprigs parsley           | anchovy fillets                        |
| 1 small onion (sliced)     | 1 canned red pimento (cut into strips) |
| 1/2 cup white wine vinegar | chopped parsley                        |

Trim celery, removing tough outer stalks and leafy tops. Cut into 3 or 4 pieces depending on size of bunch. Place in saucepan with sufficient boiling chicken stock to cover. Add the parsley sprigs, onion, and salt. Cover and simmer until celery is tender; drain well and cool. Combine vinegar, oil, and seasoning, shake thoroughly. Place cooked celery in shallow dish, pour over prepared dressing; chill. Decorate celery with crosses of anchovy fillets and pimento. Sprinkle with chopped parsley; serve immediately.

Serves 6.

### COLD CURRIED CHICKEN

- |                                   |                                 |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 steamed chicken (about 4lb.)    | 1 1/2 pints chicken stock       |
| 1 onion                           | 2 tablespoons red-currant jelly |
| 3 to 4oz. butter or substitute    | 1/2 pint cream                  |
| 1 to 2 dessertspoons curry powder | salt, pepper                    |
| 3 tablespoons flour               | cold cooked rice                |
| juice 1 lemon                     | french dressing                 |

Joint chicken, place in shallow serving dish. Melt butter or substitute, add onion, and cook gently until soft. Stir in curry powder to taste, cook 5 minutes. Then add flour, cook further 2 or 3 minutes and pour on chicken stock. Bring to the boil, stirring, and simmer 30 minutes.

There are recipes here for all types of entertaining and home meals—first courses, main dishes, ideas for teenagers, cakes.

Then add lemon juice and jelly. Mix well and strain; cool. Stir in cream and season to taste; pour over chicken, chill before serving. Serve with cold cooked rice which has been tossed in a little french dressing.

Serves 6.

### CHILLI HOT POT

- |                                |                            |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons oil              | 1/2 pint water             |
| 2 sliced onions                | 1lb. can red kidney beans  |
| 1 crushed clove garlic         | 1/2 teaspoon chilli powder |
| 1 sliced green pepper          | 1/2 teaspoon salt          |
| 1lb. minced steak              | 2 tablespoons tomato puree |
| 1 packet tomato vegetable soup |                            |

Drain kidney beans. Heat the oil and saute the onion, garlic, pepper, and beef until well browned; add the tomato vegetable soup, puree, salt, and water. Bring to the boil, add drained beans and chilli powder. Cover, simmer 30 minutes. Serve with plain boiled rice.

Serves 4 to 6.

### CAULIFLOWER POLONAISE

- |                                     |                           |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 cauliflower                       | 2 tablespoons butter      |
| 2 hard-boiled eggs (finely chopped) | 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs |
| 1 tablespoon finely chopped chives  | pepper, salt              |

Break a cauliflower into flowerets and cook until tender in boiling salted water. Drain and place in a warmed dish. Sprinkle with mixed finely chopped egg and chives. Heat the butter in pan, and saute the breadcrumbs until they are golden. Pour over cauliflower, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and serve.

Serves 4 to 6.



## FRUIT SQUARES (Picture on this page)

### PASTRY

4oz. butter or substitute  
1-3rd cup sugar  
1 egg-yolk

2½ cups plain flour  
½ teaspoon baking powder  
1 tablespoon water

### FILLING

3-3½ cups stale Christmas cake or pudding  
brandy to moisten

### ICING

6oz. icing sugar  
lemon juice

1 teaspoon soft butter

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy. Beat egg-yolk with half the water, mix into creamed ingredients. Work in sifted dry ingredients. Add remaining water, if necessary, to give a firm dough. Roll out half the pastry and line greased 11in. x 7in. lamington tin. Bake in moderate oven until lightly browned (about 10 minutes).

Filling: Crumble cake or pudding; moisten with brandy. Press mixture into lamington tin. Roll out remaining pastry, press on top of filling. Bake in moderate oven approximately 20 minutes; cool.

Note: Christmas cake and pudding can be combined for the filling; if not sufficient, add some dried fruit, chopped cherries, etc. If the mixture is dry, add a spoonful or so of jam.

Icing: Sift icing sugar, add butter, then enough lemon juice (approximately 1 tablespoon) to make a spreadable paste. Beat well until butter is dissolved. Spread over cool slice. Cut into squares.

Makes approximately 12 squares.



*FRUIT SQUARES, with delicious pastry and lemon icing, make good use of any leftover Christmas pudding and cake. The recipe is given on this page.*

Continued overleaf





**CHOCOLATE RUM GATEAU**—a dark, delicious dessert cake is sandwiched together with rum-flavored plum jam and whipped cream. Topping is sieved plum jam.

Page 14 — CHRISTMAS PARTY BOOK

## CHRISTMAS SPECIAL ... continued

### CHOCOLATE RUM GATEAU (Picture on this page)

|                                  |                                      |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot coffee     | 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda              |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cocoa          | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream         |
| $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups castor sugar | 2 cups plain flour                   |
| 4oz. butter or substitute        | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup extra castor sugar |
| 3 eggs (separated)               | rum                                  |
| 1 teaspoon salt                  | plum jam                             |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla               | 1 pint cream                         |

Stir hot coffee gradually into cocoa; cool. Combine  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar with butter, egg-yolks, salt, vanilla, and half cocoa mixture. Beat well until light and creamy. Mix soda and sour cream together. Add to butter-and-sugar mixture alternately with remaining cocoa-coffee and sifted flour. Beat egg-whites, adding the  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar gradually; beat until meringue stands in stiff peaks. Fold into chocolate mixture. Pour into 10in. greased cake tin, bake in moderate oven 60 to 70 minutes or until a skewer inserted in centre comes out clean. Cool completely on cake cooler.

Cut into 3 layers. Sprinkle each layer with 1 dessertspoon rum. Sandwich together with rum-flavored plum jam topped with whipped cream. Spread top layer with whipped cream and, with piping-bag and star-shaped tube, pipe attractive swirls round top edge. Spread centre with sieved plum jam.

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### CRUSTY POTATO SQUARES

1-3rd cup dry breadcrumbs  
1 medium onion (grated)  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 beaten egg  
pinch pepper  
1 1/2 lb. potatoes

Grease a baking dish well. Mix together breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, onion, and beaten egg. Peel potatoes and grate into mixture, mix well. Spread into baking dish, dot with butter or substitute. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until golden brown. Cut into squares to serve.

Serves 6.

Note: This is a good dish to serve at a teenagers' barbecue. Increase quantities as desired in recipe above. A different way, too, to serve potatoes for family meals.

### HONEY ROLL

1/2 cup sugar  
3 eggs  
1/2 cup arrowroot  
1/2 teaspoon bicarb. soda  
1 teaspoon plain flour  
1 teaspoon honey  
1 teaspoon mixed spice  
1 teaspoon ginger  
1 teaspoon cream of tartar

Beat eggs, add sugar gradually, beat approximately 5 minutes until light and fluffy. Sift together the dry ingredients, add to creamed mixture with honey; mix well. Pour into greased and paper-lined swiss roll tin, bake in hot oven 10 minutes until golden brown. Remove from oven and turn out immediately on to slightly damp teatowel which has been sprinkled with castor sugar. Do not remove paper. Roll up in teatowel, leave to cool. Unroll and remove paper. Spread with whipped sweetened cream and re-roll.

Cut into slices to serve. Can be served as a dessert or as a cake.

### CINNAMON TEACAKE

1 egg  
1/2 cup sugar  
1/2 cup milk  
1 cup self-raising flour  
vanilla  
1 tablespoon melted butter  
little extra melted butter

Topping: Mix together 1 teaspoon each ground cinnamon, sugar, and coconut.

Separate egg; beat egg-white stiffly, add yolk and sugar, beat well. Add milk and vanilla gradually. Fold in sifted flour and melted butter. Pour into greased 7in. sandwich tin and bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. While still hot, brush with a little extra melted butter and sprinkle with topping mixture.

### SHREDDED BEEF AND CELERY

1 lb. topside steak  
2-3 stalks celery  
pinch bicarb. soda  
salt, pepper  
1/2 teaspoon soy sauce  
1/2 teaspoon monosodium glutamate  
oil for frying  
1 dessertspoon dry sherry  
1 dessertspoon chicken stock  
1 teaspoon extra cornflour  
1 dessertspoon water

Cut the meat into thin slices, then into very thin strips, 2in. long. Wash the celery and cut into 2in. strips, 1/2in. wide. Add salt, pepper, and bicarbonate of soda to cornflour, toss meat in this mixture. Heat some oil in frying pan. Sauté the beef quickly in the hot oil; remove from pan. Add celery and cook quickly. Return meat to pan with soy sauce, monosodium glutamate, sherry, and chicken stock. Blend cornflour with the water, add to pan, stirring until sauce thickens.

Serves 2 or 3.

### COCONUT APPLE SLICE

#### CAKE MIXTURE

4oz. butter or substitute  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
2 eggs  
1 cup plain flour  
1 cup cornflour  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon salt

#### APPLE MIXTURE

4 apples, peeled and grated  
1/2 cup coconut  
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/2 cup sugar  
grated rind 1 lemon

Cream butter and sugar, beat in vanilla and eggs. Fold in sifted flour, cornflour, baking powder, and salt. Spread half the mixture over base of greased 7in. x 11in. tin. Top with combined apple mixture. Cover with remaining cake mixture. Bake in moderate oven about 45 minutes. Allow to cool. Ice with lemon-flavored icing; cut into slices to serve.

### NASI GORENG

1 lb. long-grain rice, cooked  
4 large onions  
1 small chilli  
1 lb. prawns  
1 teaspoon soy sauce  
2oz. ham  
2 eggs  
1/2 cup chopped celery  
4 shallots  
4 tablespoons oil

Remove seeds from chilli, chop finely. Heat oil, add finely sliced onions and chilli, cook until softened. Add the cold cooked rice (rice must be quite cold), shelled prawns, chopped ham, and soy sauce; mix well. Add the beaten eggs, stir gently through rice until eggs are cooked. Add celery and chopped shallots. Pile on to large heated platter.

Serves 6.

## PARTY DRINKS

For non-drinking guests at parties, or for teenagers, take advantage of the excellent canned fruit drinks now available.

**LIGHT** grape juice is popular—serve plain or add some ginger ale; pineapple juice plain, or with ginger ale or soda water; apricot nectar, plain or with ginger ale added; pure apple juice or pear juice, served alone or combined.

### PARTY FRUIT PUNCH

4 oranges  
4 apples  
4 bananas  
1 large can pineapple pieces  
1 cup sugar  
1 bottle lemon cordial  
1 bottle orange cordial  
8 bottles lemonade  
6 bottles soda-water  
3 bottles ginger ale  
crushed ice  
1 box strawberries  
4 passionfruit

Peel and chop oranges, bananas, apples, cut passionfruit in half and remove pulp. Combine in large basin with pineapple pieces, juice from can, and sugar; allow to stand. Mix together the lemon and orange cordials and 2 bottles lemonade. When ready to serve mix in ginger ale, soda-water, and remaining lemonade. Mix in ice, fruit mixture, and strawberries.

Gives approximately 80 glasses.

### GOLDEN FRUIT PUNCH

1/2 cup lemon juice  
12oz. can apricot nectar  
1 1/2 cups fresh orange juice (or 12oz. can)  
16oz. can pineapple juice  
1 large bottle ginger ale or lemonade  
crushed ice  
orange and lemon slices  
mint leaves

Combine the fruit juices and ginger ale (more ginger ale can be added if desired). Add crushed ice and orange and lemon slices; chill well. Before serving, decorate with mint leaves.

Gives approximately 12 glasses.



## TO SERVE WITH AFTER-DINNER COFFEE



**CHOCOLATE CHESTNUTS** are rich and scrumptious, and the perfect accompaniment to the cup of after-dinner coffee. See recipe on this page.

You'll probably be having unexpected callers who drop in for coffee during the holiday season. On this page are some delectable little confections that are the perfect accompaniment to a cup of coffee, especially the small cup of after-dinner black coffee.

### CHOCOLATE GINGER STICKS

|                                        |                                          |
|----------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped dates | 3 tablespoons minced crystallised ginger |
| 3oz. melted chocolate                  |                                          |

Put ginger and dates through fine mincer or chop very finely. Shape into sticks approximately 2in. in length and  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide. Place on wire rack, spoon chocolate over. Refrigerate until set.

Makes approximately 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  dozen.

### SWISS CAKES

|                                |                                |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 8oz. butter                    | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar | icing sugar                    |
| 2 cups plain flour             | red jam                        |
| pinch salt                     |                                |

Cream together butter and sugar until light, fluffy, and creamy. (This is most important, because it gives volume and texture.) Add essence, carefully fold in sifted flour and salt. No liquid should be used. Put into piping-bag with large star nozzle. Fill paper cases with this mixture, piping round from centre. Bake in moderately hot oven approximately 15 to 20 minutes, or until pale golden and centre is

cooked. Cool on wire rack. Sift icing sugar over tops, and place little jam in centre.

Makes approximately 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  dozen.

### CHOCOLATE CHESTNUTS

(Picture on this page)

|                                 |                          |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 16oz. can chestnut puree        | 6oz. dark chocolate      |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon | 2oz. butter              |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar  | almond flakes or slivers |

Sieve chestnut puree into basin, add cinnamon and sugar; mix well. Form mixture into balls, approximately 1 rounded teaspoon in each. Chill in refrigerator at least 1 hour. Coarsely chop chocolate, place in basin with butter. Stand basin in saucepan of hot water, stirring occasionally until ingredients are melted and mixed thoroughly. Remove from heat but leave basin standing in hot water while dipping balls in chocolate mixture. Place chocolate-dipped balls on greased or waxed paper, sprinkle tops with almonds. Refrigerate until ready to serve.

Makes approximately 20.



● These useful household hints, sent in by readers, win a prize of \$2 each.

A MAN'S shirt will last longer and look neat if a small zigzag stitch is run along the edge of the cuffs when beginning to fray. — Mrs. B. Bird, 97 Vermont Ave., Corio, via Geelong, Vic. 3214.

When preparing picnic food, wrap each person's portion separately and label with his name. This individual touch is much appreciated and it also simplifies serving. — Mrs. B. J. Burdon, 1 Jess Place, Hughes, A.C.T. 2605.

## USEFUL HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES

For cake decorators: Prevent moisture seeping from fondant on to ribbon decorations by cutting waxed paper the same width as ribbons and placing it underneath them. This really works, especially in wet weather. — Mrs. J. Morgan, 13 Kempsey St., Blacktown, N.S.W. 2148.

If using fresh pineapple in jelly, cook it first until tender, otherwise the jelly will not set. — Mrs. N. Paterson, 4 Parrish Rd., Mont Albert N2, Vic. 3127.

Keep your silk scarves free from creases by rolling them round cardboard rollers saved from lunch-wraps. Then put the rollers in a plastic bag and store in wardrobe. — Mrs. M. McGinniss, 52 Lawler St., Sth. Perth 6151.

Use empty half-gallon ice-cream cans as hat-stands. They keep hats in shape and provide handy storage for the gloves and jewellery accessories you wear with each hat. — Mrs. D. Tuche, 13 Barrow St., Gayndah, Qld. 4625.

Make up drinks for the children's school lunch the night before required, put in plastic containers, and freeze overnight. Next day, wrap containers in newspaper to be taken to school. The drinks will melt during the day but still be cool at lunchtime. — Mrs. D. Unicomb, 2 Campbell St., Taree, N.S.W. 2430.

Sew press-studs on the hem and 18in. up from hem on inside of your floor-length curtains. Very handy to clip curtains up out of the way when washing, polishing, or vacuuming floors. — Mrs. S. Simmons, 113 Moore Rd., Airport West, Vic. 3042.

## Savory dish wins prize

● A casserole of meat, noodles, and cheese wins this week's prize of \$10 in our recipe contest. Consolation prize of \$2 is given for a banana dessert; this would make a nice dish to serve after the casserole.

LEVEL spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

### MEAT AND NOODLE CASSEROLE

2oz. butter or substitute  
1½lb. topside steak  
2 onions  
1 clove garlic  
10oz. can tomato soup  
½ cup claret or burgundy  
1 cup water  
½ teaspoon oregano  
salt, pepper  
4oz. grated cheddar cheese  
6oz. cooked noodles  
4oz. sliced mozzarella cheese

Cut meat into 1in. cubes. Melt butter or substitute in pan and brown meat cubes well on all sides; add chopped onion and crushed garlic, cook further 5 minutes. Add wine, water, soup, oregano, salt and pepper and bring to the boil; reduce heat, cover, simmer 1½ hours.

Place alternate layers of cooked noodles, meat mixture, and grated cheddar cheese in greased casserole, lay mozzarella slices on top. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. D. Ahrahams, 970 Rochedale Rd., Rochedale, Qld. 4122.

### HONEYED BANANA DESSERT

2lb. bananas  
melted butter or substitute  
1 tablespoon cornflour  
½ cup water  
3 tablespoons raisins  
1 tablespoon butter or substitute  
4 tablespoons honey  
3 tablespoons lemon juice

Peel and halve bananas, arrange in shallow ovenproof dish, brush with melted butter or substitute.

Place cornflour in saucepan, blend in the water gradually, add raisins, butter or substitute, honey, and lemon juice; cook 10 minutes over medium heat, stirring occasionally. Pour sauce over prepared bananas; bake in moderate oven approximately 30 minutes. Serve warm.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. F. E. Wheldrake, 14 Thistle Ave., Klemzig, S.A. 5087.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 13, 1967



To young women  
of all ages—  
say Happy Christmas with  
*three flowers*

three flowers skin perfume  
three flowers talcum powder  
three flowers hand lotion  
three flowers skin perfume  
three flowers talcum powder  
three flowers hand lotion

by Richard Hudnut





# Bond's Cottontails: 2 ounces of freedom.

So light and white, so soft and sleek — you're fresh and free in "Cottontails". Two tiny ounces of absorbent cotton styled to fit smooth under today's fashions. And styled for freedom with 'action' gusset and 'nylo-rib' legbands that keep their place. Bond's quality cotton boils fresh and white. SSW-OS. Breezeweight 75c. Interlock 79c. Coral Island 89c.

**BOND'S**



# BUYING TOYS FOR CHILDREN

(Toddlers to pre-teens)

By LINDSAY DYSON

Take time when shopping for toys — and don't rush into the nearest toy department on Christmas Eve and buy the first thing you see at the price you can afford. A lot depends on a child's mental age and development, and what may be ideal for the child next door may not do at all for yours. Here are some suggestions that may be helpful.

## UNDER TWO YEARS

Baby is learning to distinguish the feel, sound, and sight of things. Toys should be well made, without sharp edges or parts that can be swallowed. The paint must be lead-free. (Australian-made toys are safe.)

Give musical rattles and anything that makes a noise; plastic squeeze toys; colored ducks for the bath; nests of plastic beakers. A teddy-bear or soft doll to cuddle — washable, preferably with moulded rubber body, not too large to handle.

Once a child can sit he will enjoy a wooden rocker.

Once walking, give push-and-pull toys — a horse on wheels or a roller with colored balls in it.

Introduce books. At 15 months, a child enjoys looking at colored pictures; by 18 months he will be able to turn a page.

## TWO TO THREE YEARS

At two, they are able to sit on a dinky or a push-along baby-walker without pedals. Be sure there's somewhere safe to ride it.

This age also will get pleasure from toy tables and chairs; a teaset with large cups; a teddy-bear, or a soft doll.

A wheelbarrow and miniature garden tools; a sandpit with bucket and spade is great fun all the year around; also a small slide, or a swing with a canvas bucket seat, a tip-truck to fill with sand and stones. A doll's pram with a shawl to wrap the doll in.

A small rocking horse; wagon-load of wooden blocks. They love banging, so give a set of hammer pegs; and, as skill with hands develops, a set of colored mosaics.

Large stuffed animals, simple musical instruments — drums, xylophones, triangles.

A conductor set with tickets and toy money; cowboy hats to use as sunhats. Large sheets of paper with big brushes. Make paint from tins of powder paint mixed with wallpaper paste. This will make a mess, so give a child somewhere to paint, and cover him with an old shirt. Good picture books are a must; properly bound, with simple stories, one picture to a page.

## FOUR TO FIVE YEARS

Imagination and sense of adventure are developing, and they are curious about the world outside the home. Encourage this.

Give inflatable beach toys if you live near the beach, or a wading pool if you don't.

A large colored ball; wooden pull-along train; large building blocks; tip-truck; large toy bus.

A wooden clock for learning to tell the time; a small blackboard and easel; large beads to string; round-ended paper scissors; modelling clay.

Pedal car; toy lawnmower; toy telephone; small tent; little shopping stroller like mother uses.

A see-saw for the garden; a baby doll and doll's bed; musical spinning top.

Large sheets of paper and paint for finger painting (mix a thin starch paste with cake coloring).

Books with simple stories they'll learn by heart and pretend to read.

## FIVE TO SIX YEARS

Once at school or in kindergarten a child spends a lot of time playing school; give a blackboard and easel, chalks, duster.

Cowboy or Indian outfit with hat or feathered headdress; a tent.

Nurse's outfit; Hawaiian skirt; ballerina dress; cowgirl suit.

Toy shop; cash register; simple card games such as "Family."

Toy iron and washing-machine to "wash" the doll's clothes.

Pedal fire engine with helmet and hose; small scooter.

Books with large print and easy stories.

## SIX TO SEVEN YEARS

At six, a child feels more independent, no longer being the youngest in the school.

A strongly constructed metal-frame tent will serve as a meeting place for friends; or a fold-up tepee tent, which can be used inside or carried to park or beach.

Model cars; toy garage; doll's house and furniture; teaset, cooking stove; large plastic iron and ironing-board.

A set of zoo or farm animals.

A skipping rope; tricycle; simple planes and gliders; plastic tile mosaics; Zorro (or similar) outfit and hat; Indian girl outfit.

Games, such as ludo or snakes and ladders, with simple rules.

## SEVEN TO EIGHT YEARS

Still one of the gang. Give cowgirl or cowboy outfits, with spare hats and guns so that they can all play together; Batman and Robin outfits; Elly May suit.

A scooter; simple clockwork train on tracks; model cars; plastic building sets.

Jig-saw puzzles; beads to string; weaving sets. A black mammy doll; clown doll.

Poster paints; large brushes, large sheets of paper. Well-illustrated storybooks.

## EIGHT TO NINE YEARS

Boys are becoming more athletic; give a punching bag and boxing gloves; a quoits set; hockey set; toy bobs set; a basketball ring with a ball; a climbing frame; a gymnasium set with slide and swings. (This latter could be a family present.)

Water pistols; toy guns and rifles; cowboy hats; holsters. A cowboy tent with poles and pegs.

Building set; printing sets; table mats to make; basket-weaving sets.

Batman and similar games. A glamorous bride doll. Books on animals and insects; a specimen case.

## OVER NINE YEARS

Doll's sewing-machine with material; good work-basket.

A set of real tools; offcuts of wood.

Teenage dolls and clothing; doll furniture. Glove puppets, simple string puppets to assemble.

Model planes and car kits; football; cricket set; metal building set; jig-saw puzzles; chemistry set; toy microscope.

Slot car or electric train set.

A fancy nightdress case; musical box.

Boxed games; tenpin bowls, carpet bowls; small snooker and billiard tables; table-tennis set; bows and arrows, with rubber tips and target; kites.

A desk, chair for student; encyclopedias.

A puppy, kitten, or tortoise — provided the family has somewhere to keep it.

# Shampoo a carpet in 15 minutes

and have it dry in under two hours

## SABCO FOAM CLEAN

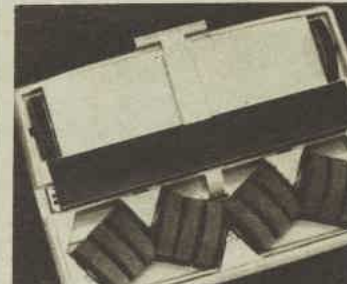


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MF270



(here's how)

**MONDAY**  
COLD CUTS: Serve generous slices of cold meat with spinach (mixed with cream or butter and Master Foods Ground Nutmeg) and new potatoes. Shake our pungent Black Pepper over potatoes and beef.

**TUESDAY**  
VEAL TRATTORIA TERRAZZA: Lightly fry tender veal pieces in a little butter (tasting the veal first with flour, salt and pepper, and 1 tsp. Master Foods Zip (monosodium glutamate). Pour over some brandy, and flame in the pan with the buttery juices. Place on serving dish, pour the juices over. Fry mushrooms lightly with Master Foods Oregano and arrange around meat. Place a slice of Gruyere cheese on each veal piece, grill till browned. Serve with sauteed potatoes garnished with Master Foods Rosemary.

**WEDNESDAY**  
OMELETTE: You will need two to three eggs, 1 tablespoon of cream, a good shake of Master Foods Thyme and Parsley per person. Beat mixture lightly. When frothy cook over medium heat shaking the pan and lifting up the edges to let the runny juices down the sides. Serve with chips.

**THURSDAY**  
BEEF STEW: Put 1 cup of chopped onions with sufficient butter in a pot. Cook gently then add 1 cup of chopped carrots. Cook 5 mins. then add 1 lb. stewing beef cut into cubes. Fry 5 mins. Add 1 cup red wine, good shake of Master Foods Garlic Salt, 1 tsp. Master Foods Savoury. Bring to the boil, simmer 10 mins., add 1 cup water. Simmer for 1 hour. Serve with rice.

**FRIDAY**  
POACHED FISH: Poach white fish lightly in a little salted water and white wine. Serve with Parsley butter (cream some butter, add shake of Master Foods Parsley Flakes) with small boiled potatoes and small boiled carrots sprinkled with Parsley Flakes.

**SATURDAY**  
SPAGHETTI AND MEATBALLS: Boil spaghetti... drain well and mix in a large piece of butter to prevent sticking. Mix 1 lb. lean minced meat, 1 egg, 1 medium onion (chopped), Master Foods Ground Black Pepper, salt and 1 tsp. Master Foods Zip. Flour small meatballs and fry lightly in butter or oil. Mix Master Foods Garlic Salt and Basil with 1 cup tomato puree and salt. Add meatballs and simmer for a short while. Place spaghetti on serving dish and pour on the tomato sauce and meatballs. Add Parmesan cheese.

**SUNDAY**  
BREAST OF LAMB: Mix cup of soft breadcrumbs, 1 tsp. Master Foods Rosemary, 1 tsp. Marjoram, 1 tsp. Garlic Salt, Ground Black Pepper and about 12 chopped black olives. Moisten with a little water, spread on the open breast of lamb. Roll tightly and secure with string tied every 2 inches or so. Sprinkle with more Garlic Salt and Rosemary and place in baking dish. Dot with butter and add white wine. Cook on low medium heat (300) for 1 1/2 hours. Serve with roast potatoes and peas.

● It's still "in" to save up to go to England . . . but most of today's "in" things for the young would have caused very raised eyebrows in my youth, says BETTY NESBIT.

## IN MY DAY, IF YOU WERE "WAY OUT" YOU WEREN'T "IN"

THESE days to be "in" you have to be "out," way "out," whereas in my day (25 years ago, give or take a few years) if you were "out" you certainly weren't "in."

Then, you were just considered slightly off your head. It was difficult to be "out," anyhow. Clothes were expensive and conventional, and it was left to one's own ingenuity to design something a little bit daring or different.

I remember my dress-maker practically fainted when I asked her to make me a two-piece swimming costume. "You don't mean it?"

I replied firmly, "Yes, I do. Someone has sent me a length of material from Tahiti, red with white flowers on it" (the sort of material that is now much in demand for board shorts). "I want a top like this"—and I made a rough sketch—"and the bottom piece I want made rather like a lap-lap," and drew another sketch.

She made it for me quite successfully, but I don't think she ever felt the same about me again.

One thing I found that was a little different was ghillie-tie shoes. I was very proud of a black pair I had. These laced halfway up my leg, and certainly no

one else had anything like them.

I wore flowers in my hair, but no one called ME a "flower girl."

I had a girlfriend who, fortunately, had somewhat the same ideas, and one winter we knitted ourselves knee-length, yellow wool socks, which we wore with great excitement, but whenever we appeared on the street it was to a chorus of derisive whistles and hoots of "Hey! Look at canary legs!"

It was a bit difficult to withstand such criticism, but we did, and next knitted ourselves socks in red wool.

### Barefoot

If you wore a cotton shift, that is if you could find one or ran one up from a piece of material, people looked at you as though you were either pregnant or that your parents couldn't afford to buy you a decent dress.

The same thing applied to bare feet. I used to think it awfully smart not to wear any shoes, but people thought my parents hadn't the money to buy me shoes.

My mother was very good about this phase, and never said a word whenever I came into the house having come halfway across Sydney barefoot. Heaven knows what she must have thought.

Take the question of eyeshadow. Then it was considered rather fast to wear such make-up, but these days girls do up their eyes until they look like something by Salvador Dali.

There was one such pretty girl at our house the other day with red, green, and blue stripes on her eyes, a white line from the edge to the hairline, and a white blob in the corner.

Later, when I said to my teenage son, "You don't think that is pretty, do you?" he looked at me more in sorrow than anger and said, "You're so old-fashioned, Mother."

I said, "You will never find a more avant-garde mother than yours."

At which he said, "You might be avant-garde in some ways, but when it comes to clothes, music, and make-up you are just plain out of touch."

If by music he means the terrible din one hears in discotheques, then I guess I am out of touch. From a music point of view you might just as well be sitting in the middle of the steel-works at Port Kembla.

The pressure on parents is pretty solid these days. I know one mother who is wearing open-lace-work stockings. She doesn't like them and her husband positively loathes them, but her teenage daughter and son are delighted that mother is wearing such "fab mod gear."

However, she said to me the other day while grimly applying her white lipstick, "They needn't think they are going to get me into a mini-skirt."

One thing that is "in" now for girls that was certainly "out" when I indulged in it is sailing. I was one of the first crew of girls to race yachts on Sydney Harbor.

This extraordinary activity did not meet with the approval of Sydney "salts," but we persevered and sometimes even won a race. Then I got my own little sailing boat and scooted around the harbor in all weathers to the utter astonishment of Sydney's sailing community.

Another thing that is still "in" is saving up and going to England. This I managed to do, although I was stopped in my first effort by World War II. Even now I find that this is a subject I can talk about without being told I am old-fashioned.



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a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of haemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing. In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes functional elimination less painful. All this, without the use of narcotics, anaesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance, Bio-Dyne (Regd.)—the discovery of a world-famous institution. This new healing substance is offered in suppository or ointment form called Preparation H. Ask for individually sealed, convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator.

## FINAL PROGRESS PRIZE IN OUR AMOCO CONTEST

MRS. HELEN MUNDAY, of 2 Thompson Street, Elizabeth South, S.A., wins the final progress prize of \$20 or a pair of Davis Cup tickets in our Amoco-Davis Cup Contest.

Results of the contest, for which the main prize is a Ford Cortina, will appear in next week's paper.

Here is Mrs. Munday's story:

One day I drove through an intersection just as the amber light changed to red,

and was immediately pulled over by a policeman on a motorbike.

I explained that I had been frightened to stop suddenly, lest someone hit my car.

The policeman explained that this was no excuse, but he let me go with only a warning. I drove on carefully to the next set of lights. When it turned amber, my abrupt stop was punctuated by a thud from the rear.

There, with motorcycle firm against the bumper, sat a very stern, red-faced policeman who stared intently at something in the distance until the light changed.



When the door was shut, the bench swung down and formed a seat as well as barricading the door.

We had brought our underclothes to wash, but had only one bar of laundry soap. I was happily scrubbing away when Jill requested the soap.

Thinking we were in adjoining cubicles, I threw the soap over the wall — and was rather disconcerted to hear her again ask for it.

Cautiously I stood on my bench and peered into the next cubicle. It was empty, the soap on the floor. I donned my shortie gown, propped up the bench, opened the door.

I hadn't dried myself and my

gown clung uncomfortably all over. Just as I picked up the soap there was a crash. My bench had fallen down across the door. I was locked out.

Consternation! The maids were no help. They left me to it.

I could get my hand in behind the door and inch the bench up, but not far enough to lever it.

I decided to try clambering over the dividing wall and was trying to swing my legs over the

top when I looked down into a man's amused, interested face.

In my surprise, I fell off the wall—still on the wrong side. As I stood covered in confusion, several more men materialised.

I couldn't have felt more demoralised—almost in tears, clad in a dilapidated gown, with practically every piece of clothing I owned lost, surrounded by an interested (if useless) mob of

strange men having a joke at my expense—in Russian.

Then, salvation! A smiling young Russian apologised for everyone's innocent enjoyment, and offered help—in English.

Wonderful, clever, gallant Dimitri summed up the situation, borrowed a broom from a maid, leant over the wall, and hauled up the bench with the brush-end as a hook.

When I finally emerged, my

Sir Lancelot was still patiently waiting to shower. The bathroom was a hive of activity with men and women milling around.

I thanked Dimitri again, telling of my consternation at finding myself apparently in the men's bathroom.

My evening came to a hilarious climax with his explanation: "Oh, no! We have a co-educational system here."

● In addition to the prizes listed on page 29, each State winner will be sent two tickets for the premiere of "Camelot" in that State.

These three entries win a \$20 consolation prize each.

## KNIGHT OF NAPLES

—Winner of a \$20 consolation prize: Mrs. Kay Anson, 115 Swaine Ave., Toorak Gardens, S.A.

I DO not know the name of my knight, nor would I recognise him if our paths crossed again — and I am sure he would never remember or recognise me!

His gallantry was displayed for me in Naples in 1961. It was very hot and I was very pregnant.

My husband and I had bumped and bounced our way through Europe in a rather frenzied attempt to see as much as we could before my "time was up."

We had arrived at last at Naples to board the ship which would, we hoped, get me home in time to have our baby in Australia.

We had business at various booking offices and banks, and over a period of days this became very tiring, but rescue was at hand for me and my morale.

We decided to stop for a cool drink—and the nearest place was a "standing only" drink shop.

I was hardly in the place when a jovial Neapolitan, plump and middle-aged, darted out from behind the counter.

"Ah," he beamed. "Bambino, eh?"

"Yes," I replied, trying to force a bright smile.

"Come," he said, taking my arm.

He drew me to the centre of his little shop where, with frantic clickings of fingers and voluble Italian, he shouted to some people behind the counter.

A chair appeared—and a stool—and I was lowered into this glorious piece of furniture with all the dignity of royalty.

No queen could have had her feet placed on a stool with more reverence than I had my hot, swollen ones on that stool in Naples.

Then, before my husband's and my startled gaze, followed a small procession of well-wishers. People emerged from the back of the shop while my knight stood beside me and explained to each and any stray customer who came in, patting my tummy as he did so.

"Bambino, bambino!"

I received a pat and a beaming smile from each person, plus a question, "When?" "Bambino or bambino?" even "How many?" and most touching of all, a delightful little blessing.

I was glad to board the ship

Continuing . . .

# "CAMELOT" CONTEST

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Richer, better than meat...half the cost!



## Lucky Dog DINNER

— fed by more veterinarians and breeders than any other dog food

**RICHER THAN MEAT** 1 lb. of Lucky Dog Dinner provides greater food value, more essential vitamins and minerals than 2 lb. of meat, and in the correct quantities that dogs require.

**HALF THE COST** If your dog meat, at 20c per pound, is costing you \$1 a week, feeding Lucky Dog Dinner costs you only 50c a week.

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**EASIER FOR YOU** Lucky Dog Dinner is always ready to eat, stays fresh always. No refrigeration or cutting-up is required. Just pour from the packet.

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## Protect your pets! TICKS AND FLEAS KILLED INSTANTLY!

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IN ONE BATHING OPERATION—

Kills ticks and fleas for two weeks—shampoos your dog at the same time—relieves Red Itch.



### Shampooch AEROSOL



COMBINED INSECTICIDE AND FLY REPELLENT

Kills fleas and guards dogs ears against biting flies—conditions coat with Lanolin—repels all biting insects—fragrance kills odours.



### Shampooch FLEA & TICK POWDER



Safe for pups and all dogs in cold weather—reduces doggy odour—prevents Ringworm—gives coat lustre.



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Safe for cats—perfumed—prevents Ringworm—makes coat glossy.



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# RESULTS

and I was glad to be home again, but I will never forget my wonderful, fatherly knight. The blessings must have worked because we had the most adorable little red-haired girl in the world.

## CABBIE FROM MANHATTAN

—Winner of a \$20 consolation prize: Mrs. D. E. Boatwright, 84 Station St., Fairfield, Vic.

**W**HETHER you visit New York by day or by night, you have to admit it's a wonderful city.

It's a city of noise and bustle, lights and movement, where the famous rub shoulders with unknowns, where cab-drivers have an unenviable reputation.

They are said to be rude, uncouth, loud-mouthed, and thoroughly and deliberately unpleasant, every one a "Smart Alec" or a "Clever Dick."

I arrived by plane from Los Angeles, with two small tired children. I intended to stay overnight in New York, as friends who lived some hundreds of miles from the city, were to meet us the next morning.

But I had not allowed for its being convention time, which is akin to stepping into the middle of a hornet's nest, and every hotel was booked out.

I had hailed a cab at Kennedy Airport, and the driver drove me to hotel after hotel, but there were no vacancies. By this time, my two little girls were sound asleep, quite exhausted, and I was getting frantic. The cab-driver was becoming concerned also.

Finally, he turned around and said, "Lady, you're an Australian, and I don't want you to think New York is inhospitable. I live in Manhattan, and as you're my last fare for the night I'll take you home to meet my wife and family."

Too tired to argue, I nodded my head. His wife made us very, very welcome, and we spent the night in the guest-room of their apartment. In the morning he drove us back to the city, where we met our friends.

I have never forgotten this cab-driver or his family. He would not accept one cent in payment, although he had driven us around for hours.

Truly a Sir Galahad, and New York, truly a wonderful city, when it can produce a cab-driver like the "cabbie" from Manhattan.

## HUSBAND TO RESCUE

—Winner of a \$20 consolation prize: Mrs. Kathleen Brown, 75 Chantry St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

**L**OOKING back over 30 years of married life, I realise now that my Sir Galahad was always there, his suit of shining armor made of simple human kindness.

We were happy with one another and with our five children. I was busy and I was necessary — two of the main ingredients in contentment.

But time moves on and one by one my children married and left home.

As each one left, my world grew smaller.

Finally came the day when our youngest left, and with her my whole world.

As month followed dreary month, I tried to make the necessary adjustment. I was alone, I could not even reach my husband, for, in my self-pity, I thought that no one could understand my sense of frustration.

One day in the midst of my depression, my husband handed me an envelope simply addressed "Kathie."

Inside I read:

*"Softly my errant memory  
Steals thru the veil of years,  
Seeking again the happy days,  
Tasting once more the  
tears."*

*"Finding the pleasant haunts  
of youth,  
Meeting again my bride,  
Bravely facing the noonday  
sun,  
Knowing you're by my side."*

*"Feeling the warmth of your  
hand in mine,  
Knowing you'll ever be  
Waiting there with a tender  
smile,  
Ready to comfort me."*

*"This was the rod I leant  
upon,  
A never-failing stream  
Of love and faith and loyalty,  
To help us build our dream."*

*"A dream that grew and  
prospered,  
Of a home, and all the joys  
That echoed in the laughter*

*Of our happy girls and  
boys."*

*"And when my time draws  
near to go,  
I know I'll take the view  
That heaven won't be  
heaven to me,  
Unless I'm there with you."*

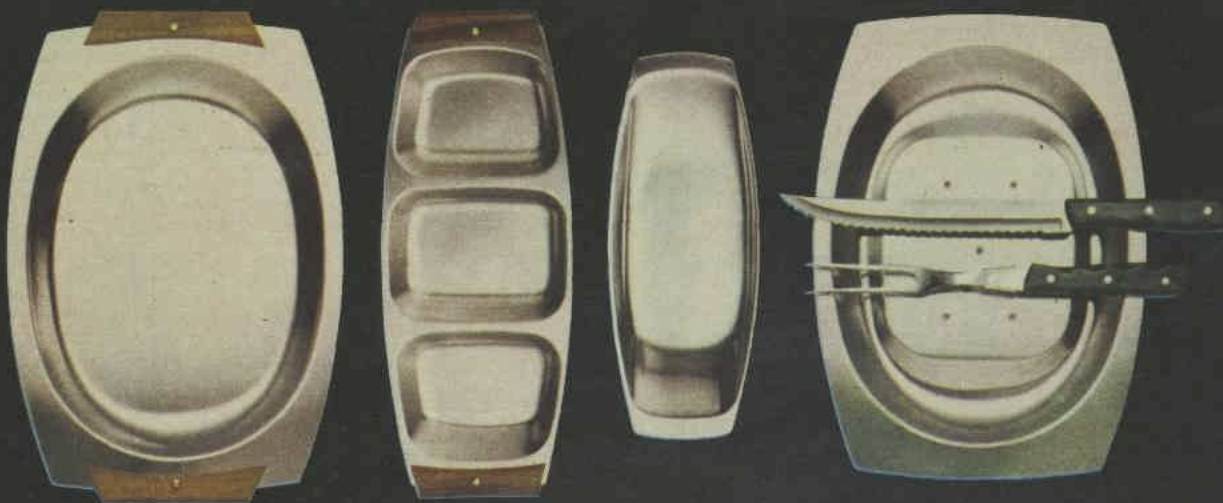
As I read, the veil fell from my eyes. I realised that all my happiness had come from what we had built together, and that to someone I would always be necessary.

My Sir Galahad had saved me from myself.



**Perfect entry for the  
perfect entrée: a Grosvenor  
stainless steel tray.**

**Price? A steal from \$2.95**



Above from left:

Smorgasbord Tray, 14" x 10", with removable Teak handles. \$6.50

3 Division Savoury Tray with removable Teak handles. \$4.90

Savoury Tray, 12" x 5", \$2.95, with removable Teak handles. \$3.95

Spiked Carving Tray, 14" x 10", with 2-piece Carving Set. \$9.95

*Grosvenor*

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## TRY THIS NEW NAIL STYLER

AT YOUR CHEMIST

Surfaced with millions of real diamonds and sapphire crystals to shape your nails exquisitely, smoothly, perfectly. GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.

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NAIL STYLER

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TRY IT ONCE — USE IT FOREVER!  
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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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No. 671. — **SHIFT**  
Semi-fitted shift is available cut out to make in pink/red/green/navy or sage/tangerine/green/spruce blue printed cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$3.45; 36 and 38in. bust, \$3.65; 40 and 42in. bust, \$3.85. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

No. 672. — **HANDKERCHIEF SACHET**  
Sachet, with two skeins of stranded cotton supplied, is available traced ready to sew and embroider on white, cream, blue, pink, or green pure Irish linen. Price is 60 cents plus 8 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 673. — **GIRL'S POP-OVER PINAFORE**  
Pinafore with bias binding included is available cut out to make in yellow, blue, grey, or lilac cesarine. Sizes 2 to 4 years, \$1.75; 6 to 8 years, \$1.95. Postage and dispatch 15 cents extra.

• Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frock, Box 4969, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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673



## READER'S STORY

### THE 'DAY-ABOUT' HOLIDAY FOR BUSY PARENTS

• A South Australian reader explains how she and her husband each manage to relax on holidays with the children.

**Y**ESTERDAY, my husband and I celebrated our ninth wedding anniversary and are looking forward to our first holiday without children since our honeymoon.

But because we are looking forward to this holiday it doesn't mean we haven't enjoyed any holidays in the past seven years (our two boys are seven and five).

When our boys were aged almost three years and three months we rented for two weeks a delightful holiday house high on a hill overlooking lovely Victor Harbor, about 52 miles south of Adelaide.

Our first day was long and tiring. We had packed everything from golf clubs to baby's bath in the car, done all the usual last-minute things at home, travelled to Victor Harbor, and set to unpacking at the cottage.

The second day was spent exploring our new surroundings, shopping for food, and working out the intricacies of the unfamiliar washing-machine, etc.

On the third morning, our elder son asked when he and Daddy were going to play golf, and Daddy rather dismally, but hopefully, suggested we all go over to the nearby course before lunch. Baby and I could have a stroll and they two "play" on the practice fairway.

We soon found that this wouldn't work out. The child was too young to enjoy or even allow an adult to hit two dozen balls into the distance and then find them in what to his little legs was very high grass. Alas, we returned to the cottage disappointed that we couldn't all have enjoyment from the same outing.

During that afternoon I sent my husband off to golf to enjoy a little of his kind of relaxation, and, as I lay in the sunshine, with both children asleep, the idea came to me: Why not a "day-about" holiday?

And this was what we did. Each day was to be a day off for one of us. My husband suggested I go first.

Next morning, he rose to change and feed the baby, bath him, and dress the elder child. I relaxed happily in bed and had breakfast served to me there.

Then I arose, showered and dressed, and left for the nearby township, where I had my hair done, did some shopping, and returned home to a simple lunch, which was enjoyable because I hadn't prepared it.

In the afternoon, I left the family again and drove off for a practice at the golf club, returning home in time to help with the evening chores.

The next day was my husband's, but it didn't mean two days' work for me, because he had done the baby's washing the day before, and when I washed on my "on" day I did any ironing which had carried over.

On the Saturday night came our best piece of sharing of all. The local cinema was to give its weekly showing. My husband liked the sound of the first picture to be screened and I liked the second. So he went at 7.30 p.m. and returned at nine, during the interval I then took his place, complete with box of chocolates.

I can still recall the giggles when I sat down in his seat in front of a row of teenagers. They expected me to be asked to move along when he returned — but, of course, he was at home, baby-sitting!

Our plan meant that our little son had more time on the beach, and we two adults were not tripping over each other in the kitchen and laundry.

This "day on, day off" scheme has been the basis for some happy holidays for us ever since.

## MY ANALYST SAYS:



...my **A.M.** self is fresh, guileless, totally disarming ...my **P.M.** self is smouldering, sexy, totally dangerous.



FRENCH PERFUMES, COLOGNES & TALCS

So my two new french perfumes A.M. from \$3.75 P.M. from \$4.00  
A.M. cologne from \$3.10 P.M. cologne from \$3.75 and A.M. and P.M. talc from \$2.70.  
A.M., your day mood, suggests gawky innocence, freckles, long grass, marguerites and marigolds. P.M., your night mood, is warm, rich, exotic. It's redolent of burgundy, summer nights and bedtime. Quant A.M. and P.M. French perfumes are distilled in France to bring out the real you.

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Australian distributor: Raymond Mullis Pty. Ltd.

RMG122

### LULUBELLE



"But I AM doing my homework . . . during the commercials."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 13, 1967



Tan, don't burn.  
Use Coppertone,  
a type for  
every skin,  
especially yours.



Australia's only complete range of suntan products.  
**Coppertone Lotion.** Popular for most skin types.  
**Coppertone Oil.** Marvellous for darker complexions.  
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**Coppertone Shade.** For redheads, children with sun-sensitive skin.  
**Coppertone Nuskote and Lipscreen.** Invisible super protection for sun-sensitive spots.





# Roderick Church bought a new Kelvinator because his mother's is still going strong...

## 20 years strong!



Mrs. Josephine A. Church still has the 5 cu. ft. Kelvinator she bought 20 years ago. It has never stopped running and never needed a service call. "Twenty years continuous use without a hitch," wrote Mrs. Church. So naturally, Roderick followed in his mother's footsteps. At Kelvinator, we've lots of case-histories on record, where the original refrigerator (usually grandmother's) is 20 to 25 years old and still running well. Did someone say "they don't build things like they used to?" True. We build them better! Still with the same solid lasting qualities. But quiet. Better looking. More efficient. In fact, we'd go so far as to say Roderick Church's children will buy a new Kelvinator before he needs another!



**JOIN THE HAPPY ONES**  
**KELVINATOR '67**  
BIGGEST SELLING REFRIGERATOR BRAND



# AT HOME.....

with Margaret Sydney

● What a truly crazy country America would be if it were anything like it appears to be from the bits and pieces in the newspapers.

I'M usually the last in the family to get my hands on the papers, and I have a habit of ripping out things I want, things I think are funny, things I want to read more fully later, and throwing them into a drawer in the kitchen where they get mixed up with pieces of string, bottle tops, recipes for new ways of cooking spaghetti, and the milkman's and the baker's bills.

Every now and again the drawer gets too full to close and I start going through from top to bottom, throwing things away and wondering why on earth 90 percent of them seemed worth cutting out.

I was doing this a few minutes ago, while a radio news reader was telling me that although the United States officially reached the 200-million-population level in the past few days, it was in actual fact probably much higher. They think the poor computer that has to make the calculations has probably been fed some inaccurate information by the inferior human brains that program it.

I suppose it's nothing but the 200,000,000-plus-plus-plus, combined with a high degree of affluence in a small proportion of the population, that gives America its crazy look when you're looking from outside.

I do have to admit that in the short time I was there the Americans I met didn't seem any crazier than I am, or their neighbors any crazier than ours. But the top four cuttings that have just come out of my kitchen drawer, all collected in the past ten days, certainly give another sort of impression. There's a report of —

A Dial-a-thrill service where a female voice says in dulcet tones, "I love you, darling" (don't know whether there's a number women can call); a prediction that by the end of the century all American men will be wearing wigs; the opening of a shop for "swinging fatties"; really "in" people are buying his-and-hers camels for Christmas.

## Mini-skirts for swinging fatties

THE telephone service call is on the level. It's been investigated by the New York Vice Squad, who thought it might be a front for some illegal or immoral racket.

The girl who makes the calls remains anonymous, is not allowed to make dates with the clients, or have any contact with them apart from that breathless moment of romance for which they've paid.

For a dollar a week the client can have a call each evening. "I don't know why people need this kind of thing, all I know is that they do," the advertising copywriter (male), who started the service, says. "I guess this is a lonely sort of town."

The wigs-for-every-man prediction was made by a New York wig-maker, who says that eight out of every ten men have "a hair-loss problem." Today, he says, half a million men wear hair-pieces, but they're self-conscious about them.

He predicts that when everyone wears a

wig no one will be self-conscious, because no one will know who's losing hair and who isn't. The average age of his customers, he says, used to be between 40 and 55. Now most are in the 25-44 age group.

Another New York wig-maker says, "The crew-cut was the balding man's salvation, but no one has a crew-cut these days. Many young lawyers and politicians who have to wear their hair short for business now wear wigs for discotheques, because it impresses the women."

The "swinging fatties" shop is called FOURTEEN PLUS, and has been opened by a big man who visited Carnaby Street in London recently and couldn't find a thing to fit him.

"I realised big women were in the same boat, and worse," he said. "There are plenty of big-size shops in New York, but the dresses are all sober and matronly. We'll sell large-size mini-skirts. Why not? Many big women have very fine legs."

His clothes (he designs them) are in bright colors and swinging styles, and customers choose and try them to the music of Rolling Stones records. "This," says the shop's owner, "is going to be a revolution for fattsos."

## Whose face would be on your dartboard?

BEFORE you order your his-and-hers camels for Christmas, take stock. They're supposed to be able to do on very little water, but fodder and exercise space might become a problem. The camels are part of the long his-and-hers tradition of Neiman Marcus in Dallas, Texas, who started off seven years ago by offering his-and-hers aeroplanes.

Since then it has offered submarines, passenger balloons, and his-and-hers bathtubs for \$4000 a pair, but rejected the idea of his-and-hers islands, one in the Pacific and one in the Atlantic, as "not unusual enough!"

I feel that Taronga Zoo in Sydney ought to get in on this deal. They're supposed to be overstocked with giraffes. Giraffes are enchanting animals, and I'd far rather have a pair of those eating the clothes off my backyard line than a pair of camels.

For the relatively poor, Neiman Marcus is offering a sterling silver putty container at \$75, or a \$100 life-of-the-tree lease on a Texas grapefruit tree.

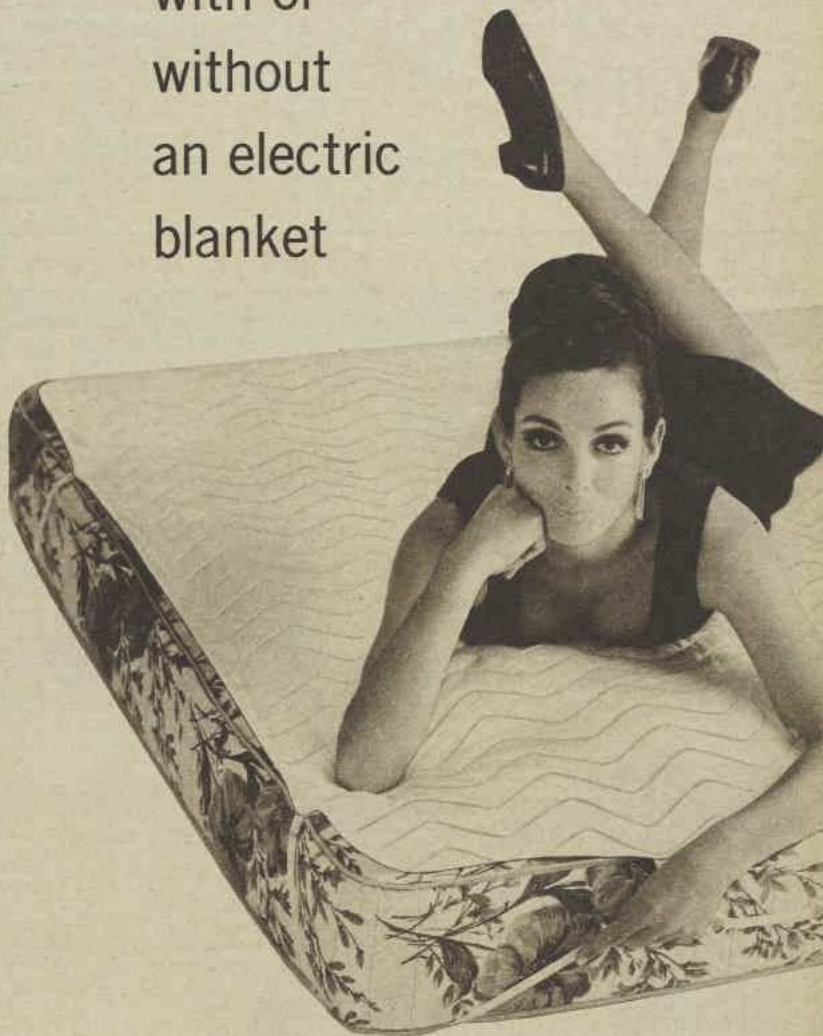
Darts, not normally a popular game in America, has rocketed in popularity since dartboards have been wiped clean of the usual markings and covered with human faces silk-screened on to the board.

Most popular face to shoot at is President Nasser's, and second most popular (surely only for Republicans?) is President Johnson's.

The game was invented by a New York artist who first made a board for himself with the face of psychoanalyst Sigmund Freud on it. Freud would have found that very significant.

They call it Hostility, the anti-hero game. "This is the most satisfactory game of our times," the inventor says. "It is in the great American tradition of self-expression."

Enjoy even warmth with or without an electric blanket



Protect you from cold that strikes from beneath. From sudden changes in temperature. Stay wrinkle free all night. Protect your mattress from wear and staining. Double the life of mattresses and electric blankets.

Single bed \$3.25, double bed \$4.85



H. A. KING & CO. PLENTY ROAD, PRESTON



Louise  
HERE'S YOUR

Hunter's  
ANSWER

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

## Love comes later

"I AM 15 and have been going with a boy of 18 for about two and a half months. We both love each other very much. As we both go to school, we see each other every day as well as at the weekends. Everything I do revolves around him, and, even though I love him, I think we are getting too involved. Do you think it would be better if we stopped going together, or should I stop worrying?"

"Too Much In Love."

• Yes, I think it would be better if you cut short your romance. Although you may think you're in love, you're not. This is one of those boy-girl relationships that precede the real thing—a sort of false dawn. At 15 you would be unfair to yourself to get over-involved.

## For teenagers

### Seed of doubt

"I HAVE been going out with my boyfriend for some time now and we hope to marry soon, but my mother thinks I would be unhappy with him. He is always over half-an-hour late but always has a good excuse. Also, he seems to think his love life shouldn't affect his friends. Although I agree with this, I resent having to take a back seat many times in preference to them. I love him with all his faults, but feel a bit

worried at what Mum has pointed out as lack of consideration."

"Disturbed."

• At least you're not living in a fool's paradise. You know his faults. Have you discussed them with him? If he is going to turn over a new leaf—and I shudder to think what kind of husband he'll be if he doesn't mend some of his ways—he has to know where he's failing you. Inconsideration in a young man isn't uncommon, especially if the girl lets him get away with it. But don't protest too loudly. It could drive him away for ever. And don't name your wedding day until you are absolutely sure you can spend the rest of your life taking a back seat.

### Following a pattern

"WHEREVER I go boys make eyes at me, and yet I have not had a boyfriend and I am 19. My one difficulty is that my parents are always with me and become very angry if I encourage these boys or even look back at them. I love my parents and do not want to hurt their feelings, but I long to be free from their hold. How do I tell them that I am quite mature now and should be able to go out with boys, as both my parents were not allowed out until they were 21?"

"Desperate."

• The only way you can show your parents you are "quite mature" is by going along with them—for the time being at least. Encouraging boys who make eyes at you doesn't sound all that mature to me, so perhaps your parents have a point in not letting you go out with boys. However, at 19 you should be mixing more with them. But changing your parents' ideas will be a struggle, especially as they are patterning your code of behaviour on their own at your age. Have you an understanding relative you can confide in? She may be able to intercede with your parents, or at least let them allow you to ask boys and girls home.

Perfect Partners

Chocolatey Freeze

Strawberry Freeze

Canned Pears & White Wings FREEZE

EXCITING  
CARNIVAL  
DESSERT IDEA

White Wings FREEZE  
and  
Canned Pears



New from White Wings, an exciting dessert idea. Freeze, the quick, easy way to give the whole family a delicious summer treat. White Wings Freeze is available in four flavours. And to complement Freeze add golden, juicy pears. So easy and economical, just open the can. For a carnival of summer fun try the Perfect Partners—White Wings Freeze and canned pears. For more Carnival Dessert ideas, send for the special 101 Carnival Dessert Recipe Book—coupons on every pack.



### GO-MANGO





# A FESTIVE HAIRDO

\* Short—or long—lustrous hair and eye-brow-skimming bangs are very much a part of the naturally pretty look that is identified with teenagers today.

## U.S. style

This look is not, of course, entirely natural. It's frequently achieved with an added piece of hair, as is the case with the attractive style pictured at right.

In this style, Mr. Richard, of Helena Rubinstein, New York, has added a short piece

of hair to the back of the head, creating a chignon effect that's very fetching.

Those shiny, rounded bangs—that form a furry fringe across the brow—balance the whole look.

## Wide appeal

If you're thinking in terms of a new Christmas hairdo—and lots of girls probably are—this glamorous style is ready-made for festive occasions.

## BEAUTY IN BRIEF

By  
CAROLYN  
EARLE



## Summer Skin Care

Sunny days can bring a glorious golden glow to your skin, but prevent the sun from leaving its mark around your eyes and drying out your complexion. Before and after going out of doors, smooth a film of moist oil of Ulan over your face and neck and pat it gently into the fragile skin tissues around the eyes to stop wrinkle-dryness. The moist Ulan oil is isotonic, balanced to beautify and preserve the fresh, youthful bloom of your beautiful complexion.

... Margaret Merril

## ELVIS PIN-UPS BLUE HAWAII!

When a hurricane recently swept away half a house in Tampa, Florida, Judith Adams, 17, was just as upset as her father. The hurricane also blew away most of Judith's collection of 13,000 pictures of Elvis.

## ROUND ROBIN



Adair

# STERLING TALK MADE NO CENTS

I hoped to be able to report that economists, businessmen, and other adults are not the only Australians vitally interested in Britain's sterling devaluation.

I thought for a while that teenagers here were showing that their characters are more sterling than people often credit them with being.

My hopes were raised in a conversation with a mini-skirted doll I met in a dentist's waiting-room.

We were both reading newspapers, when suddenly she broke the silence.

"Golly," she said. "That's a terrible business in England."

"Indeed it is," I said. "It's a pity they have to tighten their belts like that."

"Yes," she said, shaking her head. "Fancy being forced to go to those lengths."

I nodded wisely.

"A lot of people here seem to think that Australia is doing the right thing by not making any cuts."

"Oh, I don't know. I think we could take a lot off."

"Some country people would like to see that," I said.

"So would a lot of city people, too," she replied with a laugh.

"I didn't quite get the point, but I tried again."

"You wouldn't like to see a 15 percent cut here?"

"Well," she said, "sometimes a bigger reduction would look better."

"But now," I said, "we should be able to get cheaper things from Britain."

"Doesn't worry me," she said. "Mum makes all mine."

"That really stumped me."

"You ARE talking about Britain's sterling devaluation?" I queried.

"Goodness, no," she said. "About mini-skirts. I was reading a story about the girl's school that has forbidden its pupils to wear mini-skirts and says that belted below-the-knee tunics must be worn!"

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# Who killed chivalry?

● Step aside for an older person, and what happens? Merely a glare which gives the impression you shouldn't have been there in the first place. As a rule I don't mind letting an older woman get on the bus first, but when you are pushed aside by elderly women, determined that **THEY** shall have a seat, your patience quickly ebbs. The older generation should not take so much for granted.

— J. SIMIS, Port Pirie, S.A.



## LETTERS

● Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

### Voicing an opinion

NEXT time you find yourself in a room full of people, stop a moment and listen to the voices — not to what is said, but to how it is said. If you are lucky there will be one person who speaks quietly, but not monotonously, and with expression. That person will seem much more interesting than the others. A well-modulated, expressive voice will make you more popular and charming than all the clothes, money, or make-up in the world. — Cathy Bowden, Kallangur, Qld.

### How to decide

HERE are some tips that I find useful in making decisions:

- Only make decisions when you are in a happy mood, never when depressed, as you tend to choose the easy way out.
- Never make a decision on impulse; think, making sure the decision is not only pleasing to you but reasonable.
- Always come to a decision yourself without asking anyone else, otherwise you will never be fully satisfied with what you do.

—D.P., North Balwyn, Vic.



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"You sit with the light on your face, struggling to concentrate."

The page seems to be in a foreign language —

The knowledge you cry for is unobtainable.

A whole year wasted.

Full of parties, the beach, late nights,

A last-minute scramble to do an essay.

Now it is too late.

"The alarm clock ticks spasmodically. It seems to whisper

"I wasted time and now doth time waste me."

Its face takes on bizarre proportions —

There is a crash; it lies smashed on the floor.

You lie sobbing on the bed.

Exams are mere days away and you must try to learn . . .

But you know it is too late."

— "Last Minute Battle,"  
Glen Innes, N.S.W.



### Never the same

I HAVE learnt never to form an opinion about someone from what another person says about him or her. No two people think the same or like the same people in the same way. You should judge a person according to your own feelings, based on what you yourself have observed. — "Dim," Balwyn, Vic.

### Flat(tering) remark

I AM one of three girls in a five-room, fully furnished flat, for which we pay only \$16 a week between us. Before we moved in two of us had known each other for 11 months, and the other for only one month. We are lucky in that we get on extremely well together, and mostly share the same interests. Of course, we all have our own opinions and disagree on certain things. We have had the occasional argument, which is talked over, and a compromise reached, satisfactory to the three of us. We all agree we like the freedom and independence. — "Freedom and Independence," Forest Lodge, N.S.W.

### NOVEL IDEA

■ Cheap spy thrillers and comic books are all very well in their own way. But I cannot see how people who want an education can better their minds by indulging solely in these. Very few of my friends — though in the highest class at school — have heard of Morris West or James Michener. Good novelists bring to us the reality of life outside our own circle. Are we just too lazy to bother with books that make us think? We must realise that we cannot bury our heads in the sand and remain young for ever. — Helen Humphreys, Bundaberg, Qld.



## For teenagers

● Meeting Melbourne schoolgirl Deborah Grice can be a somewhat unnerving experience unless you are an ardent nature-lover. For 16-year-old Deborah's hobby is collecting lizards. Not just the 2in.-long size found in the average home garden, but species over 1ft. long. What's more, her pets live inside the house and she frequently nurses them.



# LIZARDS ARE HER PET HOBBY

● Lizard-collector Deborah Grice with her Bearded Dragon Lizard on top of its fish-tank "home." She is holding her favorite Cunningham Skink, right, and a young Water Skink. Picture was taken by Les Gorrie.

**I** FIRST became interested in lizards three years ago when I had to do a science project on the Common Grass Skink for school," explained Deborah, a matriculation student at Firbank Church of England Girls' Grammar School in Melbourne. "I was so fascinated that I continued studying lizards after the project was completed.

"Of course, at first I collected only the little ones like the Grass and Water Skinks and the Jacky Lizards.

"As I progressed, however, the varieties got bigger and bigger. Unfortunately, Mother drew the line at goannas."

She twined the tail of her pet Jacky Lizard around her little finger as she talked.

Lizard-collecting is not only a hobby for Deborah. She won a \$100 award in the 1967 Science Talent Search quest in Victoria for her research project on how lizards reacted to different temperatures.

(The quest is arranged by the Science Teachers' Association of Victoria. It is designed to encourage students to undertake science projects of their own choice.)

The project has resulted in Deborah being a mine of information on lizards.

Thinking that lizards in the house would upset most mums, I asked Deborah how her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Grice, reacted to their daughter's unusual pets.

"Oh, they're very enthusiastic about lizards. Often all of us — Mum and Dad and my two younger sisters, Jane and Sue — go lizard-hunting for my collection.

"We have a special wood heap on our holiday farm at Alexandra, Vic., and each time we go up there we pull it to pieces to find lizards."

As only the small varieties congregate in the wood pile, Deborah says no special care has to be taken in catching them. "We just pounce on the lizards as soon as they run out."

However, when trapping the larger varieties, she grabs them behind the head and on the tail so that they can't swing around and bite.

"It's not that they are poisonous — there are only two types of poisonous lizards in the world, and they're found in South America and Mexico — but they can give a nasty bite."

Deborah finds Water Dragon Lizards on family boating expeditions around Gypsy Point (near Mallacoota, Vic.).

"We spot the dragons sunning themselves on the branches of trees along the riverbanks.

"Mother sits up in the bow of the boat armed with a long-handled net, and, every time we spot a nice looking lizard, she scoops it into the net."

Once the lizards are caught and added to her collection — which she keeps in glass fish tanks with fly-wire lids specially made by Mr. Grice — Deborah's work really begins.

### ● Favorite diet

Finding food for the pets is almost a full-time job.

"The Jackys are hard to feed, as they eat mainly insects, and the larger lizards eat things like cockroaches and termites. These, too, are hard to find.

"Usually we have to dig around in the garden to find 'creepy crawlies.' And, of course, they love flies."

While we were talking, a blowfly, which Deborah thought looked "juicy," buzzed into the room. She eyed it rather like a mother hen looking for worms for her chicks.

Feeling guilty about the interview cost-

ing some lizard its dessert, I asked Deborah if she would like to catch it. "No, it's all right, thank you. I'll get him later," she said politely.

Deborah also keeps a supply of fresh water in shallow shells in the lizards' tanks. This is changed each day.

"Once I had a Black Rock Skink named Whitey — I found her during a school excursion to the You-Yangs — who preferred apricot yoghurt to water. I fed it to her with an eyedropper."

At night Deborah puts the larger lizards outside in a "sort of hutch" near the back door, but the small ones stay inside.

"They sit in their tanks in the playroom, where it is nice and sunny during the day," she said.

Naturally, Deborah says lizards are her favorite kind of pet.

"They're so fascinating. I love to watch them nibble bits of banana, sunbake, or eat flies, which I thread on string for them. I think, too, they are quite happy here — I hope so."

And Deborah's ambition?

"Well, if I pass my Leaving and Matriculation I hope to be a zoologist."

—LEONIE NEWBERRY





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# CALL TO A STRANGER

It seemed such an innocent pastime to the girls and they entered into the spirit of the game without a thought of any sinister implications

I WAITED, my thin, schoolgirl's hand irresolute on the dial. I could imagine the phone shrilling into the night in some unknown house, waking the occupants and arousing terror, perhaps, in some soul as timorous as I.

"It's so late, I don't think we should," I said feebly.

"Oh, don't be such a worrywart, Melody!" Rae said, her gay laugh whirling through the quiet room.

"Well," I conceded reluctantly, "at least let's go see how the baby is, before we try another number."

Together we went up the softly carpeted stairs and into the nursery at the end of the hall. There in the rosy glow of the tiny night light, Amanda Foster Anderson, nearly a year old, lay healthily asleep, spreadeagled, one plump fist half-fallen from her tiny rosebud of a mouth.

"Isn't she a darling?" I whispered. This was my first time at the Anderson home, and I was there on sufferance, since Rae was the hired baby-sitter and I was only her unpaid companion. I was painfully happy with my lot, too, for I had never been in so beautiful a home.

After the Andersons, with Alan Anderson's blond young brother Ron, had left for the Friday dinner dance at the Cotillion Club, Rae and I put the baby to bed. She had sat up in her crib and downed a bottle of warm milk.

In the distance thunder gathered and broke with a faint rumble. I made a mental note to come up and close the screened window, open to the spring breeze, if the storm should break.

We tiptoed out of the room and ran downstairs again, into the library. This was not a new house and it was a little too large for the three Andersons, but it was a charming house all the same, with the dignity lent by solid foundations and money for soft rugs and good furniture.

"I'll pick a number this time and you can talk," Rae said now, laughing with excitement.

I watched her, trying not to feel envious of her self-confidence and her dark, vivid prettiness—the prettiness of curly hair and smooth skin and a pink mouth and dimples when she smiled. When I looked into the mirror, I saw a too-thin girl with straight, unfashionably long blonde hair combed back from her forehead, no lipstick, and brown eyes that were afraid to look into the eyes of a boy. I looked like this because my grandmother thought it was the way a girl should look. She always bought my clothes with room for growth, although I was seventeen now and as tall as I'd ever be.

Eyes closed, Rae ran her finger down the page of the phone book and stopped. "Fairchild 7-9017," she read, and I dialled the number obediently.

To page 68

By MAEVA PARK





I was conscious of an unbearable sense of excitement out of all proportion to the unimportant silliness of the act of calling a stranger.

"Hello?" It was a woman's voice, sleepy and a little irritated. "Hello," I said. "We're conducting a survey." My voice faltered. "Are you — are you listening to your radio?"

"At midnight?" the woman said angrily. "Of course not."

She slammed down the receiver, and Rae and I broke into paroxysms of giggles.

Next, Rae got a man who said angrily, "I nearly broke my neck, getting down the stairs to answer the phone."

"You should get an extension phone," said Rae sweetly, and this sent us off again.

"We'd better get off the phone for a few minutes and give Mrs. Anderson a chance to call," said Rae. "She said she would, about midnight."

AS if on signal, the phone's ring broke into her words. "Yes, Mrs. Anderson," said Rae. "No, she went to sleep right away ... Yes, we checked on her a few minutes ago and covered her. She's sleeping like a lamb ... No, we're fine, Mrs. Anderson ... Thanks a lot; we'll have some now."

She hung up. "They won't be home before three. She says there's a snack for us in the refrigerator. I'd better call my mother now and tell her to go to bed. Mr. Anderson will drive us home. I'm so glad your grandmother is letting you stay overnight at my house, Melody."

We went into the kitchen and I exclaimed in delight. The room was a replica of a kitchen in Brittany. The modern kitchen appliances were built in so unobtrusively that they blended with the general decor.

"Mrs. Anderson does all her own work," said Rae with a proprietary air. "Her father gave them this house, all furnished and redecorated, as a wedding present. But Mr. Anderson won't accept money from Mr. Foster. He says they have to live on his income."

Rae brought out a platter from the refrigerator. It was heaped with little sandwiches, ripe olives, and pickles, and we ate them with the voracious appetite of young things.

"Isn't Ron Anderson good looking?" Rae asked, breaking into my thoughts. "I'd like to latch on to him."

She planted her elbows on the table and rested her exquisite chin on her hands. Privately I thought that if Rae had a half hour alone with Ron, he would be hers.

"He's working his way through the university; he's going to be a surgeon. Mrs. Anderson told me that. The Andersons aren't a bit rich, you know, but they're from a fine old family. It's Mr. Foster who's loaded."

## OUR TRANSFER



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## CALL TO A STRANGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

"Ron certainly looks nice," I said inadequately.

"And he must not have a steady girl. He went stag tonight." She chewed her lower lip, following some thought process of her own. "He's about nineteen, I think. I hope he'll drop in some night when I'm baby-sitting."

We cleaned up the dishes, and Rae said, "Come on — let's try some more numbers."

We went back to the library. The desk lamp made a little yellow pool on the green desk blotter, and I noticed in some remote portion of my brain that the desk clock said 12.35 as I picked up the receiver. I picked a number

and dialled it, conscious of a feeling of sick excitement. How I hated the abysmal lack of self-confidence that made me physically afraid to talk to someone I didn't know!

"Hello?" said a man's voice, a little surprised but not angry, and I knew that this one had not been awakened from sleep.

"Tom?" I asked, my voice faltering a little.

"No." There was a laugh in the smooth, low voice. "But I wish I were."

"Talk!" Rae was mouthing at me.

Feeling completely inadequate, I tried to sound glamorous and

self-confident. "I hope I didn't wake you — Bob?"

"No, not Bob, and you didn't waken me." His voice was still amused, but there was a definite note of interest now. I could picture him, handsome, suave, in a dark-green velvet smoking jacket, a drink in one hand, the phone in the other.

"Is this Audrey?" he asked, puzzled. "I know your voice, but I'm not quite sure —"

"No, it's not Audrey," I replied in the amused tone of a woman of thirty-five.

"Well," he said, "I'll have to get out my little black book. Is it Marlene?"

"Nooo." Rae and I were trying to suppress our giggles.

He said masterfully, thrilling me, "Come on — tell me who you are, you little devil."

I felt, almost for the first time in my narrow, sheltered life, the subtle thrill of flirtation. As we talked I began to feel like a different person, leading a new and racy life. I described the room in which we sat, and I could almost believe that this was my home and that I was a spoiled young debutante. I had shaken off the colorless husk of Melody Malcolm.

As his tone became more intimate, however, I began to grow flustered again, and when he said urgently, "Look, the night's still young — let's get together. Where can we meet?" I was afraid.

"Oh, I couldn't meet you!" I said in alarm.

"Then let me come over there. Are you alone?"

To page 70



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# LIFE ON A TROPICAL ISLAND

Mrs. D. I. Laurenson, of Perth, thought she would be coming to a place of jungle, snakes, crocodiles, and malaria when she and her husband went to live on the weather station on Troughton Island, in the Timor Sea — but it turned out to be more like a tropical paradise.

BEING the only woman on a tropical island is not as lonely as most people think, but I must confess I had "butterflies" at the very thought of coming up here. Troughton is a radio and weather station off the north-west coast, 150 miles from Wyndham, closer to Timor than to Darwin.

It is one mile long and half a mile wide, with quarters for only two families.

Mail and stores come in from Wyndham by charter plane fortnightly (weather permitting). For the first eight months here there was just my husband, his assistant, and I.

I had visions of tropical jungle, snakes, crocodiles, sharks, and malaria, and all the things one

reads about on tropical islands. We do have snakes, but they are a harmless variety.

I must confess, though, I took a bit of convincing when a few days after my arrival one wriggled out from under my chair. I didn't need my husband's "Don't move, darling, it won't hurt you." I was petrified.

Now I've got used to them, and they are just part of the island. We also have goannas up to 6ft. long that look like young crocodiles, but they also won't hurt you, darling.

I needn't have worried, really, as we have no crocodiles, no jungle, no flies, and no mosquitoes, believe it or not.

Lonely? I never seem to have time to be lonely. Our island is surrounded by a coral reef, which is fascinating. At the low spring tides (I am now an expert on spring tides and neap tides) we spend hours exploring the coral pools, spellbound by the brilliance of color of the various corals, the marine growths, the striped fish sporting in and out of the weeds.

The wealth of interest in a coral reef is unbelievable. There are the different sea anemones and the giant clams, with fantastic coloration in their mantles. One's eyes become saturated with color.

Then the shells. Back home in Perth, shells to me were the little white things that rolled around in the surf at Scarborough Beach or got stuck in your thongs. I never thought I would be a shell-collector, but here the fascination, beauty, and variety never fail to amaze me.

## Clam-shell bowls

Clam shells adorn the buffet as fruit bowls and there is nothing like a clam shell as a mornay dish. From these you go through the gamut down to the delicate intricacies of the murex and the slender line of the volutes. Yes, shell-gathering up here is a fascinating hobby.

Coral gathering and tinting occupy more of my time, and is a most absorbing pastime. The natural color fades when coral is out of the water for a time, but a box of paints, a brush, and a little patience restore it to its original beauty.

Although the mail plane is on the island for only a short time each fortnight, one never knows who is likely to drop in.

Passing luggers call in occasionally for a yarn and a cup of home-brewed tea. The yarns and stories of these lugger men, their lives and adventures would fill volumes—tough, rugged, homely gentlemen of the sea, every one of them. We hate waving them goodbye from the beach, just as they seem loath to leave their short sample of comfort.

Modern amenities make tropical life much easier these days, and things like a deep-freeze and air-conditioning make us feel somewhat self-conscious when our lugger friends go back to the sparseness of their little ships.

Our little beaglehound, Rhett, is my constant companion, and he delights in chasing goannas all over the island, then dunking himself in a rocky pool to cool off. He is not the only one who is going to find suburban life somewhat dull when we go back south.

Do I miss the fashion-filled shops and the gaiety of city life? Of course I do, but there are so many compensations up here I hardly think about city life.

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"No," I looked at Rae pleadingly. "My girlfriend is here."  
 "Well, give me your address, I'll take both of you out for a drink."  
 "Oh, no, I couldn't do that!" I gasped. Then I blurted out. "We're baby-sitting."  
 That stopped him for a moment, then he burst into laughter. "Say, how old are you?"  
 Rae, who had been listening with her ear close to the receiver, took the phone away. "Old enough," she said provocatively, "and we're baby-sitting with the granddaughter of A. J. Foster, which is just like being paid for enjoying yourself!"  
 This sparked interest; I could tell it by his voice. I shook my head at Rae, for it seemed to me that she was talking too freely. "Don't mention the Andersons," I muttered, but I was too late.

## CALL TO A STRANGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

"That's right," she was saying, dimpling into the phone because she couldn't help flirting, even with a voice. "Alan Anderson, the attorney."  
 "I could come over there," he suggested. "When will they be back?"  
 "About three, but it wouldn't be safe. One of the neighbors might see you drive in."  
 "No," he agreed, and something was different about his tone now. It was thoughtful, almost absent. Then he seemed to reach a decision. "I'll call you back in a few minutes. You girls will answer, won't you?"  
 "Yes—there's no one else here except the baby."

"Or you could call me," he suggested, and she admitted that we had forgotten his number, that we had called it by chance.  
 Rae hung up, and we looked at each other with a fearful delight in our own daring.  
 "He's no kid!" she said. "He's a grown man, and he sounds dreamy!"  
 "Yes," I agreed, and wished desperately that I might chop off the silken mop of hair which hung down my back and wear coral lipstick on my untried lips.  
 "Let's make a date with him!" she said. "We can hide somewhere, and then if we don't like his looks, we needn't come out."

"He wouldn't like mine," I said glumly. "You might as well go by yourself."  
 "Oh, pooh." Rae could afford to be generous. "Any girl we know would give her right arm for that glorious blonde hair. You just need the right hairdo. I'll fix it for you. And I can lend you a lipstick." She looked me over appraisingly. "And a tighter dress. There's nothing wrong with your figure, it's just those loose clothes your grandmother makes you wear."  
 I said hopelessly, "I know. She's so good to me, though, Rae. I can't bear to cross her. She thinks things are just the way they were when she was a girl, and when my mother was a girl."  
 The phone screamed into the silence. It was our stranger again. "Remembered I had to send a

telegram," he explained. "Well, have you girls decided to meet me someday soon?"  
 Rae was ready for him. "We'll meet you Monday night in the Regent lobby, at eight o'clock," she said.  
 "A bargain," he told her. "How will I recognise you? Do I wear a white carnation?"  
 "Wear a blue flower in your buttonhole," she suggested. "And look for a blonde and a brunette."  
 He whistled. "I'll be looking forward to it. By the way, my name is Nick." He waited.  
 "Melody and Rae," she said. She spelled our first names for him, but cautiously neglected to mention our surnames.  
 We hung up, and Rae said gleefully, "He sounds exciting. And we're going to meet him Monday, Melody."

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## and be covered in kisses on Christmas Day?

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I went down the hall, feeling my way along. The last door was the one to the nursery. I put my hand on the knob. The door was locked!

All the half-fears and premonitions of the night came home to roost with me then. Shaking, I tried the knob again, telling myself that the door couldn't be locked. It refused to yield. I shook it and rattled it furiously, trying to quell the shaking inside me. Finally I told myself that the latch had become stuck, and I went to the door of the next room, a connecting chamber occupied by the Andersons. This door would not open, either.

Terrified, I sped down the hall and down the stairs, calling wildly to Rae. I bumped into her in the lower hallway.

"Rae — Rae — something's wrong!" I gasped. "I can't get Amanda's door open."

"It must be stuck," she said, in such ordinary tones that I began to feel rather foolish. "Let me try."

**W**ITH the aid of the lightning flashes, we went upstairs.

Rae turned the knob of the nursery door confidently, then pushed her slender hip against it, with no result.

"It seems — locked," she said in a frightened half-whisper.

"I tried the next door, too," I told her.

"That's the Andersons'. Let's try the first room."

We went back down the hall, and to our relief, the first door on that side of the corridor opened. It connected into a bathroom that in turn connected with the Andersons' bedroom. We tried the connecting door that led to the nursery, but it, too, was locked. From the other side.

In the dark we clutched at each other. Rae began to cry.

"Something's wrong, Melody! Amanda is just learning to walk; she couldn't possibly get out of her crib and lock all these doors. Yet they're locked from the inside!"

"What shall we do?" I whispered.

At that moment the soft light in the hallway came on again, and we both sighed with relief.

"I'll call Mrs. Anderson at the Cotillion Club," said Rae. She unknapped on a little bedside lamp and reached for the phone book.

"I'm going down to the landing and see if I can find my contact lens," I said. "Everything is so blurry. I'm lost without it."

I hurried down the steps and began to search about the landing. I knelt upon the window seat, going carefully over every inch of the blue chintz cushion. Then I looked out into the black night, crying desperately not to think why the nursery doors should be locked. The rain was steadier now, less noisy.

I saw the man just then, walking across the glistening rain-wet tiles of the patio. There was just enough light from the carport to illumine the terrace very faintly. And as I knelt there, petrified, hampered by poor vision and the dark night, he looked up and saw me.

On my knees I watched him foolishly, hypnotised by eyes I could not plainly see, staring at a face that was just a blur to me. Then, realising that the hall light shining upon my blonde hair made me perfectly and completely visible to him, I slipped to the floor. At that moment my fingers touched the lens, and I scooped it tightly into my palm. On all fours I crawled away from the window and then ran back up the steps to Rae.

"Rae, I saw a man walking across the terrace. He must be the one who locked the doors! He must be a burglar—" My voice faltered. "Or even worse! He must have gone out over the roof, or something."

All her gay assurance had abandoned her. Her lips trembled as she said, "I feel as though I were having a nightmare. I think we should call the police, but Mrs. Anderson said they'd be here in a few minutes. She says there's another key in the drawer of her night table. If he—if the key

## CALL TO A STRANGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

isn't in the other side of the door, we can get into the nursery."

While Rae searched for the key I went into the bathroom and put my contact lens back into my right eye. At once the world took shape again, and I felt more real, sharper, more able to cope with things.

"Here it is!" called Rae, and I heard her insert the key into the lock.

I went in to stand beside her as she turned the lock. We entered the nursery together. There was no one in the dainty white crib.

Joan Anderson sat down at the kitchen table and put her dark head in her hands. She said, as if

to herself, "You have a baby, and you take care of her and nurse her through croup and make certain she doesn't fall downstairs or eat poison—and this happens."

She lifted her head now and looked into her husband's anguished eyes, and I thought that I had never seen a living woman who looked so nearly dead. "I can't bear to think of Amanda out there in the night somewhere, in the rain and cold, with—" her voice broke — "with someone. Wanting her mother."

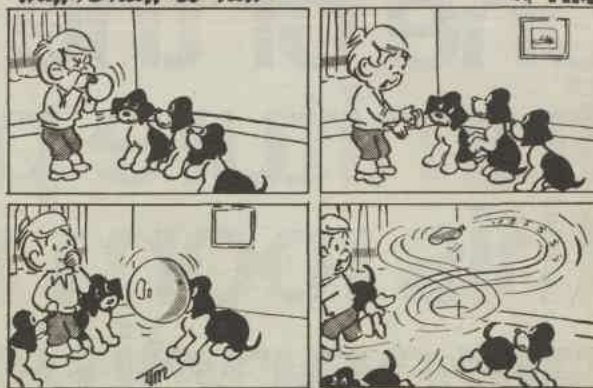
"Stop it, Joan," said Alan Anderson sharply, but I thought he

To page 77

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



## Turn cabbage into crisp, creamy coleslaw with KRAFT Coleslaw Dressing.

For instant wake-up flavour, just pour tart-sweet, thick-and-creamy KRAFT Coleslaw Dressing over cabbage and you've got a taste treat full of goodness! Smooth and delicious because it's so specially blended by Kraft.

Typically Kraft, tastefully yours.

### RECIPE FOR PINEAPPLE COLESLAW

Just shred cabbage finely, wash and drain well, chill. Combine pineapple wedges, diced apple, walnut halves and the shredded cabbage in a salad bowl. Toss with KRAFT Coleslaw Dressing just before serving.

The best-tasting salad dressings always come from



\*Reg'd Trade Mark KRAFT



# one of the fine furniture pieces in this room is a Pope air conditioner

(if you look closely you'll see it)



We deliberately styled the air conditioners to blend with your furnishings. Pope "furniture front" it's called. Of course, people will know you have one, even if they can't see it right away. They'll feel the comfortable temperature immediately they're inside, when it's oven hot—or freezer cold—outside. Pope's ability to cool down in summer—and warm up in winter—surprises lots of people who think air conditioners are only summer workers. And did you know this? It costs less to run all year

than it costs to run a radiator all through winter. And there's more. Pope Air Conditioner cares for your furniture, clothes and building materials by reducing winter "damp" and summer "mugginess." Pope also works at keeping air free of invading germs and hay-fever-producing dust and pollen particles. Pope Air Conditioners hide behind their "furniture fronts" at your nearest electrical dealer. The man with the slide-rule-type of card that tells you the exact sized Pope you need.

Go see a Pope Air Conditioner soon—for the temperature that comforts you best all year round.

**POPE**  
Product of Simpson Pope

**BUILT TO PERFORM BETTER—LONGER**

PRAC. 60, PFC. W.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 13, 1967



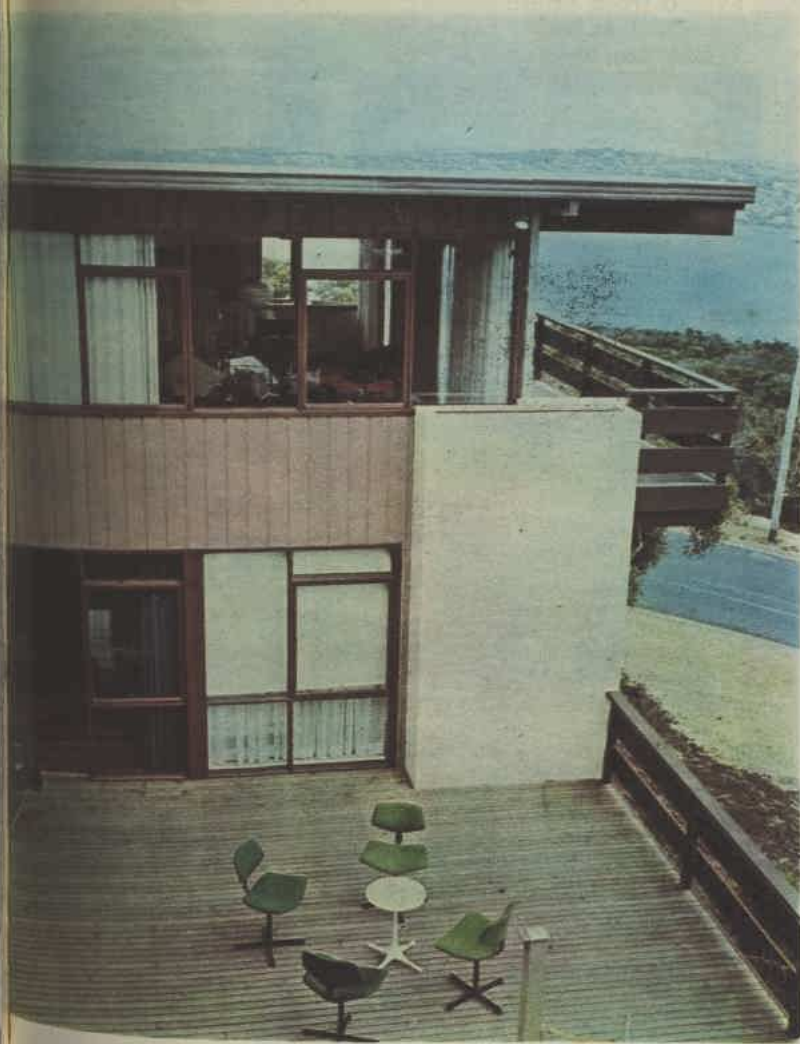


View from the street of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crott's house at Balgowlah Heights, Sydney. The house is a two-storey one, with space beneath for a future billiard-room, swimming-pool, and poolside barbecue area.

## A 200-DEGREE VIEW

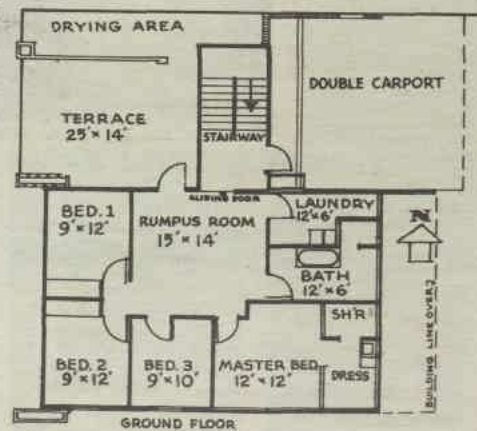
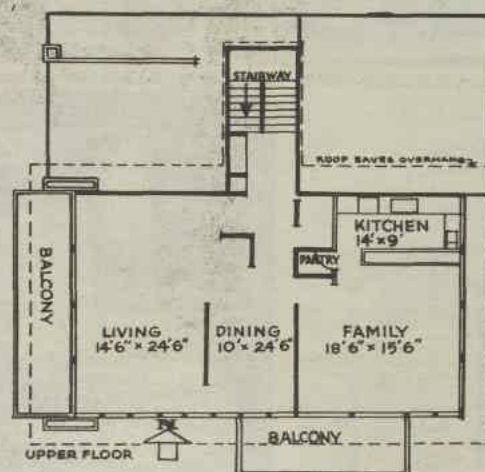
This is a house, perched high on Balgowlah Heights, Sydney, with a 200-degree view. The land slopes toward, and overlooks, eastern Middle Harbor, and to catch the southerly view out to the Heads the house was built as high on the site as possible, and as high in the air as was practical from the point of view of ease of access. The house was designed to suit not only the owners' requirements but also the view.

*continued on page 75*



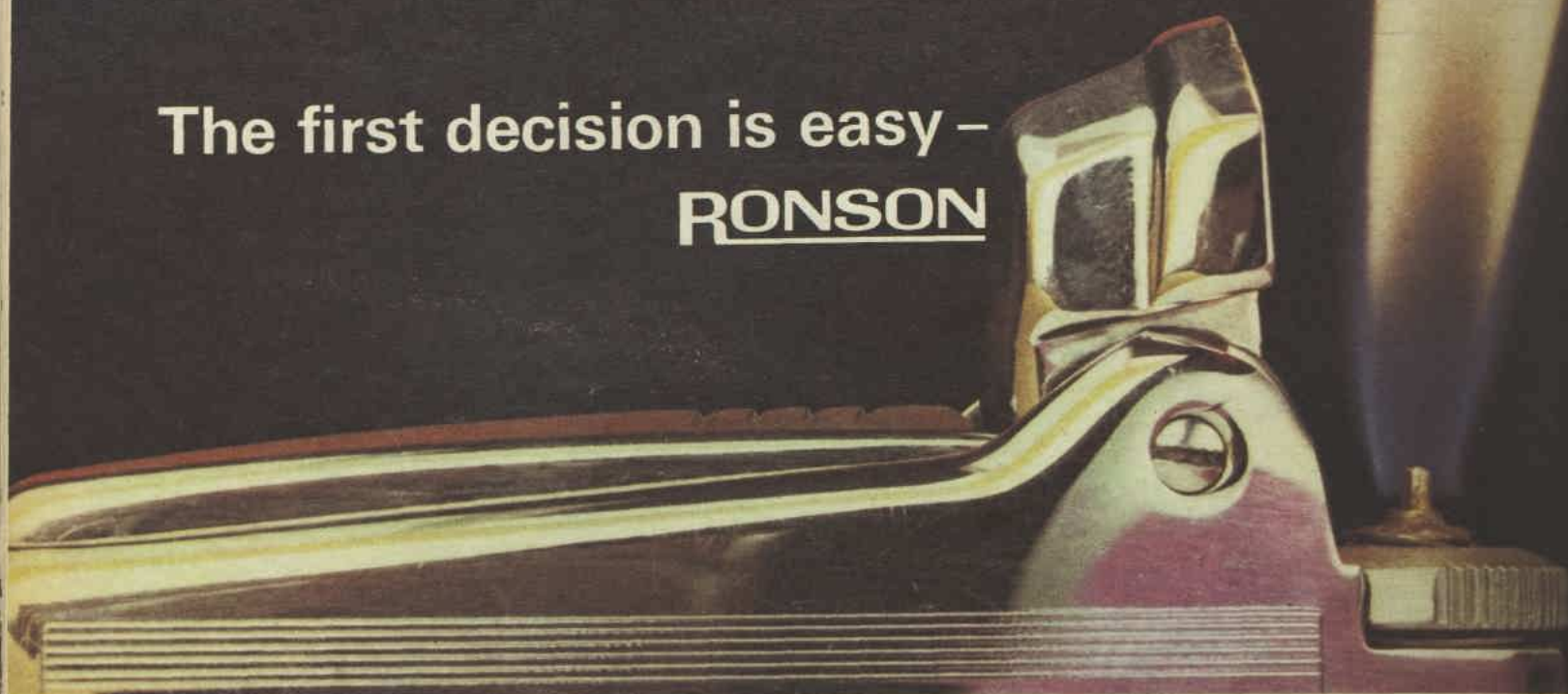
The large sun terrace leading off the rumpus-room. Both terrace and rumpus-room will be used by the children when they are older for entertaining their friends, without imposing on the adults. The large concrete pier on the right incorporates at the top a garden box, from which trailing vines will grow.

### HOUSE of the WEEK





The first decision is easy –  
**RONSON**



## Then it gets a little more difficult. Which one of the 83?

There's a Ronson that "is" your someone special. Whichever you choose, it's always a Varaflame that adjusts at a finger-tip touch. Quick to fill with clear butane gas and long on lights, a Ronson flames first time, every time. Today, you'll see a full range of Ronson lighters at jewellers, tobacconists and department stores. Priced from \$6.95.

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■ "Premier" Satin Chrome with Diamond Cut Star—\$13.95

■ "Adonis" Saddle Stitched Buffalo Skin—\$13.75

■ "Adonis" Hard Gold Plated—\$18.95



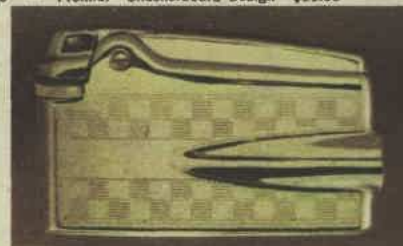
■ "Lytacase" with Gold Lighter—\$29.95

■ "Windlite" Brushed Chrome—\$8.40

■ "Norseman" Table Lighter—\$16.95

■ "Premier" Checkerboard Design—\$11.95

■ "Ladylite" Silver Tone—\$14.95



■ "Milady" White Enamel—\$13.50



■ "Forum" Table Lighter—\$19.95

■ "Comet" Blue and Chrome—\$6.95

■ "Banker" Barley Design—\$9.95

■ "Milady" Elegant High-fashion Designs from \$10.95

■ "Ladylite" with Engraved Designs—\$17.95





# HOUSE of the WEEK continued

The bar (below) is the focal point of the living-room — and it looks particularly effective at night, when the colored lamps highlight the texture of the beaten copper.



The dining-room (above) and living-room are separated by a redwood divider which, while fulfilling its purpose admirably, also succeeds in not "cutting off" either room too much. Two flaps pull down to form a serving-bar.



Pictures by Keith Barlow

The living-room has magnificent views and a balcony, not overlooked and most ideal for sunbaking.



continued overleaf





The family room (left) and kitchen are divided by a breakfast bar. All drawers and cupboards in the kitchen are at a low level so they will not impede the view.



In the nursery (right) is an heirloom cot which belonged to Mrs. Crott's family. The dolls on the floor were made from scraps of children's out-worn clothes.

## HOUSE of the WEEK continued

THE owners of this house with a 200-degree view, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crott, the architect, Nado Milat, and the builder, Keith Carden, all met and became friends through a mutual interest in Italian cars. Thus, when Mr. Crott decided to build a house and bought a piece of land, he naturally called on these two friends to help him. And because they were all friends, everyone worked together particularly harmoniously — this house is the result of their combined planning and ideas.

The house is based on a 6ft. module, and the total area (including the carport and all terraces) consists of 36 squares.

Outside, the house has "bleached" western red cedar cladding, which needs no maintenance, and off-white bagged brick walls. Tall, hollow concrete piers incorporate at the top garden boxes, from which will grow long and drooping vines, to soften the austerity of the piers.

A number of contrasting timbers have been used — rough-sawn stained oregon for all exposed structural beams, western red cedar for all balustrades, railings, and supports and bleached for the external cladding, Tasmanian blackbeam veneers for wall panels in the family room and stairwell, tallowwood for all external floors and the family-room floor, teak for the bar, and Canada pine for all upstairs ceilings and the bar surrounds.

Between the living and dining areas is a large redwood divider which, being made up of horizontal forms, gives a feeling of space and movement. And on the dining side two flaps pull down to become a serving bar.

The Crott children (Nicola, 6, Anthony, 4, and David Andrew, 5 months) were taken very much into consideration in the planning of the house; as they grow up they will be able to use the downstairs rumpus-room and large adjoining terrace for their own entertaining, without imposing on the adults. And upstairs in the family room are built-in desks and bookshelves, where they can study later on.

There is also an intercom system. The master unit is in the family room upstairs (which means that it can be heard, too, from both the kitchen and the living-room when the Crotts are entertaining) and connects to each of the three children's bedrooms. An intercom to the front door also serves as a baby-sitter. Mrs. Crott puts David Andrew in his pram in the shade of the carport and can hear him through the intercom if he cries.

Eventually the Crotts plan to build a billiard-room under the house, and a swimming-pool and poolside barbecue area.

—Shan Hailey

# Big Sister

# CHRISTMAS



## BIG SISTER CHRISTMAS CAKE—

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 13, 1967



was going to cry. "The police will be here in a minute. And we're sure to hear from the kidnapper soon."

"If he kidnapped her for money," said Joan Anderson dully. "If it wasn't some degenerate or psychotic."

I was grateful to Ron Anderson, who said firmly, "This was too slick to be the work of a crackpot, Joan. We'll be getting word about a ransom soon—you'll see. It must be someone who knows who your father is."

His sister-in-law and his brother looked at him gratefully, like small children in need of comfort, and I suddenly saw him not just as a good-looking boy, but as a man with a man's instinct to shield and protect those he loved.

The sweet musical notes of door chimes pealed through the house.

## CALL TO A STRANGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

"I'll go," said Ron, who seemed to have taken charge. "It must be the police."

They came in four-strong, because this was, after all, A. J. Foster's granddaughter who was missing, and in our small city A. J. Foster was like a Vanderbilt or a Rockefeller in New York.

They asked questions—the police sergeant, the lieutenant and the two plainclothesmen — interminable questions, until I thought Joan Anderson would scream at them in her anguish. At last they decided to go and look over the nursery, and they took Rae and me with them to show them which doors had been locked. On the

way up, I pointed out the window and explained what I had seen.

"There's some light there," said Detective-Lieutenant Coffey. "Did you see his face?"

"I had lost one of my contact lenses," I told him miserably. "Everything was blurred. I only know that he was big and tall and —" I faltered, then went on — "I thought he was carrying something cradled in one arm."

Coffey looked at me sharply, "Cradled?" he repeated.

"I think—I thought it might be Amanda."

"You're probably right," he said tersely. Then he looked at me

closely. "It seems likely that he saw you."

I was flicked by fear, for I realised at once Lt. Coffey's point. If the kidnapper believed that I could identify him, even though I could not, I wasn't safe until he had been captured.

"You'll catch him soon," said I, whistling in the dark.

He did not reply; he was busy with a notebook and ball-point pen. I closed my mind to the little niggling fear that he had planted there, for my terror for the baby was a thousand times stronger and more immediate.

After Rae and I had shown the policeman exactly which doors had been locked and what we had done, the four men began to check the man's means of ingress.

The kidnapper had entered the house quite easily, as it turned out,

using an aluminium extension ladder from the garage to climb upon the flat roof of the patio. He had cut a tidy hole in the window screen and climbed into the nursery, evidently locking the doors so that no one could interrupt him before he had rolled Amanda in her woolly blue blanket and left the house as neatly as he had entered.

With a shudder I realised that he might have been there, a tiger crouching in the nursery, when Rae and I went about trying doors. Or he might have been waiting on the dark, wet roof for the carport light to come on again, so that he could see well enough to go down the ladder with his precious bundle. It was his bad luck—or mine—that he happened to be crossing the corner of the terrace visible to me just as I knelt on the window seat.

# STIMAS CAKES



## Big Sister RICH GOLDEN CHRISTMAS CAKE

A smooth and mellow cake laced with fruits, fragrant with spices and full of that just-baked flavour that only Big Sister Cakes have. The perfect accompaniment for get-togethers with family or friends over the festive season.

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A rich, dark, moist cake, brimful of delicious candied peels and cherries and sun-drenched dried fruits. This traditional Big Sister Fruit Cake is a veritable feast in itself. Its smooth, mellow, full-bodied flavour holds the very essence of old-time Christmas.

SO good to get or to give for Christmas!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 13, 1967

**A**FTER questions and more questions, Rae and I—both on the edge of tears from exhaustion—were at last allowed to go to Rae's house to sleep. Sgt. Bonelli drove us home in the big police car. It was four thirty a.m.

"How long do you think it will be before they hear from the kidnapper?" Rae asked Sgt. Bonelli.

"Probably soon," he said. "Unless, of course, he gets scared."

Fearfully I looked at his swarthy, attractive face, grim in the light from the dashboard. "What do you mean?"

"Sometimes the guy gets panicky and doesn't dare try for ransom." I stared at him in horror. "But that would mean he'd either have to abandon the baby or—murder her!"

Sgt. Bonelli gave me a swift, compassionate glance. "It probably won't come to that, though. This guy, whoever he is, knows he stands a good chance of getting some real swag from Old Man Foster. The note will come."

Sick at heart, I tiptoed into the house with Rae, went up the stairs and silently to bed.

Rae, usually so full of words and laughter, said only one thing to me before she plunged into deep sleep. "Melody, why did you say tonight that you had a feeling something terrible was going to happen? I've been thinking and thinking about that."

"I just knew," I said dully.

Ron Anderson came after us in the early afternoon. Rae and I, equally hollow-eyed and white of face, had just finished lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Patterson. We had told our story to them, answered their questions, and listened to their wildly hazarded guesses. I had also repeated the story to my grandmother on the telephone.

"You'd better come home right now," she had said decisively. "This is a terrible thing, Melody. The way the morning papers have it, you saw the man—or he saw you—and that doesn't look too safe for you, young lady. Why did they have to print your name and address, anyway? You'd best come on home, where your grandpa and I can look after you."

"As soon as I can, Grandma," I had promised.

To page 78

## RIVETS





When Ron came in, his young face pale but composed. I was struck again by his maturity.

"Lt. Coffey would like you both to come back to the house," he said. "He wants you to go over the whole thing again. I don't know why."

"Come on, Melody — I'll lend you a lipstick," said Rae. "You're as pale as a ghost."

Ron looked at me kindly, and I felt the swift rush of color to my cheeks. "Yes, all right," I mumbled, feeling completely inept.

In Rae's room, I applied pink lipstick and pulled my blonde hair back into a ponytail. It made an instant difference, and Rae said frankly, "You look like a new person. You're a dope not to wear make-up. Stand up to your grandparents! Are you a mouse or a female woman?"

## CALL TO A STRANGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

I laughed at that and said, "Mouse, I guess," and we went downstairs together.

Ron was driving his Fiat. I felt rather queenly when we stepped into it, despite the unhappiness of our mission.

"Have they heard anything yet?" I asked Ron, breaking the silence of the ride as we turned and came in sight of the Andersons' white-painted stone house.

"Nothing yet," Ron said briefly. With a hand under one arm of each of us, he took us up the wide sidewalk, into the house.

Although the police kept reporters away, the house was milling with people — policemen; Mrs.

Anderson's personal doctor; the parents of Ron and Alan Anderson; and Mr. Foster, Joan's father. I was curious about him, as the poor generally are curious about the rich. He was a silver-haired man, very tall — nearly six feet five, I should think — with cultured, dignified features very like his daughter's. But his face seemed to have collapsed. He was a widower and Joan was his only child. He was suffering for her, of course, as well as being anguished about the fate of his only grandchild.

Lt. Coffey's questions were very much the same as those we had answered before: Which doors had

I tried? At exactly what times had we checked on Amanda? Did we remember anything, hear anything, at any time during the evening?

When the police were finished with us, Rae and I went into the library. It seemed incredible that it was only last night when I had wandered about this room, envying the Andersons the lovely quietude of it. Joan Anderson sat here now, in a big leather chair. She looked drained by suffering.

The phone shrilled in the silence, and Joan Anderson started up from her chair with a painful eagerness that was heart-rending to watch.

"Hello! Oh, thank you, Aunt Margaret. No, no word."

She talked for a moment, and put the phone slowly back into its cradle. I stared at it — a cool black instrument of communication

that had become so swiftly an instrument of torture, perhaps even of death.

An incredible idea came to me then, an idea so fantastic, so far-fetched, as to be almost unbelievable. I caught Rae's eye, but I could see that my thought had not come into her mind, and I prayed that I might be mistaken.

Ron came into the library then, carrying a silver pot of coffee, cups, and cream and sugar on a tray. He poured a coffee for each of us. I took the thin porcelain cup from him automatically, and drank the rich, dark coffee straight and hot, my teeth chattering against the cup.

I SAW Rae looking at me in surprise. Ron came and took the cup and saucer from me gently and set them on the desk. "Thank you," I said, and to my consternation I felt tears come into my eyes.

"You had a rough night," he said. "Wouldn't you two girls like to go up to the guest-room and lie down for a while? Lt. Coffey may want you again, so you might as well stay."

I nodded speechlessly, not trusting myself to talk.

"How about you, Joan?" he said coaxingly. "Couldn't you rest for a little while?"

"I'm all right," she said tonelessly. "I want to be awake when he calls or sends a letter, or whatever he does."

We followed Ron up to the guest-room, with its blue-canopied bed, its formal draperies and white pile rug.

### FROM THE BIBLE

● I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God.

— Romans 8; 38.

"What happened to you, all of a sudden?" Rae asked curiously after Ron had closed the door. "I thought you were going to pass out."

"Rae," I said, sinking down on the bed. "How could we have been so stupid? Don't you see? It was the stranger on the phone, the one who called himself 'Nick.' Who else could it be?"

She looked at me aghast. "But it's fantastic," she said, "to think that we chose a criminal, out of all the numbers in the phone book!"

"Not necessarily a criminal," I pointed out. "Maybe just someone who's not — not a good man, someone who saw a wonderful opportunity to make some easy money."

"It could just be that way," murmured Rae. "We told him where we were, we let him know we'd be alone till three o'clock."

"Who else knew that the Andersons were gone, that we were alone with the baby?"

"Yes, and he was no husband, home minding the baby. He was on the make, ready for anything that came his way."

I said decisively, "We'll have to tell Lt. Coffey."

Her eyes flew wide. "We can't! Don't you see, we simply can't tell! For one thing, I have a feeling those phone calls may be against the law. And for another, my parents will have a fit and your grandmother will pull in the reins altogether."

"Yes," I said, for my grandmother was a straitlaced, old-fashioned disciplinarian, and would take a dim view of the silly, dangerous phone calls that Rae and I had made.

"It will be all over the newspapers," Rae said urgently. "We'll be ruined in this town, Melody—"

To page 79



## Sundowners the dressy casuals

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ALL SIZES



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## CALL TO A STRANGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

two girls who were somehow mixed up in a kidnapping! We won't be accepted by any nice crowd, after that."

"I know, but if we can help—" I said lamely.

Her eyes flashed. "Damn your noble character, Melody. How can we help? We don't know his name or his phone number. He said to call him Nick, but that was probably phony. Anyway, we don't know he was the one—we're only guessing."

Lt. Coffey sent word in a little while that we could go home, and we left the house quietly without seeing any of the Andersons.

In a state of absolute numbness, I watched my grandmother making home-made vegetable soup. How I envied her her calm absorption in the task of the moment!

"Why don't you pour yourself a glass of milk and come into the sitting-room and rest?" she suggested. "You won't be fit for school Monday, you're in such a state of nerves."

**S**CHOOL! I stared at her, trying to think what it would be like to go to school with this terrible weight on my mind. Whether the criminal was "Nick" or not, the little girl Rae and I had been caring for was gone. In spite of myself, the image of that small sleeping figure sprang into my mind.

The phone rang and my grandmother went into the dining-room to answer it. "Someone wants you on the phone," she called to me. "It's a man."

"Maybe it's Lt. Coffey," I said as I took the phone from her.

"Miss Malcolm?"

"Yes."

"I have a message for you. Do you have paper and pencil?"

"Yes, go ahead," I reached for the telephone note pad.

"I have the little girl. She is safe and well. I want fifty thousand dollars in very small bills, unmarked."

I couldn't answer him; I could only clutch the edge of the table for support and

hope I would not faint. There could be no doubt that the voice, so smooth and intimate, with its little, underlying laughs, was the voice of our anonymous stranger, Nick.

"Are you there?" he demanded sharply, after a long silence.

"Yes—yes, I'm here," I whispered, and felt rather than saw my grandmother looking at me from the sitting-room.

"I want the money tomorrow night. I'll return the baby as soon as I get the fifty thousand—providing there's no trap. If there is, they won't find her until it's too late."

"But tomorrow is Sunday," I protested. "How can they get fifty thousand dollars on Sunday?"

"For A. J. Foster, they'll open the bank." His voice became firmer, no longer laughing. "Now write this down: Bring the money in a briefcase or suitcase to the end of Dartmouth Road, where it branches off into a dirt road. Just keep walking. You'll be told when to stop and drop the bag of money. And remember, no police are to follow; and there'd better be money not newspapers, in that bag if they want to see the kid alive again. The bills are to be small denomination, without marks of any kind. They can't take the serial numbers of that many tens and twenties. Have you got all that? Tomorrow night at ten o'clock, start walking."

Suddenly the form of address he was using struck me like a blow.

"You mean—Mr. Anderson is to deliver the money?" I faltered.

The little laugh was there again, telling me what I already knew. "No, I mean you, Miss Melody Malcolm. You're what's called an innocent bystander, I believe. I think you'll be the perfect person for the job. I'll see you tomorrow night at ten—alone."

"Wait!" I cried. "How do I know you really have the baby? How do I know you're not just someone who's read the newspapers?"

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# SPARKLING PORPHYRY PEARL

# popping UP everywhere!





The virile voice, to which I wanted so desperately to put a face, said silkily, "The little girl is wearing blue flowered water-proof pants under her sleepers — blue sleepers with kittens on them. Ask her mother if that's not right."

I had helped undress Amanda for bed. This was the clothing we had put on her.

"Is she all right?" I pleaded, half crying now. "Her mother is so worried. Please tell me if she's all right. What are you feeding her?"

"She's fine," he assured me, and I thought I detected a ring of sincerity in his voice. "She's been eating baby food from jars, and warm milk. She's all right."

"Don't hurt her," I begged. "I'll do anything you say about the money, but please don't hurt her."

## CALL TO A STRANGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

"Just be there tomorrow night," he said, and hung up.

My grandmother had come back into the room. I went and put my head upon her thin shoulder. "Oh, Grandma!" I said, crying uncontrollably now. "That was the man who kidnapped Amanda! He wants fifty thousand dollars."

She hugged me. "I don't understand why he called you," she said, mystified.

"Well, Rae and I were mentioned in the newspapers, and he says I'm an innocent bystander."

"Hmph. I'll be glad when this is all over. You look about ready for a sickbed."

"Grandma," I said, wiping off the tears, "I have to go and deliver

this message to the Andersons. I'm going to stop and ask Rae to go with me."

"Well, wash your face, for heaven's sake. I rather wish you had some lipstick right now, you're that pale."

She marched out of the room, stern and upright, and I wondered what she would say if she knew what Nick wanted me to do. She would forbid it, no doubt! Yet in my place, I knew, she would carry out the mission with great courage. She was staunch, my grandmother.

It was nearly five-thirty when I reached Rae's home, a few blocks from my house. Her parents were in the living-room. They sent me

on up to Rae's bedroom, where she was resting.

"Rae," I said, "will you come back to the Andersons' with me? I had a phone call — from Nick. He's the man, Rae!"

"What do you mean?" she whispered.

"It was his voice," I said stubbornly, "and he wants fifty thousand dollars tomorrow night. I'm to take it to him."

I showed her what I had written, and told her exactly what he had said.

"What are you going to do?" she asked breathlessly.

"Go and tell the Andersons, I guess," I said hopelessly. "And Lt. Coffey, if he's there. Will you come with me?"

Rae nodded, and then caught my arm. "What about him?" she

asked. "You can't go to meet him! It's too dangerous."

"I know," I said, and once again the presentiment of evil swept over me, making me shake.

"Don't!" cried Rae, taking my arm. "It frightens me to see you tremble like that, Melody. Mother says you have second sight, and I'm beginning to believe it."

She led me gently to a chair, and I felt a rush of warmth toward her.

"I'm all right," I said. "Just scared. I'll do whatever Lt. Coffey thinks is best, of course."

"Well — here's a present from me," she said, thrusting a brand-new lipstick into my hand. "Now use it, so people will know you're alive!"

Mr. Patterson drove us back to the Andersons', and the policeman at the door let us into the house.

"Is Lt. Coffey still here?" I asked.

"He's in the library with the Andersons."

# Kidding around in a Bouncinette



Next to a mother's arms 'Bouncinette' is the safest fun spot there is. A gift for all seasons.

**Bouncinette \$6 sun cover \$3**

Colour matched in Blue, Pink, Lemon, Beige, Red and Royal. Prices slightly higher in country areas and Tasmania.

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**R**AE and I went to the library door and knocked gently. Lt. Coffey admitted us. Joan Anderson, flanked by her husband and father, sat in the same dark leather chair—in the same position—as she had been sitting three hours earlier. But one look at our faces told her that we had heard something. She sprang out of the chair.

"What is it?" she cried. "She's alive and well!" I cried. "The kidnapper called me." I couldn't wait to get the words to Amanda's mother, to wipe from her face that look of haunted dread.

"Called you?" said Lt. Coffey sharply, and I could feel in him a quickening of tension, an awareness—suspicion, perhaps?

I blurted out my story, but was conscious only of Joan Anderson, crying for the first time in all these hours.

"Are you sure," she begged, "that he was telling the truth, that Amanda really is all right?"

"I'm sure," I said. "He told me she had had warm milk and baby food and I know that he was telling the truth. You could tell."

"Oh, thank God, thank God," she whispered. "Father, will you get the money for him?"

"Of course I will," Mr. Foster assured her, and Alan Anderson said miserably, "Fifty thousand dollars. I can never repay it, A. J."

Lt. Coffey said, "Mr. Anderson, I suggest you take Mrs. Anderson upstairs and make her rest. Have the doctor give her a sedative. We have something to go on now, something to do. And now I'd like to talk to Miss Malcolm alone, if you don't mind."

Ron Anderson stopped at the lieutenant's side for a moment. His clean-cut young face showed concern and something very like stubbornness. The lieutenant looked at him questioningly.

"Lt. Coffey," Ron said, "I don't think Melody should take the ransom to the kidnapper. It's too dangerous." He went on stubbornly, "I want to go. It would be safer for me, since the guy has never seen me."

Lt. Coffey said slowly, "I can see your point and we may decide to use you. But the kidnapper has specified Miss Malcolm. If we send a man, he'll know we haven't obeyed orders. He may think it's a trick . . . We have no alternative, you see, but to do as he tells us — until we get the little girl back. Then we can move."

Ron stiffened. "I'd do anything to save Amanda, but it seems wrong to send Melody into his clutches."

"We have no reason to think he wants her in his clutches," replied Lt. Coffey matter-of-factly.

"If he thinks she saw him on the patio last night —"

The lieutenant said pleasantly, "I think it's up to Miss Malcolm. And now I want to talk with her about it."

Ron left the room reluctantly. "Sit down, Melody," said the lieutenant, and I obeyed.

He took the notebook and the pen from his breast pocket. "Now,

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# The garden in December

● Small tasks done about the garden now, will have it looking its best for Christmas.

By ALLAN SEALE

**W**ITHERED bulb foliage can safely be removed now. Lift hyacinths or daffodils and store them in a fairly warm, airy place for a month or two. It is only from early autumn on that they need cooler storage.

Daffodils, though, are best left undisturbed for several seasons. Cut off the withered foliage, or cover it with an inch or two of compost or partly rotted grass clippings.

First mark the clumps with sticks or thin dowelling in 4 or 5 in. lengths, or you may forget where they are and damage them with later cultivation.

Trim up marguerites, lavender, veronicas, etc., when the main flush of flower is over. Remove old outer foliage from clumps of fern, iris, arums, cliveas, and especially from feature plants such as palms, dracenas, flax, monsteras.

Lift tired polyanthus from prominent parts of the garden and allow them to continue their summer siesta clumped together in an out of the way spot. Don't divide them until they wake in April. Water them liberally with rogor or meta-systox, if the foliage is mottled and dry, probably from red spider attack.

With polyanthus and bulbs out of the way there would be space to enjoy some quick summer color. If it is a fairly sunny position, choose dwarf phlox, petite marigolds, or portulaca.

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● Magnificent hydrangea sets off this charming terrace at Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Sutton's home at Burradoo, N.S.W. Picture taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Petunias and nasturtiums are excellent for hot, dry positions. Coleus are valuable in shade, but they need reasonable warmth and light to color well.

Cleome (spider flowers) give quick background cover and color. At this time of year, with reasonable moisture, they will grow to 5 ft. and flower in six to eight weeks. Pinching the centre out of the plant when about 18 in. high encourages rounded, bushy growth, but delays flowering.

Sow direct, placing a pinch of four or five seeds at 2 ft. intervals and covering with seed-raising mixture or fibrous compost. They can be transplanted when small, if handled carefully and shaded for a few days until re-established.

## GERBERAS

Gerberas respond to watering and feeding now. Packeted liquid manures improve size and color, if applied fortnightly from the time buds appear.

Clumps with excessive foliage sometimes flower poorly. Short of dividing, which delays flowering for several months, this can usually be corrected by removing two or three leaves from the larger crowns in the clump. Take the outside leaves, holding the stem near the base and pressing downward and twisting carefully to remove them cleanly without breaking the crown.

White rust has affected gerberas in some districts in recent years. The backs of the leaves show light, raised patches.

Control is to remove infected leaves (in the way described above) and burn them. Spray the remainder with lime sulphur spray, phaltan, zineb, or a complete rose spray.

## HYDRANGEAS

A watchful eye on hydrangeas may save the heads from spoiling prematurely. The immature heads are more vulnerable to hot, dry days.

If nursed through this stage they will often last over Christmas, perhaps aging gracefully and remaining on the bush to take on those interesting green variations.

Extremely dry atmosphere can desiccate them in the same way as direct sun scorch, so soak the plants thoroughly and wet the soil around them. This moisture will help increase humidity to a safer level around the plants. Cool wilting heads with a light hosing, even in sun.

When cutting blooms, select ones with most of the petals firmly developed, as immature ones wilt quickly. A hydrangea head can be considered fit for cutting when first of the tiny flowers in the centre of the "florets" are opening.

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Crush or scrape the ends of the stems and stand them for two or three hours full length in a bucket or tub so that the water almost covers the flowers.

## PREPARING HONESTY

If the position where honesty is grown is not too hot, the flower heads will have developed into sprays of green pods which should be starting to turn yellow or pale brown. This is the time to cut them and stand or hang in a dry position for a few weeks.

When thoroughly dry, a few will show signs of peeling naturally, but most will need a slight flick-like rub, with forefinger and thumb gently grasping either side of the pod. This removes pod and seed, to expose the silvery, translucent, membrane. Leave until the atmosphere is drier if they don't peel easily.

If left on the plant longer than suggested, the discs may stain with moisture.

## GARDENIAS

Cut off the old gardenia flowers on a short stem, allowing two or three leaves at the base of the flower stem, then feed the plants with packeted liquid manure. This should encourage another flush of flowers and improve the quality.

Buds dropping without opening early in the season can be the result of sudden cold changes, but if this continues into the warm weather check for weevil, which girdles the flower stem or bores into the buds. Spray this with a complete pestkiller or DDT; two applications, about ten days apart.

## HOLIDAY CARE

If you are going away for holidays, help surface-rooted plants survive dry weather by mulching with fibrous compost, rotted leafmould, etc. Vermiculite is also valuable, as it holds water, but used alone may be too alkaline for azaleas and ericas. For these, mix it with about one third by volume of moistened peatmoss, spread up to an inch of it around the plants, and rake it in lightly.

The same mixture can be spread over the surface of container plants. A pot also could be placed in a plastic bag deep enough to be tied around its stem.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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The house was described in such glowing terms that it seemed ideal

# WILL SACRIFICE

By DIXIE LASLETT



If only we could live in one of those new, modern ranch houses, or split levels, thought Judy, glancing through the Sunday Real Estate section, a habit she had acquired lately. She always read the most glowing descriptions to Burt, but he didn't share her enthusiasm.

Burt seemed perfectly happy in the sprawling, old-fashioned house they had lived in since their marriage. It had belonged to his favorite aunt, and he had many fond memories of childhood vacations and weekends spent there. Before Aunt Ethel died, she had told Burt she was leaving him the house and everything in it because he loved it as much as she did.

When Burt was transferred to Whitneyville it seemed like the answer to prayer, for they wouldn't have to worry about buying a house. Aunt Ethel's was right there in Whitneyville, waiting for them.

As their family grew, Burt reminded Judy whenever she complained about extra work in the enormous kitchen and huge hall how much more it would cost to buy a house big enough for them. And where, he'd ask, could you find a spot more perfectly suited to raising three lively boys, not to mention two dogs, a cat, and three hamsters?

Now, as she was about to forget the advertisements, two words in bold type, "WILL SACRIFICE," caught her attention. Reading on, she felt elated. This is it, she thought.

"Attractive, 2-storey home, 7 large rooms, 2 baths. Park-like setting, tree-shaded lawn, completely fenced, ideal for large or growing family. Many extras, peaceful quiet surroundings."

She read it avidly, over and over. Surely that heading "Will Sacrifice" must mean the owners were anxious to sell. Perhaps it wouldn't be out of their reach. If only . . . but Burt looked so contented and relaxed, she didn't have the heart to bring up the touchy subject again. She'd see it first . . .

When Burt left next morning, Judy hustled Bobby off to school, bundled up Tommy and Kenny, dropping them off at her best friend's house. They exchanged favors this way, minding each other's children whenever an emergency arose. And this, thought Judy, is an emergency. I've got to have that house! It was then it occurred to her to use her friend's name and address at the real-estate office. She couldn't risk having them telephone Burt, at least not until she'd made sure she'd found the perfect house.

She was impatient when Mr. Harper, the agent, tried interesting her in other properties. In exasperation, she exclaimed: "Why won't you show me the house I came to see?"

"Can't until tonight. You see, the owner won't be home until after seven, and I'm to phone him first."

Judy felt as though someone had thrown ice-water in her face. "It sounded so perfect," she murmured. "I was anxious to see it today so I could tell my husband about it."

"You'll see it," Mr. Harper assured her. "Meanwhile, let me show you these others."

Reluctantly, Judy agreed. Although she tried to keep an open mind, she knew, as soon as she saw them, development houses were not her cup of tea. Somehow they are too new, too lacking in character. Why, they

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all looked alike, even the different models resembled one another.

"It's strange," she admitted ruefully. "I've been dreaming about new, modern ranch houses or split levels. Now I guess I'd rather have a house with a lived-in look, that someone has cared a lot about, and added little touches here and there."

Mr. Harper was disappointed, but persistent. "Then the house you came to see originally is perfect for you. I believe the owner has put a great deal of himself into it. I even had the feeling he hates parting with it."

"Why is he selling?"  
"I don't really know. He didn't say, just that he wanted to sell quickly."

"I've an idea," exclaimed Judy. "Couldn't I just have a glimpse of the house from outside? That way I'd know whether I wanted to see it tonight. It might save your time."

Mr. Harper kept up a steady stream of conversation on the way, but Judy was too lost in thought to notice. She felt let down, somehow, as though nothing good could possibly come of this day that had begun with such promise.

"Here we are," Mr. Harper said suddenly. "Isn't it a beautiful setting?"

Judy came to with a start. The house was pale yellow, with green shutters, a spacious sun-porch on one side, enormous maples lining the wide driveway. Obviously a well-kept house, with a lawn resembling a velvet carpet, and the type of shrubbery only acquired with years of loving care. Yellow roses climbed over the sturdy-looking fence, the kind designed to keep small children and puppies off the streets. The winding lane and old English carriage lamp near the entrance looked inviting.

As Judy stared at the house, Mr. Harper kept pointing out its charms, but she scarcely heard him. She felt confused and embarrassed. What could she possibly say to this man who had brought her to see her own house?

Hastily leaving the car, Judy muttered: "I'll think about it and let you know. I can walk from here."

Judy leaned against the gate, seeing the house through different eyes. This wasn't just a house, it was a home. What was it Mr. Harper had said? The owner had put a lot of himself into it. Of course he had. Wasn't Burt always building extra cupboards and bookshelves to please her? And the playhouse for the children . . . oh, yes, there were many "extras."

Entering the wide, gracious hall, she was remembering a friend's exclamation of delight: "How lucky you are! All my life I've longed for a large hall, a place to greet people without having them burst into your living quarters unexpectedly."

These really are wonderful old stairs, too, she thought, going up them slowly as though seeing them for the first time.

How could she have been so blind? No wonder Burt couldn't bear to part with it. And to think he'd wanted to surprise her by selling his pride and joy, just to make her happier. Tears prickled Judy's eyelids as she remembered the words, "Will Sacrifice."

That night when Burt came home the lump in her throat was still there as she greeted him. After she'd confessed what happened a sudden thought struck her.

"Burt, they advertised only seven rooms. Why, we have eight."

He chuckled. "I know. I realised after I talked to the agent. I completely forgot Aunt Ethel's sewing-room. You never use it, so I guess I didn't count it."

"It doesn't matter. We're not selling."

Burt gazed at her in amazement. "Honey, you're doing a complete about-face. Getting you to change your mind is usually like chipping away at marble. What happened, anyway?"

"Looking at our house through the eyes of a house-hunter, I guess," she admitted.

Burt looked happier than she'd

seen him in months. "You know something? I can have that kitchen-remodelling outfit install new cabinets and build a breakfast nook. That way the kitchen will be smaller and easier for you to work in. How about that?"

Judy felt a warmth within her that had nothing to do with the temperature. Behind her eyes there was still the sting of tears, but they were tears of pride and love.

"As long as you don't get rid of our wonderful pantry," she said cheerfully.

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tell me very carefully what the man said."

I pulled a bit of paper from my jacket pocket. "I forgot; I wrote it down. He told me to."

He read my hurried notations noncommittally, then asked what else I remembered. I told him everything, word for word, as nearly as I could.

He sighed. "Melody, none of us has a right to ask you to take that ransom money to the kidnapper tomorrow night."

"I'm going," I said stubbornly.

"I don't think he considers you are an innocent bystander," he warned. "I think he knows you are the girl he saw last night. If this is the case, it's dangerous for you. Very dangerous. We could send a policewoman, one with your coloring."

## CALL TO A STRANGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

"Do you think that would fool him?" I asked scornfully.

"Probably not. But I am very reluctant to risk your life, my dear young lady. Aren't you?"

"Yes," I admitted, "I am reluctant. I'm scared to death, to tell the truth. I'm a coward."

He looked at me thoughtfully. "You're not a coward," he said at length. "You're a very brave girl. You have to know fear in order to claim courage, you know."

"I've never had much courage," I answered morosely. "But I've made up my mind about this."

He said heavily, "Well, I guess there's not much we can do, except let you take the money to him. We'll cover you the best we

can without being spotted. We can't risk that, for your sake and the baby's."

He stood up. "I think you and your friend had better go home now and get a night's rest. We'll come after you tomorrow. The less you know about our plans, the better. Good night, Melody."

The very start of Dartmouth Road boasted a few houses, all spanking-new, all very much alike.

Now I walked, stiff and straight, down the road. Each step was separate and difficult, as though my shoes were very, very heavy. And all the time I knew that I was going to my doom.

The tiny rush of a pebble

brought my heart into my throat. I strained my eyes into the gloom, and suddenly a rabbit hopped across the road. I gasped with relief. I longed to bring out my tiny pocket flashlight, but decided reluctantly that I shouldn't advertise my presence.

I must have walked another mile, the briefcase clubbing the side of my leg painfully, every separate bush reaching out ghostly fingers for me. The road, now curving, now straight, with its border of trees was utterly lonely, utterly desolate. Not a single car had passed me, but I was almost grateful for this, since a perfectly innocent car might frighten our man away and Amanda would be lost.

Then, when I had begun to despair, a voice said, "Melody?"

from somewhere among the whispering elms.

"Yes," I said.

"Come closer to the side of the road and drop the bag."

I did so, and he said, "I want to see your face. Strike a match or a lighter, if you have one."

"I—I've a flashlight," I said.

"Turn it on, then," he ordered. "Shine it on your face."

**O**BEDIENTLY, I held the small light under my chin and turned its yellow beam on my face. There was a moment of silence while he studied my features. Then he said softly, "You know me, don't you, Melody?"

"How could I possibly know you?" I protested.

"You saw me," he said softly "on the patio. And I saw you."

"No, I didn't!" I began, but he cut me short.

"Is the money here?"

"Yes, fifty thousand dollars."

"In small bills?"

"Yes. Where is the baby?"

"They'll get her back, safe and sound, tomorrow."

I heard him snaking the bag over the grass, heard him open the clasp. Although I could hear him quite clearly, I couldn't see him at all. Then I detected a tiny beam of light through the green-black of a thick clump of lilacs, and realised that he must be checking the contents of the bag. I wanted to run and run, now that he had the money, back down the road, toward the heavenly lights of Eggerstown. But I dared not leave until he had told me how Amanda would be returned. And where was she now?

"Do you have her with you?" I begged. "We've kept our part of the bargain. You have the money; it can't be traced. You're safe. Where is Amanda?"

The light had gone out, and there was a silence, so prolonged that I began to look about uneasily. The night was so dark that I could see nothing beyond the vague shapes of trees and bushes.

Without warning, his strong hands slid around my throat—gloved hands, the smoothness of their leather tight on my windpipe. I fought the hand with my own, trying to pry them loose, unable to scream, unable to twist away.

To page 86

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



MAYFAIR CANNED HAM IN TEN DIFFERENT SIZES FROM 1 1/2 lbs. TO 12 lbs.

**Rich ham, moist ham. No bone, no waste. Mayfair.**



# Flowers represent their countries

UNIQUE flowers from South Africa, Singapore, and New Zealand were flown to Sydney for the recent Interflora International Conference.

Among the highlights of the conference were displays of national flowers by five leading overseas florists. The flowers from South Africa took 23 hours to reach Sydney, and then spent a further 27 hours in Customs being fumigated.

Interflora, an international organisation with more than 32,000 florist members in 189 countries, was started in the U.S.A. in 1909, and extends to remote corners of the globe, even behind the Iron Curtain.

Because of the constant fluctuations in world currency values, Interflora has established its own international currency called a "fleurin." In Australia the "fleurin" is worth approximately 22 cents.

● Exquisite spider orchids of Malaysia, above, were used by Mr. Sum Yee Sing, of Singapore, to represent his country at the Interflora Conference.



By  
GLORIA  
NEWTON

● Flowers, left, flown from South Africa and arranged by Mrs. Joan Pare, of Cape Town, included giant cynaroides, King and Queen Protea, silver leaf, strelitzia, and indigenous grasses.



● Super star roses, above, were arranged into an unusual floral bon-voyage presentation by Sydney florist Mrs. Marge Milner.

● St. Edward coronation crown, left, was used to represent England by London florist Mr. Geoffrey Warren. He used cornflowers, stocks, and English roses.

—Pictures by staff photographer  
ERNIE NUTT



**'See you later —  
I'm going in  
to try on a few frames'**

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You can sponsor one of the needy Yung Sooks of 19 countries through World Vision. You can be part of a growing family of sponsors who are showing this old world that we do have compassion and we will invest in a needy youngster half a world away.

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This is how the World Vision Child Care programme works. You receive a personal history and photograph of the child you alone will sponsor. You can write letters and send gifts. Your child

will write you cute little letters in return. Letters are translated overseas.

When Christmas, or a birthday, or Easter rolls around, you can send a special gift—maybe a cuddly teddy bear, or a fuzzy wuzzy bunny, or shoes or a warm woolly jumper. (In Korea, for instance, we can completely outfit a child for \$10.50.) You send your cheque to our office and we remit the total amount overseas along with your instructions. This way you do not worry about parcel post rates, customs duty, pilferage, or wrong sizes for clothes. Dollars stretch further overseas, too.

**Please will you help?** We have over 1,993 children who need help right now. Some have a parent living, some do not. A needy child with a parent often has greater need because it is part of a large family and will never have any chance in life... a polio victim needing a legbrace... a blind child in need of braille lessons... these are typical needs.

The World Vision Child Care programme has been well known in Canada and the United States since 1950. It recently opened an office in this country. Hundreds here are already finding the joy of sharing in this heartline to the world.

**Little Yung Sook and many children like her, need your love—please help today.**

Today, sponsors are urgently needed in Vietnam, Hong Kong, Korea, Indonesia and Taiwan.



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## CALL TO A STRANGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

I wanted desperately to tell the man behind me that I had not seen his face the night before, that to me he was just a voice on the phone with a number I could not remember.

But all the time I kept going down, down, down, into the pool of blackness that I had known awaited me. Somewhere in the distance I could hear the faint *put, put, put* of a motor. I thought vaguely that it sounded like a motor-boat, but knew that its pilot could never get to me in time.

**I**T was last winter, and I battled the quinsy that gripped my throat, swelling it almost shut, closing off my breath. Then, inexplicably, Ron's voice was saying anxiously, over and over again, "Come on, Melody, snap out of it. I have to get you to a doctor. Come on Melody."

I fought the swirling black mists back to sanity and a solid, real world where Ron's strong young arms were bracing my shaking shoulders and his voice was crooning words of encouragement to me. Gradually I realised that I was not at home in bed, but sitting crouched in an oasis of light created by the headlights of the little Fiat.

"It wasn't a motor-boat, then," I croaked stupidly.

"What?"

I rubbed my throat wearily. "I thought—I thought I heard a motor-boat when he was choking me."

"Oh," He seemed to understand.

We sat quietly for a few minutes, while the precious air went whistling back into my lungs.

At last I said, my voice a thin thread, "Where did you come from? No one was supposed to be around."

"Lt. Coffey and I agreed that someone had to check on you. I drove very slowly down the other way, down the back road from Newville, figuring the guy wouldn't be too surprised or alarmed at seeing a car just driving through. It wasn't very good protection, but it was the best we could do. The lieutenant didn't dare do anything that would scare our chap off. He must have left you when he heard my motor from some distance away. When my headlights hit you, you were lying at the side of the road."

"Conked out," he added simply, and I shuddered.

"He tried to kill me after I gave him the money," I said painfully.

"Come on—let's get you to a doctor," said Ron, and helped me into the little car. I leaned back, exhausted, against the cushions.

"He said they'll get the

baby back safely tomorrow," I said weakly. "He didn't say where or how."

"I wonder if it would do any good to go looking for him," said Ron. "He must have parked his car somewhere along the upper road. I didn't pass him, and I doubt that he would have taken a chance on coming out Dartmouth Road. Commonsense would tell him the police must be somewhere near the start of the road. And they are."

"I'm sure he's gone," I said painfully. "I don't know if he thought I was dead or if the motor of your car frightened him, but I'm sure he left in a hurry."

He released the brake and went roaring off toward town. His face looked serious and intent.

I closed my eyes, feeling the burden of what I knew. Rae and I were to blame; there was no other way to look at it.

Desperately I said to Ron, "Stop the car a minute; I want to tell you something."

He looked at me doubtfully. "You should have a doctor look you over right away, I think."

I said impatiently, in my new, hoarse voice, "It's nothing, just a sore throat now. What I have to tell you is more important. I have to tell someone—but promise me, swear to me you won't tell Lt. Coffey or your brother... not anyone!"

He pulled the little Fiat on to the side of the road. "I promise," he said gravely, and shut off the motor.

Then I told him about the midnight phone calls and the last, gay, flirtatious call to "Nick," which had turned out to be the fearful, all-important call.

"You're sure the kidnapper is the same guy?" he asked incredulously. "Isn't it stretching coincidence a bit far?"

"I just know," I told him stubbornly, "and Rae agrees with me now. Besides, it was his voice on the telephone, about the ransom money, and his voice just now." I shivered. "The man who choked me."

He was quiet for a long moment, and I could see him, as Rae had done, accepting the fact. "Daring, yes, but simple," he said at last, almost in awe. "I can see how it could have happened. He must have planned it on the spur of the moment, while he was talking to you. That's why it worked so smoothly. No one else was involved. But where does he have the baby hidden?"

"If only I knew!" I said in despair. "Do you think he'll really return her tomorrow?"

"I don't see why he shouldn't," he said. "It's much the safest thing for him to do."

To page 88



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## COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I AM enclosing pictures of a plate — one of the plate (right) and another of the markings. It has been in my family for many years. Can you tell me anything of its history and approximate age? — Mrs. E. Coles, South Perth, W.A.

This is a typical late-19th-century Japanese Imari dish. It was made about 1890 to 1900.

● Japanese plate

● Nineteenth-century plate

RECENTLY I purchased the plate shown in the picture (above). It is approximately 8 1/2 in. in diameter. At the same time I was able to purchase six smaller plates 7 in. in diameter. I feel the plates are very old Japanese ware, possibly Satsuma. Could you please identify? — Mrs. B. J. Buck, Caulfield, Vic.

This does not appear to be Satsuma. It is most likely T sukani porcelain, made about 1900.

I HAVE a pair of silver ashtrays and wondered if you could give me some information about them before I give them to the local museum which is just being established here at Surat, Qld. The centres of the ashtrays appear to be made of coins. I am enclosing a rough sketch. The 1897 coin is very clear. It appears to have an anchor with a dog or lion on the top left. On the top right there is a figure of a soldier.

Underneath there is a wagon with empty shafts and wheels. On top of this is a circle with an eagle with spread wings and round each side are three flags with writing beneath them. As the ashtrays have been cleaned so often they are not very clear. These coins have been in my family for many years. — Mrs. J. Proctor, Surat, Qld.

Cigarette ashtrays are comparatively modern. Your two interesting examples were made during the second quarter of this century.

Silver ashtrays inset with coins are usually hall-marked, and by a careful study of the marks one can ascertain the exact year of manufacture.

The first coin, sketched and described in your letter, is a South African Kruger half-crown, 1897. Unfortunately, the second coin, which appears to be a half thaler, is difficult to judge by your illustration. I am wondering if there are any marks punched on the circular rims.

WOULD you be kind enough to give information about a polyphon which was brought out from Germany between 1890 and 1900? It has big disc records about two feet across which I think are either brass or steel. They play all sorts of old tunes such as "Home Sweet Home," "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue," and many others. It stands about 4 ft. 4 in. high and has some lovely carving of woodwork on top. It is still in good playing order. We are led to believe there are only two in Australia — a smaller one and this one. — Mrs. H. C. Coupe, Clifton, Qld.

The polyphon, a music box with disc records, superseded the cylindrical music box about the 1890s. They were imported in large numbers into Australia, even as late as 1914. The discs are made of tin, which has been lacquered in pseudo-gold.

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To begin with, soap-and-water cleansing that makes the skin feel taut and dry should be abolished from the beauty routine and a lemon complexion milk with a gentle, dissolving action used instead. Smooth the lemon dissolving milk gently over your skin and generously around your

nose, eyes, mouth and chin, and leave it for a moment to nourish and refine as it lightly lifts stale make-up and other impurities from the pores, then wipe off with tissues in upward and outward directions. Delph cleansing milk ensures that your complexion keeps its pretty smoothness and fine texture because it never removes natural oils or dries the skin.

This method of correct cleansing and a film of tropical moist oil of Ulan smoothed over the skin every day will soon give the complexion with tendencies to dryness a younger, dew-fresh loveliness.

## CALL TO A STRANGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

"But he was going to kill me," I pointed out.

"Yes, but don't you see, you're a danger to him. He believes that you saw his face, and he knows that you know his voice now. Perhaps he thinks you know his phone number or that he is Nick."

I shook my head. "He may realise that I know he's Nick, but he knows I don't know his number. He asked us to call him back the other night, and we told him we didn't remember his telephone number. He called us back. I think he was just checking. No, he knew he was absolutely safe on that score, or he'd never have dared risk the kidnapping."

**R**ON nodded. "He'd have been after Rae, too, if he'd thought there was the slightest danger you could trace him through the phone call. I suppose you couldn't possibly remember his number?"

I said miserably, "I've tried and tried. It's no use. It seems to me the exchange was Fairchild, but Rae thinks it might have been Radcliffe. And even if we were sure, what would that tell us? There are thousands of phones in each exchange."

"Well," he sighed, his hand on the car key, "we'd better get back. Lt. Coffey must be wondering if you're alive or dead and not daring to make a move."

When the little Fiat pulled up to the kerb around the corner from Dartmouth Road, Sgt. Bonelli jumped out of his car.

"What took you so long?" he demanded.

"I picked her up about a mile and a half down Dartmouth Road," said Ron. He gestured toward my throat. "He worked her over."

Sgt. Bonelli stepped up to me for a closer look.

"Did he mean to kill or to scare?" he asked grimly.

I moistened my lips. "To kill, I think," I said weakly.

Another dark car, this one a sedan, came slowly up the quiet street, and Sgt. Bonelli signalled. In a split second, the car had screeched to a halt and policemen were tumbling out, Lt. Coffey in the lead.

"Where have you been? Did he meet you?" he demanded.

The words tumbled out in a nervous rush. "I gave him the money and he promised to have Amanda back tomorrow. He wouldn't say where he'd leave her, but I think he really means not to harm her."

Sgt. Bonelli's strong hands grasped my shoulders and he pulled me almost roughly into the glow of a street lamp. "This is what he did to your go-between," he said.

"I'm sorry, Melody," Lt. Coffey said after a long moment. "I shouldn't have let you go."

"You couldn't have stopped me," I said. "We had to do what he wanted us to."

They took us to the police station then, and the police

surgeon came and examined my throat and said I would "do." After that, in the stale heat, under the bright, unshaded lights, Ron and I told them in infinite detail exactly what had happened on Dartmouth Road.

After the stenographer had taken Ron's words down in shorthand, Lt. Coffey came over to me again.

"Melody," he said in a voice deceptively gentle, "is there something you've forgotten to tell us?"

"No," I said, terrified, "I don't think so."

I summoned every bit of bravado I could muster and looked him squarely in the eye.

"You're lying to me, Melody," he said softly.

My hateful thin skin began to burn, half with shame, half with rage. For, of course, there is nothing so infuriating as being accused of lying when one is.

"I don't know what you mean," I said coldly. "I've told you everything, and so has Ron. What could I possibly be concealing — and why?"

"I don't know," he said thoughtfully.

"Do you distrust me because I'm a policeman, Melody?"

"Of course not. I trust you because you are a policeman."

"Then why are you holding out on me?"

Abruptly his tone changed. He stood up and said, "Come on — I'll buy you a cup of tea. Do you drink tea?"

"I love — love it."

He led me into his private office. As though it were the most natural thing in the world for a detective to make tea in the middle of the night for a young half-suspect, Lt. Coffey switched on the kettle, which was on the bookcase. While it simmered, he made small talk.

"You're — how old now, Melody?" he asked.

"I'll be eighteen soon after I graduate in June," I said.

"You're going on to college?" He seemed genuinely interested.

"I hope to get a scholarship to the university. Then I can live at home, and I think I can swing it."

"You live with your grandparents. Are your parents dead?"

"Since I was two and a half."

For the second time that night I felt the sting of tears over that long-ago bereavement.

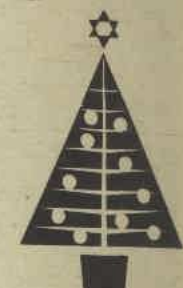
After a while, he said, "Melody, you did a very brave and wonderful thing tonight. You might have been killed, and I'd have had to spend the rest of my life remembering that I allowed you to go out there alone."

His tone hardened, took on authority. "But what happened tonight might happen again, and there may be no one there to stop him. We know now that he's after you, Melody. He thinks you can identify him, and apparently you're his only threat. My theory is that he's not a known criminal; he's just a clever guy who's decided to make some easy money. I think he has no record, no pictures on file. So you're his only risk. Someday — next week, next year — you may meet him on the street and scream, 'That's the man!' and he'll be lost."

"But I can't really," I said. "I couldn't see him."

"But he doesn't know that," he pointed out patiently.

"Can't the papers print a story about my lost contact lens?"



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To page 91



Everything had been carefully planned for this very special celebration dinner

# ANNIVERSARY

By DAN ROSS



It was a large, expensive restaurant in the East Fifties and had a special meaning for them. For it was here he had first met her nine years ago. That night had marked the beginning of a romance that had led to marriage in a quaint Connecticut church six months later.

Tonight they were celebrating their wedding anniversary by having dinner at the exact table where their meeting had taken place. Jack Marsh had explained the situation to an understanding headwaiter who had gladly reserved the table for them. Christine was wearing her new fur and a smart blue suit with a tiny matching hat. Jack thought she had never looked more lovely, nor more unlike the mother of three children, safe at home with a baby-sitter, than she did at this moment. He smiled at her over the menu. "You're really a knockout in that blue suit," he said with husbandly gallantry.

Christine's attractive face darkened. "Don't pretend, Jack!" she rebuked him. "It's been nine years since the night we met here. I've got crow's-feet and lines around my mouth I didn't have then! I'm 34!"

Jack looked distressed and really felt unhappy. Partially because in a way what she said was true. She did look older than she had at 25. There were a few tell-tale marks of age on her pretty face. She wasn't a girl any more. Nor was he a young man. Lately he'd taken to studying the mirror after he shaved and the receding hairline and touch of jowls that he saw hadn't exactly cheered him up. They were ten years older!

"I show some wear and tear myself," he reminded her. "Look at my hair!"

"So!" his wife exclaimed, "you do admit we're looking older!"

"I only meant that close to ten years are bound to make a few changes in anyone," he said awkwardly, afraid that the happy celebration dinner was going to be ruined before they had even ordered. In an effort to get her out of her depressed state he smiled and said, "I'll never forget that night we met. I was so sure you were my blind date."

It worked! Christine's face brightened and she laughed. "I know. You came charging across to the table and said, 'I'm Jack Marsh and I'll bet you're Joe's little sister from Chicago!'"

He joined her in laughter. "And I can still remember the way you looked up at me and said, 'I'm not even Joe's second cousin! You sure deflated me!'"

"You looked so sad and silly I felt sorry for you right away!"

"I'd just finished running three blocks to be in time for the appointment," he told her. "Joe was my best friend in those days and as he was out of town he'd asked me as a special favor to meet his sister for dinner. And you were the only girl seated alone at a table."

"You were so embarrassed I tried to be especially nice to you," Christine recalled with a twinkle in her eyes. "And then you went back to the door and waited ages for Joe's sister. She never came. And when I was almost through my main course you came back and asked if you might join me. You were so nervous I didn't have the heart to say no."

"And I told you that you were the prettiest girl I'd seen in ages," he said.

Christine gave a happy sigh. "And that was the beginning. It was good and I'm glad. Because I know it wouldn't happen now. I could sit here for hours and no one would bother me." With a meaning look, she added, "I'm ten years older, almost!"

"You've got an obsession about this age thing!" Jack worried. He wished he had some way to bolster her confidence and persuade her she was still beautiful even if age had taken its normal toll.

Suddenly he had an inspiration. As they'd entered the big restaurant he'd noticed one of his new associates seated in the far corner of the dimly lighted outer room, Bob Bentley, lately of San Francisco.

Now this seemed a fortunate break. Christine had not met Bob and wasn't likely to since he was returning

to the West Coast office in a few weeks. He was certain he could coax the young man to act out a little scene for him.

Jack put his menu down and with a frown said, "I've just remembered a business call I was supposed to make." He glanced at his wristwatch. "I'm afraid I'll have to leave you for a few minutes. It's a long-distance call."

Christine shook her head with wifely patience. "You wouldn't have run away from me that first night no matter how pressing a business call there had been to bother you."

"This is different!" he told her awkwardly as he got up.

"Go on!" she waved him on his way. "I'm just your fading, 34-year-old wife. You don't have to worry about anyone stealing me."

Jack rushed out to the other room and by good luck Bob Bentley was still there and seated alone. He went over to his table and before the astonished young man could say a word, he told him, "Bob, I'm going to ask a great favor of you." And he seated himself in the empty chair at the table and began to explain.

Bob looked amused as he heard him out. "I'll do my best, Jack. But I'm not a very good actor."

"Just make out you mistook her for a beautiful young thing you were planning to meet here," Jack begged. "You can bow out as soon as she tells you you're wrong. I want to convince her she's still attractive. I'll go to the phone booth and fill in some time while you're putting over your act."

Jack paced back and forth by the phone booths as ten minutes passed.

At last, feeling he had waited long enough, he decided to return to the table. He couldn't imagine what had happened to Bob, who was to meet him at the phone booth when the mission was accomplished. Could he have lost his nerve and not gone through with it at all?

But happily Christine was all smiles when Jack rejoined her at the table. He said, "You seem to be in a glowing mood?"

She nodded. "Something happened you'll never believe! You hadn't been gone two minutes when this charming man came over to the table and introduced himself. And believe it or not, he thought, just as you did ten years ago, I was his date. Now he wasn't as charming as you were then or as young, but he was nice!"

Jack was listening to her but not paying full attention, as he'd spotted Bob Bentley standing near the door trying frantically to give him some signal. He did his best to figure out what Bob meant and still pay attention to Christine. "You see," he said absently, "you still attract strange males."

"This man was as embarrassed as you were," Christine went on, "he was looking for a client. He's a lawyer. He said she was smart and attractive and that was all he had to go on. So he picked me! Wasn't that wonderful! I feel rejuvenated!"

"Sure!" Jack said, still watching a wildly gesticulating Bob.

And then it happened. A suave, well-dressed stranger came up to the table with a smile. He bowed to Christine, "Just to tell you, Mrs. Marsh, my client has finally arrived. Such a pleasure meeting you, though!" And to Jack, "You are fortunate in having a lovely wife, Mr. Marsh." The suave man walked off to rejoin a very pretty young woman at a nearby table.

Dazed, Jack stared at them and at the gesticulating Bob. And he got it! Bob was trying to tell him he hadn't got to the table. The stranger had beaten him to it. He nodded and the relieved Bob Bentley quickly vanished.

Christine smiled at him as he sat down. "I'm so glad we came here. Lightning did strike twice and ten years apart! You heard him say I was charming?"

Jack smiled at her fondly. "But you are, darling! You honestly are!"

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# Finding them something to do on a Sunday afternoon

Sunday afternoon seems to be the time when small girls at a loose end want to "make something" — a project fraught with problems (such as finding a recipe) and consequences (who's going to clean up the mess?), as a Victorian mother relates in this story.

"MUM, I want to make something!"  
"What did you have in mind?"  
"Bumblebees."

Sunday afternoon, and the urge to create — something we have all experienced in our childhood. My mother was often stuck with Sunday toffee-making. The odor of burnt toffee still lingers in my memory.

"Bumblebees! What on earth are they?"  
"It's a recipe on that yellow piece of paper. It came out of something you bought before Christmas, but I don't know where it is now. It used to be up there under the plates."  
"What did?"  
"The recipe."  
"Oh!"  
(My sister has a prize recipe for cream puffs. It is sacred, and kept in a safe place — under the salt barrel on the mantelpiece. My mother used to copy all her recipes into two bound handbooks, and invited others with recipes to share to do the same. She was very methodical.)  
"It's not here now, Mum."  
"Well, it could be in my cupboard with the other recipes."  
"Oh, Mum, you'll never find it in all THAT junk!"  
I could see my afternoon slipping away as I began pulling out piles of recipes. I made a mental note, as

"Why not make something out of this book?"  
"Has it got a recipe for toffee?"  
"Look, all these things are as easy as pie to make. All you do is melt the shortening and tip it into the other bits and pieces, mix it up, and you're away."  
"Let me see."  
"You take a look and I'll finish putting these away."  
Daughter ponders over the book.  
"I think I'll make this one."  
"Let me see. Shortening, cocoa, icing sugar, coconut, vanilla, chocolate nonpareils. Refrigerate until firm. Good! No cooking."  
"Beauty! Will I get it all out?"  
"Put a sheet of newspaper down first and keep all your mess in one place."  
I can't stay with her to help or supervise, or I'd blow my top. Experience is the best teacher, and the sun is shining, and the roses need my attention.

By  
JEAN EDWARDS

they all tumbled out on to the floor, that I would have to stop collecting them.  
I gather recipes from the grocer, the health-food shop, the dairy, from luncheons, the chemist, and from morning coffee get-togethers; from magazines and daily newspapers and food packages.  
My mother had some wonderful recipes, especially for curing things. Just thumbing through her books I can see cures for sore legs, whooping-cough, furs, croup, sore throats, coughs, hives, and pork.  
"Here it is, Mum."  
"What does it say?"  
"Twelve ounces of mixed fruit."  
"Yes."  
"Half a cup of walnuts."  
"No."  
"One can sweetened condensed milk."  
"No."  
"Aw, gee, Mum!"  
"It's no good going any further."  
"But I want to make something."  
I sighed. It's always the same when it comes to making something. It is barely edible, and left-over ingredients are spread over a wide area. The washing-up is neglected, and tears often flow when Daddy and the boys poke fun at the results.  
I picked up an old book which Auntie had given me. Good heavens! Why hadn't I thought of it!

## Today's teenagers, yesterday's flappers: there's not much difference!

TODAY'S teenagers and the flappers of the '20s are really sisters under the skin: I know, because I was one of those flappers.

If I let my mind go back I can remember the short skirts, rolled stockings, Eton crops, vivid lipsticks, and the boys' Oxford bags. They were just as weird as the short-short skirts and exaggerated eye make-up and long hair of today.

And morals? Many a girl behaved herself then simply because she was terrified of having a baby. We knew so little about it.

Were we any kinder or more tactful to our elders? I think not.

I can remember going to help my old granny, who was ill and living alone. I told her she couldn't be very sick if she could see the dust on the furniture, and asked her why she didn't throw out "all those old potplants."

She laughed, and said, "You get fond of your home when you are old, and something growing is a comfort."

As I water my plants now and enjoy the sight of each new shoot as it grows, young and green, I think of my heartless remarks and wonder if I will be so cheerful and so wise when my grandchildren are teenagers and come to visit me.

I must try to be, because we loved our granny and I have fond memories of her and often think of the things she told me.

My teenage children treat my parents with the same affectionate condescension, so it seems teenagers are not any different in this generation.

Leave them alone to enjoy life or to fight it, as we did. — L.C., Brighton East, Vic.

"What will I do, Mum? I've run out of nonpareils."  
"What are you doing with them?"  
"I'm rolling the yum-yums in them."  
"They look good. Use coconut to roll the others in, then put them all in the fridge."  
"Is that all I have to do?"  
"Yes. I'm going out to finish the roses."

I shudder slightly as my unwilling eyes take in the spilt coconut, the dripping chocolate mixture, the shower of icing sugar from the sifter, and the pile of dishes and spoons.

"Mum, Dad wants a cup of coffee."

"OK, I'm coming in now. Hey! What about your washing-up, Madam?"

"Aw, do I have to?"

"You can't cook unless you clean up."

Several small boys are jostling at the fridge door.

"What's all that racket about? Shut the fridge. Who said you could go there?"

"Mum, tell those boys to get out."

"Ay, Mum, who made these?"

"Kay did."

"Gee, at last she's made something we can eat."

The cook's protests are drowned in a chorus of "Can we have one, please?"

## Recipe



### Spiced Ham Loaf

Soften 1 tablespoon of gelatine in 1 cup of cold water and dissolve in 1 cup heated water with 1 cup lemon juice. Add 2 tablespoons each of Lea & Perrins Worcestershire sauce and vinegar and chill the mixture until slightly thickened. Take 1 lb of Hutton's cooked ham, grind or mince it to make about two cups. Add the ham to the chilled gelatine mixture, plus 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon each of grated horseradish and dried pimento, 1 teaspoon prepared cayenne, and a pinch each of mustard, and a pinch each of nutmeg. Put the mixture in a buttered loaf pan and chill until set. Unmould the loaf on a platter and serve it in thin slices with whipped-cream horseradish sauce. For this gourmet treat you must use HUTTON'S COOKED HAM.

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"He'd never believe it now. No. You're in danger, Melody, and that child is in danger. You've got to help us, if you can. Melody, I know as surely as I sit here that you're hiding something. I don't want to sweat it out of you; I'm not even sure I could. I'm asking you to confide in me."

I felt the most desperate urge to let the words come spilling out, to remove the burden from myself and thrust it upon him. But Rae sat at my shoulder, her bright pixie face distorted with fear. I would have to talk to her before I broke my promise. He was a policeman and I couldn't tell him, not yet, so I said evenly, "I've nothing to confide, and I'm awfully tired. I'd like to go home now."

**H**E said politely, "Of course. You may go now."

Ron was waiting for me. "Everything OK?" he asked, taking my arm.

"Everything's great," I said bitterly.

My grandmother agreed that I couldn't go to school on Monday, and I called Rae and found that she was staying at home, too.

"I have to talk to you," I told her.

"I'll be right over. I want to hear about last night! The morning paper says he got the money and promised to return Amanda today. Weren't you scared to death? I don't see how you had the nerve..." I hung up when she paused for breath.

## CALL TO A STRANGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

I went back upstairs and lay on my bed, thinking. Suddenly I jumped up, ran downstairs and got the phone book, then went racing up the stairs again. I closed my eyes and opened the book in the middle. It had been a middle page, hadn't it? If I could remember the number, or Nick's real name or the address, surely Rae would let me tell, or I could send it anonymously to Lt. Coffey. Surely, surely, it must be lodged neatly somewhere in my subconscious.

Frantically I ran my finger down the pages of the telephone book, hoping against hope that one name, one number, might ring a bell, but it was hopeless, of course.

In a few minutes Rae came up, and I had to tell her each detail of my encounter with the kidnapper. You would have thought my story didn't concern her at all.

"Rae," I said, more sharply than I had intended, "he was trying to kill me, you know, and if he could murder me so easily, what's to prevent him from murdering Amanda if he gets scared? We've got to do something!"

She looked at me in mild surprise. "What can we possibly do?"

"We can tell Lt. Coffey about that phone call."

"Oh, Melody, we've gone through that before! What good would it do the police? And it would do us a lot of harm."

"Rae, I've made up my mind. This was all our fault — morally, at least — and I'm going to tell Lt. Coffey about it. I needn't tell him you had anything to do with it."

She was frightened now. "Do you think he'll believe that? We were there together, weren't we?"

"Well, then, I'll take all the blame."

"We can't do it," she said miserably. "It would kill my parents and your grandparents."

I bit my lip. "Rae," I said, "I told Ron Anderson."

Her eyes widened in alarm and I said defensively, "after all, he's not the police. I had to tell someone. But he doesn't think there's any way the information could help. If only I could remember the number I dialled or the name or something!" I gestured at the phone book. "I've been trying. It's no good."

Her face crackled into life. "Melody, remember the lecturer who came to assembly last year — the hypnotist? Remember he said you were a good subject? You are sort of psychic, you know."

I was ahead of her. "If we could find someone to hypnotise me — not a quack, but a doctor or something. Do you know anyone?"

"Ron goes to university. He must know a psych teacher or someone who could do it. Let's call him."

"He said he'd call me about eleven-thirty today."

Professor Adams lived just off the campus. He shook hands with Ron and took us into his study.

"Well," he said, looking at us keenly, "Ron has told me that this is legitimate, not a silly stunt, and I believe him. But exactly what do you hope I can do?"

I said timidly, "I'd like you to help me. I want you to help me remember a name and phone number I called a few days ago. Could you, do you think, take me back to Saturday night, a little after midnight, and get me to recall which page I turned to in the phone book, and the name, address, and number I called?"

He raised an eyebrow, but said merely, "I can try. Do you want your friends to stay in the room or not?"

"Not, I think," I told him, looking at Rae and Ron apologetically.

After they had gone out in the living-room, he settled me in a comfortable chair, my feet flat on the floor, my hands resting on the arms. Then he drew the drapes against the afternoon sun and switched on a tiny lamp.

"Just relax and concentrate on the red bulb," he said in a pleasant, matter-of-fact voice. "Relax completely your arms, your legs, your

neck... concentrate on the red lamp..."

I awoke feeling refreshed, as though I had had a good night's sleep. Professor Adams was lounging against his desk.

"You're a very good subject," he commented. "Had you been hypnotised before?"

"Yes, once, in a school assembly. Did I — did I remember the number?"

For answer he handed me a small note pad. Although I could not remember writing it, there in my sprawling schoolgirl's hand was a number: Fairchild 7-1357.

I tore off the paper and put it carefully into my purse. "I don't know how to thank you," I said.

"Don't bother," he said briefly. "Just come back one of these days and tell me what this is all about."

"I will," I promised, trying to smile at him.

"Did you get it?" Rae asked excitedly when I joined her and Ron.

"Just a phone number," I said, "and who knows if it's the right one? Where can I get a cross reference telephone directory?"

"I'm pretty sure Dad has one at the office," Rae offered. "Will you drop me, Ron? I'll look up the number."

He nodded. "You won't do anything foolish, Melody?" His voice was worried. "If you get the name and address, we'll have to tell Lt. Coffey."

Rae said, "No! We can phone it in anonymously."

"Well, we can settle that later," said Ron. "I'll drop you at home, Melody, after we leave Rae at her father's office."

Rae called after supper. "The name listed is Anson Stone, Sixty-five Martin Street," she said.

"Thanks, Rae," I said, "and now I don't quite know what to do with it. It may be that I remembered another number when I was in a trance, or it could be that this is Nick but that he's not the kidnapper, although, really, I'm sure about the voice. So what to do?" I was thinking aloud. "If we telephone this name to the police and they go charging up to Sixty-five Martin Street and he has the baby, he might kill her."

I could almost hear Rae's shudder. "Let's wait till tomorrow, Melody. If he returns the baby we needn't do anything about it — or maybe we can send Lt. Coffey the name and address. If he doesn't get her back tomorrow, we'll phone the number in but not give our names."

"Rae!" I said in sudden excitement. "This is Monday!"

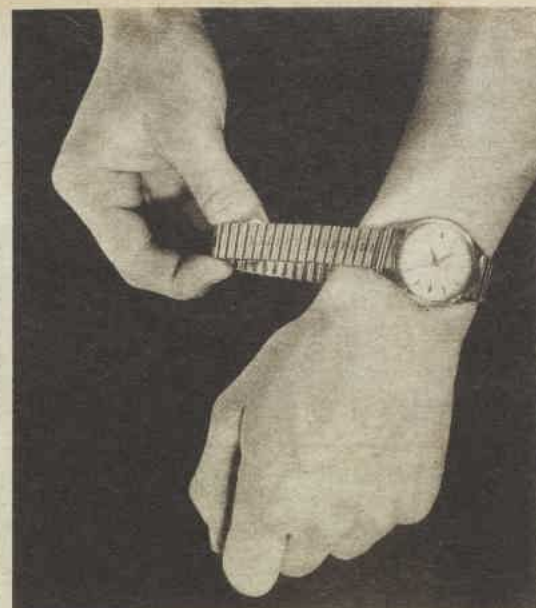
"So?"

"This is the night we told him we'd meet him at the Regent! If he's there, he's innocent; if he's not, he's the kidnapper, don't you see?"

"Of course!"

"Could you get away to check? My grandparents

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 13, 1967







Even as a child she set up a barrier  
between herself and those she loved

# PRIDE

By BABS H. DEAL

THEY were quarrelling again. They always quarrelled. Janice sat on the edge of the restaurant booth, angrily stirring her coffee, looking down at the cup. She loved him so much that she could not bear to look at him when they were throwing words at each other. If she looked, she wouldn't be able to hurt him back. So she didn't look—not at his face with its small tight smile or at his eyes with the small gleam of triumph.

They were not fighting about anything in particular. They never did; it was always something unimportant in itself that set off the argument. Today it had been a television show. A stupid, unimportant remark about a television show and she had jumped at him. Why do I do it, she thought miserably, stirring her coffee.

She almost raised her eyes; she almost looked at him and said "I'm sorry," but he spoke again. "You think you know everything in the world," he said.

"But everybody isn't like you. Everybody doesn't see, think, feel the same way you do. We all have our own preferences, our own choices."

"Oh, so now I'm not human," he said. "I didn't say that."

"Yes, you did."

"I don't know why I keep seeing you."

"I don't, either. We never discuss anything but fight."

Why do we keep seeing each other? she thought. She took a swallow of her coffee. She hadn't wanted to meet him from the first moment she saw him at the Blacks' cocktail party.

He took her home that night—took her home because after Sue Black introduced them she had listened to him. And listened probably with the wide-eyed stare she had known so many girls to put on. Yet she hadn't had to put it on; she had been interested in everything he said.

In fact, even now he interested her so much that she had to talk back, had to discuss, disagree. It was the way she was. And when it led to an argument she could never stop it, could never say, "You're right," or, "I'm sorry," or, "It doesn't matter." Because it did matter—it mattered terribly to her. But she couldn't bring herself to say that, either.

"I meant that as a compliment," he said suddenly. "It never occurred to me that you wanted to be like everyone else."

She raised her head and stared at him, at his grey eyes—not triumphant now, only bewildered.

He reminded her of someone, suddenly. She looked at him closely, thinking. But whom? And then she knew. Homer Barnes. She almost laughed. She hadn't thought of Homer Barnes in 15 years. Homer Barnes, the paper-boy.

She had been six years old and Homer had been grown—at least 13, she thought now wryly. She remembered him from that long-ago time—tall, blond, invulnerable, riding his bicycle as though it were a white horse. His grey eyes were always amused, triumphant, as he said, "Hello, Janice. Here's the paper," while her knees turned to water and her heart showed all over her face.

Homer . . . the year Harriet Benson told her there was no Santa Claus . . . the misery. She waited a million years for him, it seemed, sitting in the front-yard swing. "Homer will tell me," she

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old Harriet. "Homer will tell me if it's true." Then Homer came, the paper hanging from his legs. "Homer, is there a Santa Claus?" she asked. "Of course there's a Santa Claus," Homer said. And then he winked at Harriet Benson—looked at superior, smug Harriet. Harriet sat on in the swing and watched him ride away.

"Go home, Harriet," she'd said earlier a while, making it as dignified as she could, under the circumstances. "I have to have my supper now."

She did not go out to meet him after that. He threw the paper on the porch, and she watched from behind the drawn shade in the living-room until he came out of the gate and rode away grinning—always grinning. It was November, then December. She wrote a letter to Santa Claus, anyway, no matter how often Homer Barnes might look at Harriet Benson. She wrote a letter asking for a scooter and mailed it up the chimney.

Two weeks before Christmas she looked in her mother's dressing-room, behind the clothes in the corner. It was wrapped in brown paper, but you can't disguise a scooter.

She didn't tell her parents. She let them think the scooter was the greatest present Santa Claus had ever brought because they were in it, too, just like Homer—Homer, who thought she was a little girl.

She took the scooter outdoors the day after Christmas. Doggedly she rode up and down the block. It happened just before she reached the gate—she skidded on a patch of loose gravel on the edge of the footpath and fell into the gutter.

Her leggings tore and both knees were skinned. She sat down in the gutter and cried—cried for the cold and the hurt, and for Homer, whom she loved above all else in the world and who had betrayed her and made fun of her.

Then she felt strong hands under her elbows. Someone was lifting her out of the gutter. She knew who it was, though she hadn't looked up from his scuffed shoes. She wanted more than anything in the world to throw her arms around his knees and say, "Homer, why didn't you tell me about Santa Claus? Why did you lie, and laugh about me with Harriet?"

But, of course, that wasn't what she did. She kicked him on both shins as hard as she could. She beat him with her fists; she cried and hollered and tried to scratch him.

Homer defended himself as best he could, trying to hold her off and comfort her at the same time. Laughing at first, then not laughing, he had looked down at her with a hurt, bewildered look. Then her mother came out and sent her into the house and stood talking to Homer.

"Why on earth did you treat poor Homer like that?" her mother asked when Homer had gone.

"I hate him," she said shakily. "I hate Homer Barnes."

"Homer doesn't hate you," her mother said. "He likes you. He was trying to be nice."

"He laughs at me," she said. "He teases you," her mother said. "It's not the same."

"I don't care," she said, crying again. "I hate Homer Barnes."

Her mother smiled. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't realise how much you liked him. Come on, and we'll have some cocoa."

There isn't any Santa Claus," she said.

"Oh?" her mother said. "It

seems to me there is. Otherwise Homer wouldn't have told me two whole months ago that you wanted a scooter for Christmas."

"No," she said. "That's something else."

"No, Janice," her mother said. "That is the same."

But Janice could never talk to Homer Barnes again.

She looked up now at Kenneth Wilson, sitting across the table from her—she, who had been kicking him in the shins for months, purely and simply because she didn't know how to say, "I love you."

Suddenly it didn't seem to be a matter of pride at all any more. It

wasn't anything to hide or fear or make him despise her. And if he laughed, it wouldn't be at her. Teasing was not a sign of contempt. She wondered why it had taken so much of her lifetime to learn it.

"I'm sorry, Kenneth," she said quietly. "You see, I love you."

"I love you, too, Janice," he said. His eyes twinkled. Triumphant? No. "I've been trying to tell you, but you never stopped talking long enough."

She smiled. "Kenneth," she said, "is there a Santa Claus?"

"You bet there is," he said, and reached across the table and took her hand.

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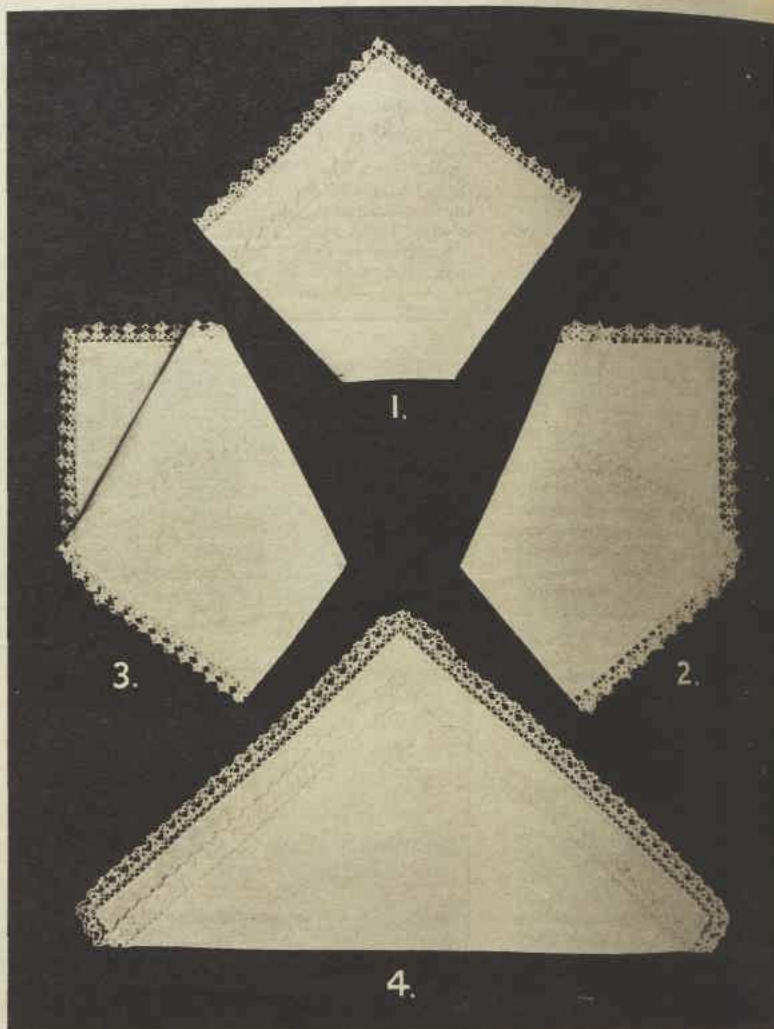
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## EDGING No. 1

Materials: 1 ball Coats Mercer Crochet Cotton 100; very fine steel crochet hook; 1 Irish linen hemstitched handkerchief.

Abbreviations: D.c., double crochet; ch., chain; tr., treble.

1st Round: 1 d.c. in each hole.

2nd Round: 2 tr. in next d.c., \* miss 2

d.c., 2 ch., 1 tr. 1 ch. 1 tr. in next d.c., miss 2 d.c., 2 ch., 2 tr. in next d.c., rep. from \* to end.

3rd Round: 2 tr. a 3-ch. picot 2 tr. in 1-ch. space, \* 3 ch., 1 d.c. on top of 2 tr., 3 ch., 2 tr. 1 picot 2 tr. in 1-ch. space, rep. from \* to end. Fasten off. Press.

## EDGING No. 2

Materials: 1 ball Coats Mercer Crochet Cotton 100; very fine steel crochet hook; 1 Irish linen hemstitched handkerchief.

Abbreviations: D.c., double crochet; ch., chain; tr., treble.

1st Round: 1 d.c. in each hole.

2nd Round: \* 1 tr. 2 ch. 1 tr. in next d.c., miss 2 d.c., 2 ch., 3 tr. in next d.c., miss 2 d.c., rep. from \* to end.

3rd Round: 2 tr. 1 ch. 2 tr. in 2-ch. space, \* 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next space, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next space, 2 ch., 2 tr. 1 ch. 2 tr. in next space, rep. from \* to end.

4th Round: \* 1 3-ch. picot in 1-ch. space, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in 3-ch. space, 1 picot in same space, 3 ch., rep. from \* to end. Fasten off. Press.

## EDGING No. 3

Materials: 1 ball Coats Mercer Crochet Cotton 100; very fine steel crochet hook; 1 Irish linen hemstitched handkerchief.

Abbreviations: D.c., double crochet; ch., chain; tr., treble.

1st Round: 1 d.c. into each hemstitch hole.

2nd Round: \* 3 ch., miss 2 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., rep. from \* to end.

3rd Round: 3 tr. 1 ch. 3 tr. in 3-ch. loop, \* 2 ch., 1 tr. in next loop, 2 ch., 3 tr. 1 ch. 3 tr. in next loop, rep. from \* to end.

4th Round: 3 tr. 1 3-ch. picot 3 tr. in 1-ch. loop, \* 3 ch., 1 tr. 1 picot 1 tr. in next 1-ch. loop, 3 ch., 3 tr. 1 picot 3 tr. in next 1-ch. loop, rep. from \* to end. Fasten off. Press.

## EDGING No. 4

Materials: 1 ball Coats Mercer Crochet Cotton 100; very fine steel crochet hook; 1 Irish linen hemstitched handkerchief.

Abbreviations: D.c., double crochet; ch., chain; tr., treble.

1st Round: 1 d.c. in each hole.

2nd Round: \* 1 tr. 2 ch. 1 tr. in next d.c., miss 2 d.c., rep. from \* to end.

3rd Round: \* 4 tr. 2 ch. 4 tr. in 1-ch. loop, 1 d.c. in next loop, rep. from \* to end.  
4th Round: \* (1 tr., 1 3-ch. picot) 4 times, 1 tr. in 2-ch. loop, rep. from \* to end. Fasten off. Press.



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won't let me out of their sight."

"I think so," she said uncertainly.

"Then will you call me? I have a sort of plan."

Rae called back at nine, when my grandparents had just gone up to bed. "I'll get it, Grandma," I called. "It's probably Rae."

"He wasn't there!" said Rae. "I'm going back home now, by cab."

I mustered up the words, before I could give them a second thought. "Rae, will you do this? Will you call his number and ask him why he didn't meet us?"

She gasped.

"You'll have to say you realised you had written his number down absent-mindedly on a schoolbook or something. Ask him to meet us at ten tonight—oh, anywhere—on a street corner near your house, or anywhere at all, just so it gets him away from home for a while. Be convincing, Rae!"

"I will," she said. "But what are you up to?"

## CALL TO A STRANGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

"Oh, nothing. Call me right back," I hung up.

It was only a matter of minutes till the phone rang again, and Rae said triumphantly, "He's coming. I picked a bus stop on the corner of Juniper and Maple. That should take him a while."

Twenty minutes later I was tying a soft green silk scarf over my bright hair. My coat was an old, trenchcoat—beige, undistinguished. In the mirror, I was just a girl in a raincoat, like ten thousand other girls on a rainy night. Only my eyes betrayed my excitement—and my myopia. To hide these—and to look a little different, I put on my old horn-rims. Into my handbag I stuffed a pitifully inadequate assortment of housebreaking tools: a small hammer, a screwdriver, and a flashlight.

Some remnant of caution made me leave a note on my

bed, telling Grandma where I was going and asking her to call Lt. Coffey if I hadn't turned up by morning.

I took a drink of water in the kitchen, then went silently out the back door. I locked the door and took the key with me—an old-fashioned key bought at the dime store when the original key was lost—on the off chance that it might prove useful.

The Mortimer Street bus, which I boarded at the corner, was almost empty, and the driver said cheerfully, "Nice weather for ducks."

"It is nice," I agreed vaguely. "Will you let me off at Martin Street, please?"

"Sure thing. It's pretty near the end of the line."

It must have been two miles, at least, across the city. The bus went on and on—into eternity, it seemed to me. One by one the passengers got off, until finally I was

alone in the bus with the driver.

"Here it is," said the driver finally, "Martin Street."

"Thank you very much," I said.

Martin was a dark side street running off Mortimer. I walked nearly to its end before I came to the number I sought. The house was in a cul-de-sac, a short half-block just three buildings long, the dead end of Martin Street.

Immediately on my right was a deserted cottage, the windows boarded against vandals, and next to this was a small abandoned factory. The last house was Number 65. If I was right, this was where Nick lived and where Amanda must be hidden. Oh, let her be here, I prayed, and let me get into the house somehow!

It wasn't the sort of place I had envisioned for Nick of the rich, sophisticated voice. The lower front was occupied by a print shop, ACE PRINT SHOP, the sign said, and in neat letters on the window: "Anson Stone, Prop."

It seemed reasonable to suppose the print shop would be locked tight, and, in any case, I didn't know if it led to the two upper floors of the old house. Besides, although three small cottages on the other side of the street showed no signs of life, other than the dim glow of a television screen in one, I dared not call attention to my presence. I decided to try the back door and, failing that, to force open a window with my meagre tools.

Luck was with me. The back door was a high, ancient affair with an old-fashioned lock that turned easily when I inserted the key I'd brought.

I passed through the kitchen like a ghost. My rubber-soled shoes made no sound upon the worn linoleum and I covered the flashlight's beam with my spread fingers so that only a little light trickled out to show me the way.

A swinging door led into a drab, old-fashioned dining-room, smelling a little of long-eaten meals. There was no

living-room, only a door that presumably led into the print shop. In the small, square hallway next to the dining-room was a flight of stairs. I went up them quietly.

The living-room was up here, and two small bedrooms, but the blood of fear rushed to my head when I discovered that there was no baby here! To come so far and not find Amanda was the most crushing blow of all blows.

At the end of the hall, near the bathroom door, I found a door. My heart gave a leap; there was some kind of attic here. Quietly I went up the narrow stairs. There was a storage room here, filled with trunks and pictures and old furniture—and dust which made me stifle a sneeze in terror. But half the attic had been finished off—into a spare room, probably—and here, I knew, lay my last hope. I put my hand upon the knob and turned it. It was locked.

flame of fury and determination seized me now, destroying my fear. Time, I knew, was hastening on, and I didn't know how long it would take Nick to go to the other side of town, realise that we weren't at the trying place, then drive back again. My flashlight showed me that the lock was, as I had feared, a round, shiny new lock firmly encased in a shiny new door.

My heart failed me now. Even if I could break in—what if Amanda wasn't there? What if I was all wrong? What if Nick, innocent or guilty, was to come back and find I had broken and entered?

Pushing these terrors firmly from my mind, I began to work at the door with my screwdriver, trying to force it between the lock and the door jamb, muffling the sound with my scarf, which I had wrapped around the handle.

Fortunately the new door

To page 97



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## CALL TO A STRANGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

had been set into the old framework, and gradually the wood on the casing gave before my madwoman's onslaught. I jammed the screw-driver between the wood and the lock with a strength I hadn't realised that I possessed. The lock gave, and I opened the door.

Recklessly I snapped the switch that my flashlight showed inside the door. Then I gasped in amazement. This was a room of luxury! The carpeting was soft and deep, the lamp light rosy. There were thick, wine-velvet draperies at the window, draperies which would allow no light to show through. A huge hi-fi set took up part of one side of the room, and there was a kitchenette with a sink and a little stove. The walls and ceiling were made of some soundproofing material.

Across the room — how my heart beat! — was an ancient crib. It took me a lifetime to walk across that room and look into the small bed. She was there. Amanda Foster Anderson was fast asleep, her sleepers a little crumpled and dingy now, but her face clean and rosy and peaceful in sleep.

**F**IGHTING down the nausea of fear, I wrapped her gently in her own blue blanket, thankful that she didn't waken. I turned off the light and went out of the room, pulling the door to as well as I could.

The descent down the steep, narrow attic steps was slow, with the baby in one arm, my other hand upon the railing. I was halfway down when I heard the creak of a board in the hallway below. In the grip of unreasoning terror, I paused. I knew that Nick — Anson Stone — was there, at the foot of the stairs now, waiting for me.

I dare not go down. I could only retreat with my precious burden. I went up backward, one slow, soundless step at a time. I crept silently into the room with the ruined lock, and pushed the door to before I switched on the light. I would not have him seek me out in the dark; I would meet him face to face.

I furtively pushed a chair under the doorknob and put Amanda back in the crib. Then I saw the knob turn, and the chair gave way like a papier-mâché prop in a movie. He stood there looking at me.

Anson Stone was not the "Nick" Rae and I had pictured. He was a tall man, monstrously fat, with dark, curling hair and a face that, were it thinner, might have been startlingly handsome. It was a soft face, a self-indulgent face with a mouth that was faintly petulant and childish.

"Well, Melody," he said, and his voice was beautiful, melodious, like that of some great actor. "Here you are."

"Yes," I said, my teeth chattering uncontrollably. "I came to get the baby."

"That was silly. I'd have left her somewhere in a day or two."

"Her mother might go out of her mind with grief, in a day or two."

"He ignored that. 'I knew I couldn't very well let you go. Not since you saw me that night.'"

"I didn't see you that night," I said desperately. "I'm very nearsighted, and I had lost a contact lens."

He looked shocked; then he

laughed a little. "You mean I've had all this trouble for nothing? I could have picked up the money and returned the child, and no one could have identified me?"

"Yes. That's the truth."

He laughed. "Well, you've seen me now, and I'm afraid I must do something about that."

I said, speaking over the suffocating sense of terror that this man engendered in me. "It won't do you any good. The police know where I am!"

That gave him pause, but only momentarily. "They'd never have let you come here alone like this. In fact, I wonder why you did. And how did you find where I lived?"

"I had — I had myself hypnotised so I'd remember the phone listing."

He was taken aback by this, and said almost peevishly, "You know, I'll have to leave town much sooner than I had planned. I shall have to put up a 'Closed' sign on my shop and get out of here to-night by car. I can take a plane from New York in the morning," he added, as if to himself.

"The baby?" I asked. "I wouldn't harm the child," he said, and I believed him. "I shall leave her in a church somewhere, or on someone's porch."

He cast a swift glance around the room, then turned off the lamp. I backed into a corner, for the presence of murder was real in that room. I heard a ripping sound, then the fog seemed to creep in at the window, and I realised he had torn down one of the heavy velvet draperies.

With unerring instinct he came toward me, and I ran to the other side of the room. He came that way and I tried to get to the door. He caught me easily and fastened the heavy, smothering curtain over my head. In a matter of seconds he had me trussed in a velvet shroud so that I could neither move nor speak.

Muffled as I was, I could barely hear him moving about, but he seemed to be packing a few things. Then his footsteps went out of the room, and after a while came in again. He tested my bonds, then, apparently satisfied, went out and slammed the door shut — taking Amanda, I prayed, for I believed he would leave her safe somewhere. Then in the quiet I became aware of a tiny, hissing noise like the sound of steam escaping. When a faint, sickeningly sweet smell began to pervade the room, I realised that Anson Stone had turned on the gas in the kitchenette and left me to die in the closed, soundproofed room.

I began to pray for my many sins to be forgiven me before I awoke the next morning. I awoke to the unheavenly sounds of glass being smashed, and then I began to gulp in heavy drafts of fog-filled air.

The smothering velvet was off me and someone was holding me half out the window.

"Little fool," a voice kept repeating. "Little fool!" I opened my eyes to the accusing stare of Lt. Coffey.

"Amanda?" I whispered. "She's downstairs. Safe."

"Ni — Anson Stone?"

"We have him. No thanks to you."

Stinging with the injustice of this, I tried to struggle to a more dignified position, but his grip was vicelike.

"Stay where you are!" he roared. "Get some air into your lungs."

"How did you know where I was?"

"Your girlfriend got worried. She called your boyfriend and they decided to let

## AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:  
Week beginning Dec 6.



### ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Gambling colors, black, green.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sun.



### TAURUS

APR. 21-MAY 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Gambling colors, rose, navy.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.



### GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Gambling colors, Monday, Tuesday.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.



### CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.  
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.



### LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Gambling colors, blue, green.  
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.



### VIRGO

AUG. 23-SEPT. 23  
★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Gambling colors, blue, green.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ Make the most of this week — it gets a bit torrid until the end of the year. The 9th is good for setting personal affairs in order — especially for the March 25-28 bracket — but is allergic to luck.

★ There's a lot of emphasis on friendship — friends old and new will play a leading role in your life. The 9th could lead to lovers' quarrels, but the damage is repairable.

★ Many of you volatile folk are open to mistakes in judgment — one can get too smart sometimes. The married are liable to discord on the 9th. Get things done, there's a trouble spot looming.

★ There's very heavy going until the year's end, but this week is relatively calm, so exploit it. The 9th is mixed-up — before 3 p.m. mostly adverse, but afterwards lottery and legal matters favored.

★ It's like a calm before a storm — so swim with the tide and dodge that planetary undertow which will last until next year. Get finances in shape, but beware of money losses, 9th.

★ Things should have improved recently. Until the New Year, many will be in trouble temporarily, so make this week a winner. The only really bad spot is the 9th until 3 p.m.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



### LIBRA

SEPT. 24-OCT. 23  
★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Mon.



### SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Gambling colors, lilac, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.



### SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23-DEC. 31  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Gambling colors, black, red.  
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.



### CAPRICORN

DEC. 22-JAN. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.  
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.



### AQUARIUS

JAN. 21-FEB. 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Gambling colors, red, white.  
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.



### PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Gambling colors, lilac, blue.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.

★ Although romance might dim a little, finances should brighten and the 12th could see a money boost. Exploit this week to the utmost, but use care on the 9th when travelling.

★ Venus enters your sign and makes for more gracious living. The week is not overly propitious, yet much better than what is to come. Get the most out of it — especially financially.

★ You will find in this — your "in" cycle — that only half will be fruitful, so full steam ahead before the cyclone, due next week. The 9th means trouble till 3 p.m., when there's improvement.

★ Until about 3 p.m. on the 9th, there's danger of matrimonial muddle, which could lead to verbal brouhaha. Initiate — and if possible finalise — important business this week.

★ If you plan action on a land deal on the 9th, the nearer 3.30 p.m. the better. A tiff with a friend is indicated. Act this week. You could find it tough going later.

★ Launch your new project this week — the rocket might never leave the pad next week. The 9th offers mixed vibrations. Until 3 p.m. they are mainly adverse, but afterwards assist finance.

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me know about this thing. And high time, too. Just what did you think you were doing? You should have come to me at once."

I felt a rush of warmth toward Rae, who had been so terrified, but would not let me remain in jeopardy.

"Did she tell you how we got the address?"

"Briefly, yes, you foolish little girls."

I sat up and clutched at his lapels. "Can you keep it out of the papers — about the phone calls?"

"I think I can," he said. "And now, if you're all right, we'd better get downstairs. We'll want to get that baby home to her mother, and you home to your grandma."

I got to my feet a little gingerly. "But I want to know what happened."

## CALL TO A STRANGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

"Tomorrow," he said firmly. "Oh, darn," I said, half crying with frustration. "He took my glasses off and threw them somewhere. I can't see beyond my nose."

"A chronic state with you, apparently," muttered the lieutenant. "I'll find them for you."

I slept for many hours, and awoke to find my grandmother standing in the doorway, her arms akimbo.

"How do you feel?" she asked sternly, but I saw with a fuzzy amazement that her eyes were red-rimmed.

"Fine," I said mechanically.

"I've taken a half-dozen messages for you, mostly from the

Andersons. Mrs. Anderson wants you to come over when you feel up to it. Ron will come after you. He's called three times."

Ron came for me in the little Fiat. He helped me into the car as if I were glass.

"My brother and sister-in-law are waiting to thank you," he said as we drove off.

That roused me. "Thank me! Oh, Ron, I didn't want thanks. It was all my fault, mine and Rae's."

I looked up at him, but his eyes were fixed on the road. "Didn't you — didn't you tell them?"

"You know I wouldn't," he said briefly. "As far as I'm concerned, they'll never know."

That didn't make me feel better.

I sat there in numb misery until we arrived at the Anderson home, where we found Joan Anderson and her husband and her father.

Joan, radiant under her pallor, held the shining-clean baby girl, dressed in the freshest of pink frocks, on her lap.

"I can't bear to let her out of my sight," she said of little Amanda, who smiled enchantingly at me and said, "Ma-ma?"

"I can understand that," I said shyly.

"I don't know how we'll ever thank you," said Joan. She hesitated, trying to say it gracefully. "My father would like —"

"It would make me very happy to see that you go through university," Mr. Foster said simply.

I could feel myself turning scarlet. "Oh, please, no — I couldn't. You don't understand!"

I backed toward the door, into

the figure of Lt. Coffey, who was standing there, an amused witness to my misery. He rescued me.

"I want to get the complete story from Melody now, if you don't mind," he said to the Andersons. "May I use your library?"

Feeling like Judas, I followed him down the hall. "Couldn't you tell them now that this whole thing was my fault and Rae's?" I asked miserably. "I can't have them thanking me when they should be hating me."

"I think we can straighten it out," he said calmly. "Now I want to hear the whole thing from you — from beginning to end."

HE made his usual series of little notations as I talked, and when I had finished he said only: "You and your friend Rae were very foolish not to have told me the truth."

"I know," I said humbly. "Now please tell me about Nick — Amos Stone. Did he do it all by himself, and is he in jail?"

"He did it alone, and he is in jail. It was as you suspected. The idea came to him in a flash, when you girls were on the phone, and its very simplicity made it seem foolproof. It would have been, if he hadn't thought you'd seen him on the patio and decided that you must be eliminated."

"But who is he . . . what is he?"

"He's a printer with a small clientele. Until three months ago, his aged mother lived with him. He waited on her hand and foot, and apparently she dominated his whole life. She wouldn't let him marry, because he took too good care of her. When she died, he was left at loose ends. He had no friends, no outside interests, nothing but his hi-fi set, and very little cash."

"When you and Rae called, it gave him a thrill to pretend he was a real Casanova. He was excited at the idea of a blind date with you girls. And then his bigger idea took hold, and he foresaw a real future for himself. He planned to wait here for a few months, hold on to the ransom, bide his time. Then he would go to Europe or South America and actually become the knight-errant, the big spender he'd always dreamed of being."

"When Rae called last night, it was a tremendous shock to him to realise she had his telephone number. He went to meet you two girls, but he was suspicious, and very cautious. When he didn't find either of you at the bus stop she'd named, he hurried back and found you."

I shuddered, and he said matter-of-factly, "You must have a guardian angel, or you'd be dead now. A few minutes later would have been too late."

When I didn't answer, he looked at me more closely and said, with a sort of gentle exasperation. "Now what's wrong? You're crying again."

I stood up. "I've got to go out there and tell the Andersons the truth. If I don't, I'll have to accept Mr. Foster's offer, and I simply can't do that. It would be like stealing — taking a reward for remedying something I helped to cause in the first place."

He gave me a look I couldn't quite fathom. "How young you are, Melody, and how nice. But let me give you absolution. After Rae confessed last night I explained the whole thing to the Andersons. So far as they're concerned, you made up for everything when you risked your life for Amanda last night."

The mantle of guilt slipped off my shoulders, and I was young again, free again.

"Thank you!" I said. "Thank you, Lt. Coffey."

"You're welcome, Melody," he said gravely. "And now I think you'd better go out and talk to that young man who saved your life the other night."

I hesitated, reluctant to face Ron Anderson. Through sheer foolishness, I had done his family such harm. Could he help feeling some resentment toward me, some small bitterness that would prove to be a lasting barrier between us?

I opened the door, and there he stood. "I've been waiting for you, Melody," he said.

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## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Our bet goes to pieces in a prance and causes a swelling (12).
- Glued in (anagr., 7).
- Crippled with a medal (5).
- Ends the Greek alphabet (5).
- No suspicious death without him (7).
- Male goose (6).
- Kingdom in the Balkan Peninsula (6).
- A VIP who swallowed a gnat (7).
- He met a subject set for discussion (5).
- It is said her sons were killed by Apollo and her daughters by Artemis (5).
- Let hide nine and be merciful (7).
- Slanty poster (anagr., 6-6).

Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN



Solution of last week's crossword.

- Long, narrow hilltop (5).
- High period of existence in taxes in England abolished in 1340 (7).
- He crab (anagr., 6).
- Governor for drawing straight lines (5).
- Person named for appointment to office in one mine (7).
- Desert no men to get sanctions (12).
- The 19th-century movement for Italian political unity could be Rome's rioting (12).
- They could be so green, though they are black (7).
- Circular building with decay on its top (7).
- Dispose of the goods to pay the debt (4, 2).
- The white poplar (5).
- Smooth tea as an occurrence (5).





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